SPECIAL EDITION

THE LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL AGES

Julian Hawthorne

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THE

LITERATURE OF ALL NATIONS

AND ALL AGES

HISTORY, CHARACTER, AND INCIDENT

EDITED BY
JULIAN HAWTHORNE JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
JOHN PORTER LAMBERTON

One Hundred Demi-Teinte Plates from Paintings by the World's Best Artists

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME IX

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS
E. R. DU MONT
1900

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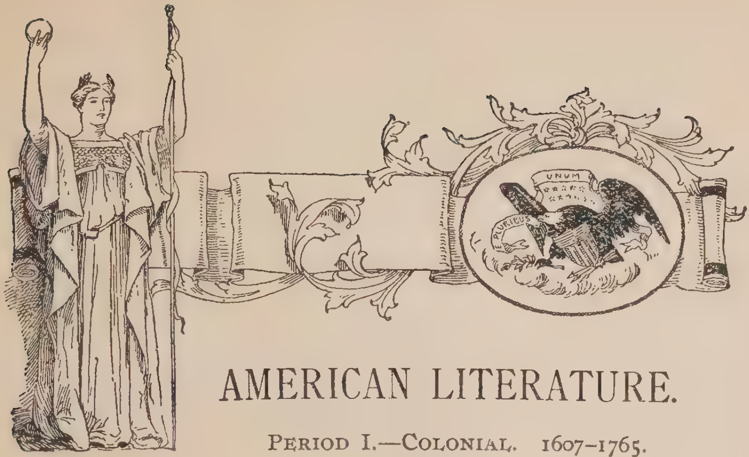


AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD I.—COLONIAL. 1607–1765.

COLONIAL America is divided historically into two periods. The first beginning with the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, ends with the date of Bacon's Rebellion and King Philip's War, in 1676. In those seventy years a section of the English people snatched from country towns and busy cities made new dwellings in a primitive and dangerous wilderness, where they were home-sick and yearning to keep in touch with absent friends; or, as in the case of the Puritans, in love with their freedom, perilous as it was, and anxious to coax and win others to try the dangers of the deep and of their environment, for sweet Liberty's sake. Naturally enough, their records were, at first, in the form of letters, the daily happenings, work, perils of the colonists, with accounts of strange fauna and flora, and descriptions of that horrible man-monster, the American Indian. Yet Captain John Smith wrote a book called "The True Relation of Virginia" (1608), enlarged later into "The General History of Virginia," mostly a compilation, vigorously colored with his own personality, and containing the rude germ of the charming legend of Pocahontas. In the second period Robert Berkeley wrote a "History of Virginia," published in London in 1705, less personal, full of observation of plants, animals and Indians, but not free from prejudice. The Virginians were churchmen and royalists, a wealthy, worldly, cheerful, gaming, hunting, and often illiterate set. Still the records of that colony, whether in letter, diary, or book, bear the impress of their surroundings, and were directly valuable in broadening and enriching the English literature of that day.

The Puritan colonies were theocracies, the mass of the people being men of the middle class, mechanics and farmers. But their leaders were clergymen, educated at the universities, who, to use the language of Mather, "felt that without a college these regions would have been mere unwatered places for the devil." Harvard College was accordingly founded in 1638, and a printing press set up in Cambridge in 1639, under the oversight of the university authorities.

The first English book issued in America was a collection of David's Psalms in metre, called "The Bay Psalm Book," and intended for singing in divine worship, public and private. Ere long new writers employed the press, mostly divines, famous and useful in their own congregations and town and time, whose themes were the vanity of life, impending doom and the immanence of sin; their names form the lists in forgotten catalogues; their books moulder in the dimness of attic libraries, or on the shelves of octogenarian bibliophiles.

A different personality does stand out in this first Puritan period, that of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the poet, not because of the beauty of her verse, as we judge poetry nowadays, but because of the sweet and powerful influence it exerted during a long life, and by reason of the grief of her disciples, John Norton and John Rogers, who commenced the second colonial period of Puritan literature with graceful and mournful elegies on her death.

This second period began in 1676, and ended with the early struggles of the American Revolution. It contains such names as that of Michael Wigglesworth, "the explicit and unshrinking rhymer of the Five Points of Calvinism." The Puritan religion, as developed amid the hardships of the American wilderness, became narrow, intense, and gloomy; and these poems of anguish and of the wrath of God, were read and studied with the Bible and the Shorter Catechism.

The Mather family ruled intellectually in New England for three generations, the greatest of the great name being Cotton Mather, who was born in 1663, and died in 1728. He had an enormous memory, enormous industry, and enormous vanity. He was devout in all the minutiæ of life: poking the fire, winding the clock, putting out the candle, washing his hands, and paring his nails, with appropriate religious texts and meditations. He knew Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and one Indian tongue. He had the largest private library in America. He wrote many books, the names of some being as follows: "Boanerges. A Short Essay to Strengthen the Impressions Produced by Earthquakes;" "The Comforts of One Walking Through the Valley of the Shadow of Death;" "Ornaments for the Daughters of Zion;" "The Peculiar Treasure of the Almighty King Opened," etc. He also compiled the most famous book produced by any American during the colonial time: "Magnalia Christi Americana; or, The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first planting in the year 1620 unto the year of Our Lord, 1698." It is a history of the settlement of New England, with lives of its governors, magistrates and divines; a history of Harvard College and the churches; an account of the "Wars of the Lord," narrating the troubles of the New Englanders with "the Devil, Separatists, Familists, Antinomians, Quakers, clerical impostors, and Indians." It is an ill-digested mass of personal reminiscences, social gossip, snatches of conversation, touches of description, traits of character and life, that help us to paint for ourselves some living pictures of early New England.

Jonathan Edwards, the most acute and original thinker yet born in America, was graduated at Yale College in 1720, after a marvellous boyhood of intense and rigid intellectual discipline. As a student at college and afterwards as tutor there, his researches and discoveries in science were so great that had he not preferred theology he would have made a distinguished investigator in astronomy and physics. He was the pastor of a church at Northampton until he was dismissed on account of the strictness of his discipline, then missionary to the Indians near Stockbridge, and in 1758 was called to be president of Princeton College. As a man Jonathan Edwards was simple, meek, spiritual, gentle, and disinterested; as a metaphysician he was acute, profound, and remorselessly logical; as a theologian he was the massive champion of John Calvin and all the rigors of his creed.

There were many distinguished names in the various colonies during the second period—governors, divines, lawyers, professors, physicians, and college presidents. There were also forty-three newspapers and magazines in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, together with the necessary and utilitarian almanac. But the only really renowned authors were Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards, and they contributed to ecclesiastical history and theology rather than to literature. Benjamin Franklin, whose literary work began in this period, became yet more distinguished in the next, and is reserved for later treatment. But colonial history, as reproduced in letters, diaries, and state and family records, and in Mather's book, has been the great storehouse from which Hawthorne, Whittier, and Longfellow drew the materials for their familiar romances, tales, or verse, and has thus formed the sturdy foundations of a purely American literature.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

No name is more indelibly impressed on the early history of Virginia than that of the adventurous Captain John Smith (1580–1631). He was a redoubtable warrior and experienced navigator, who has told his own story in such a way as to excite some doubts as to its truth. After abundance of adventures in the East of Europe, he took part in the English attempt to colonize Virginia. In exploring the country he was captured by the Indians, and, as he asserted, was saved by the intercession of Pocahontas. He was made president of the colony of Jamestown, but in 1609 was obliged to return to England, having been disabled by an explosion of gunpowder. Yet he afterwards resumed his explorations and was made Admiral of New England. Finally he settled down in his native land and wrote a number of books describing Virginia and New England, and reciting his own history. This humble successor of Sir Walter Raleigh is favorably mentioned by Fuller among the worthies of England.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S CAPTIVITY.

SMITH'S "General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles" (1624), gives an account of voyages, discoveries and settlements from 1584 to 1624. Book III., which was edited by the Rev. W. Simmonds, D.D., from Smith's account, gives the following narrative. The spelling is here modernized except in proper names.

But our comedies never endured long without a tragedy; some idle exceptions being muttered against Captain Smith for not discovering the head of Chickahamania River, and being taxed by the Council [of the Virginia Company] to be too slow in so worthy an attempt. The next voyage he proceeded so far that with much labor by cutting of trees asunder he made his passage; but when his barge could pass no farther, he left her in a broad bay, out of danger of shot, commanding none should go ashore till his return: himself with two English and two savages went up higher in a canoe; but he was not long absent, but his men went ashore, whose want of government gave both occasion and opportunity to the savages to surprise one George Cassen, whom they slew, and much failed not to have cut off the boat and all the rest.

Smith, little dreaming of that accident, being got to the marshes at the river's head, twenty miles in the desert, had his two men slain (as is supposed) sleeping by the canoe, whilst himself by fowling sought them victual: who finding he was beset with two hundred savages, two of them he slew, still defending himself with the aid of a savage, his guide, whom he bound to his arm with his garters, and used him as a buckler, yet he was shot in his thigh a little, and had many arrows that stuck in his clothes, but no great hurt, till at last they took him prisoner.

When this news came to Jamestown, much was their sorrow for his loss, few expecting what ensued.

Six or seven weeks those barbarians kept him prisoner, many strange triumphs and conjurations they made of him, yet he so demeaned himself amongst them, as he not only diverted them from surprising the Fort, but procured his own liberty, and got himself and his company such estimation amongst them, that those savages admired him more than their own Quiyouckosucks.

. . . .

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco, where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster; till Powhatan and his train had put themselves in their greatest braveries. Before a fire upon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of rarowcun [raccoon] skins, and all the tails hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of sixteen or eighteen years, and along on each side the house, two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red: many of their heads bedecked with the white down of birds; but every one with something: and a great chain of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the king, all the people gave a great shout. The Queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shoes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do anything so well as the rest.

They say he bore a pleasant show,
  But sure his heart was sad,
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
  That lives in fear and dread:
And having life suspected, doth
  It still suspected lead?

Two days after, Powhatan having disguised himself in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there upon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noise he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a devil than a man, with some two hundred more as black as himself, came unto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should go to Jamestown, to send him two great guns, and a grindstone, for which he would give him the country of Capahowosick, and forever esteem him as his son Nantaquoud.

So to Jamestown, with twelve guides, Powhatan sent him. That night they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But Almighty God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those stern barbarians with compassion. The next morning betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having used the savages with what kindness he could, he showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry [to] Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavy; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with icicles, the ice and branches came so tumbling down, that the poor savages ran away half dead with fear. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gave them such toys; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, as gave them in general full content.

NEW ENGLAND.

REV. WILLIAM MORELL, an English clergyman, spent a year or two (1623) at Plymouth, and after his return wrote a Latin poem "Nova Anglia," to which he added an English version. The opening contains the following passage:

Fear not, poor Muse, 'cause first to sing her fame
That's yet scarce known, unless by map or name;
A grandchild to earth's Paradise is born,
Well limb'd, well nerv'd, fair, rich, sweet, yet forlorn.

Thou blest director, so direct my verse
That it may win her people friends' commerce.
Whilst her sweet air, rich soil, blest seas, my pen
Shall blaze, and tell the natures of her men.
New England, happy in her new, true style,
Weary of her cause she's to sad exile
Exposed by hers unworthy of her land;
Entreats with tears Great Britain to command
Her empire, and to make her know the time,
Whose act and knowledge only makes divine.
A royal work well worthy England's king,
These natives to true truth and grace to bring;
A noble work for all these noble peers,
Which guide this State in their superior spheres.
You holy Aarons, let your censers ne'er
Cease burning till these men Jehovah fear.

MRS. ANNE BRADSTREET.

Among the earliest and therefore most honored verse-writers of New England was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet (1612–1672). She was the daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, and her husband, Simon Bradstreet, also became Governor of Massachusetts. When her poems were printed in London in 1650, the publishers prefixed the title, "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America." They were didactic and meditative, treating of the Four Elements, the Seasons of the Year, and ended with a political dialogue between Old and New England. An enlarged edition, published at Boston in 1678, was superior to the first in literary merit. Mrs. Bradstreet was the mother of eight children, whom she commemorated in these homely lines:

I had eight birds hatcht in the nest;
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest.
I nurst them up with pains and care,
Nor cost nor labor did I spare;
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learnt to sing.

A LOVE-LETTER TO HER HUSBAND.

PHŒBUS, make haste, the day's too long, begone,
The silent night's the fittest time for moan,
But stay this once, unto my suit give ear,
And tell my griefs in either Hemisphere:
(And if the whirling of thy wheels don't drownd
The woful accents of my doleful sound).
If in thy swift career thou canst make stay,
I crave this boon, this errand by the way:
Commend me to the man more loved than life,
Show him the sorrows of his widow'd wife,

My dumpish thoughts, my groans, my brackish tears,
My sobs, my longing hopes, my doubting fears,
And, if he love, how can he there abide?
My interest's more than all the world beside.
He that can tell the stars or ocean sand,
Or all the grass that in the meads do stand,
The leaves in the woods, the hail or drops of rain,
Or in a cornfield number every grain,
Or every mote that in the sunshine hops,
May count my sighs and number all my drops.
Tell him, the countless steps that thou dost trace,
That once a day thy spouse thou may'st embrace;
And when thou canst not treat by loving mouth,
Thy rays afar salute her from the south.

But for one month I see no day (poor soul),
Like those far situate under the pole.
Which day by day long wait for thy arise,
Oh, how they joy when thou dost light the skies!
O Phœbus, hadst thou but thus long from thine
Restrained the beams of thy beloved shrine,
At thy return, if so thou couldst or durst,
Behold a Chaos blacker than the first.
Tell him here's worse than a confused matter,
His little world's a fathom under water,
Nought but the fervor of his ardent beams,
Hath power to dry the torrent of these streams.
Tell him I would say more, but cannot well,
Oppresséd minds abrupted tales do tell.
Now post with double speed, mark what I say,
By all our loves conjure him not to stay.

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH.

THIS "little feeble shadow of a man" was the pastor of Meldon for about fifty years, though occasionally obliged by physical weakness to suspend preaching. He died in 1705, aged seventy-four. His poem "The Day of Doom," describing the last judgment, remains a monument of the severest Puritanical theology. Another of his poems "Meat out of the Eater," is a series of meditations on afflictions as useful to Christians. The following verses are given as an appendix to the former poem.

A SONG OF EMPTINESS.—VANITY OF VANITIES.

Vain, frail, short-lived, and miserable man,
  Learn what thou art, when thy estate is best,
A restless wave o' th' troubled ocean,
  A dream, a lifeless picture finely dressed.

A wind, a flower, a vapor and a bubble,
  A wheel that stands not still, a trembling reed,
A trolling stone, dry dust, light chaff and stuff,
  A shadow of something, but truly nought indeed.

Learn what deceitful toys, and empty things,
  This world and all its best enjoyments be:
Out of the earth no true contentment springs,
  But all things here are vexing vanity.

For what is beauty but a fading flower,
  Or what is pleasure but the devil's bait,
Whereby he catcheth whom he would devour,
  And multitudes of souls doth ruinate?

And what are friends, but mortal men as we,
  Whom death from us may quickly separate?
Or else their hearts may quite estranged be,
  And all their love be turned into hate.

And what are riches, to be doated on?
  Uncertain, fickle, and ensnaring things;
They draw men's souls into perdition,
  And when most needed, take them to their wings.

Ah, foolish man! that sets his heart upon
  Such empty shadows, such wild fowl as these,
That being gotten will be quickly gone,
  And whilst they stay increase but his disease.

COTTON MATHER.

No family was more prominent in the ecclesiastical history of New England than that of the Mathers. The non-conformist minister, Richard Mather, emigrated to Massachusetts in 1635. His son, Increase Mather, for a time resided in England, but returned to America and was made pastor of the North Church, Boston. He was also president of Harvard College and obtained from William III. a new charter for the colony. Still more famous was his son Cotton Mather (1663–1728), noted for his learning, industry and piety, yet full of vanity. His fluency in writing was shown in the production of nearly four hundred books. But his fatal delusion about witchcraft has affixed an indelible stigma on his name. He had written "Memorable Providences relating to Witchcraft" in 1685, and when the mania broke out in Salem in 1692 he eagerly promoted the agitation, and wrote his "Wonders of the Invisible World," which was controverted by Robert Calef's "More Wonders of the Invisible World," published in London in 1700. When the witch-hunting epidemic had passed away, it was found that Mather's reputation had suffered. He was unable to obtain the object of his ambition, the presidency of Harvard. His chief work, the ecclesiastical history of New England, which he called "Magnalia Christi Americana" ("The Great Doings of Christ in America"), is a crude undigested mass of materials rather than a history, for he had no sense of proportion. Franklin commended his "Essays to do Good." Mather was the first American to be elected a member of the Royal Society of London.

THE LIFE OF MR. RALPH PARTRIDGE.

(From the "Magnalia.")

WHEN David was driven from his friends into the wilderness, he made this pathetical representation of his condition, "'Twas as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Among the many worthy persons who were persecuted into an American wilderness for their fidelity to the ecclesiastical kingdom of our true David, there was one that bore the name as well as the state of a hunted partridge. What befel him, was, as Bede saith of what was done by Fælix, *Juxta nominis sui sacramentum* [according to the sacred obligation of his name.]

This was Mr. Ralph Partridge, who for no fault but the delicacy of his good spirit, being distressed by the ecclesiastical setters, had no defence, neither of beak nor claw, but a flight over the ocean.

The place where he took covert was the colony of Plymouth, and the town of Duxbury in that colony.

This Partridge had not only the innocency of the dove, conspicuous in his blameless and pious life, which made him very acceptable in his conversation, but also the loftiness of an eagle, in the great soar of his intellectual abilities. There are some interpreters who, understanding church officers by the living creatures in the fourth chapter of the Apocalypse, will have the teacher to be intended by the eagle there, for his quick insight into remote and hidden things. The church of Duxbury had such an eagle in their Partridge, when they enjoyed such a teacher.

By the same token, when the Platform of Church Discipline was to be composed, the Synod at Cambridge appointed three persons to draw up each of them, "a model of church-government, according to the word of God," unto the end that out of those the synod might form what should be found most agreeable; which three persons were Mr. Cotton and Mr. Mather and Mr. Partridge. So that, in the opinion of that reverend assembly, this person did not come far behind the first two for some of his accomplishments.

After he had been forty years a faithful and painful preacher of the gospel, rarely, if ever, in all that while interrupted in his work by any bodily sickness, he died in a good old age, about the year 1658.

There was one singular instance of a weaned spirit, whereby he signalized himself unto the churches of God. That was this: there was a time when most of the ministers in the colony of Plymouth left the colony, upon the discouragement which the want of a competent maintenance among the needy and froward inhabitants gave unto them. Nevertheless Mr. Partridge was, notwithstanding the paucity and the poverty of his congregation, so afraid of being anything that looked like a bird wandering from his nest, that he remained with his poor people till he took wing to become a bird of paradise, along with the winged seraphim of heaven.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

(The motto inscribed on his gravestone, "Reserved for a glorious Resurrection.")

THE exhortation of the Lord
  With consolation speaks to us,
As to his children, his good word
  We must remember, speaking thus:

My child, when God shall chasten thee,
  His chastening do thou not contemn:
When thou his just rebukes dost see,
  Faint not rebuked under them.

The Lord with fit afflictions will
  Correct the children of his love;
He doth himself their father still
  By his most wise corrections prove.

Afflictions for the present here
The vexed flesh will grievous call,
But afterwards there will appear,
Not grief, but peace, the end of all.

BISHOP GEORGE BERKELEY.

America is indebted to Bishop Berkeley (1684–1753), not only for his gracious prophecy of her future importance, but for what he tried to do to bring about its fulfillment, though his residence in America did not last three years. George Berkeley, born near Kilkenny, Ireland, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, early manifested a strong predilection for metaphysical speculation. His opposition to philosophic materialism led him to use arguments so subtle that he was popularly supposed to deny the existence of matter. But his aim was rather to establish the doctrine that a continual exercise of creative power is implied in the world presented to the senses. His views were set forth in a "Treatise on the Principles of Human Knowledge" (1710), and in "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous" (1713). After publishing these works Berkeley went to London, where he enjoyed the society of the wits who gave literary fame to the reign of Queen Anne. Then he spent some years in travel on the Continent. After his return to Ireland he was made Dean of Derry, and married the daughter of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. Having received a bequest of nearly £4000 from Miss Vanhomrigh, Dean Swift's "Vanessa," he offered to devote his talents and fortune to the promotion of education in America. Relying on the promises of the king and his ministers, he crossed the ocean to found a college at Newport, Rhode Island. During his residence here he meditated and composed his "Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher," a dialogue in defence of religion. Receiving no parliamentary grant, he was obliged to return, but transferred the library of 880 volumes he had brought for his own use to Yale College, where they had the startling effect of converting the president to Episcopacy. Berkeley was made Bishop of Cloyne in 1734, and held this position for nearly twenty years. Being subject to fits of melancholy, he had recourse to the use of tar water. This led to his writing "Siris, a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtues of Tar Water." He died at Oxford, where he had removed six months before in order to be near his son. This learned and liberal Irish clergyman was most warmly praised by his contemporaries, even the satirist Pope ascribing to him "every virtue under heaven."

AMERICA.

(On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America, A. D. 1732.)

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
  Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
  Producing subjects worthy fame.

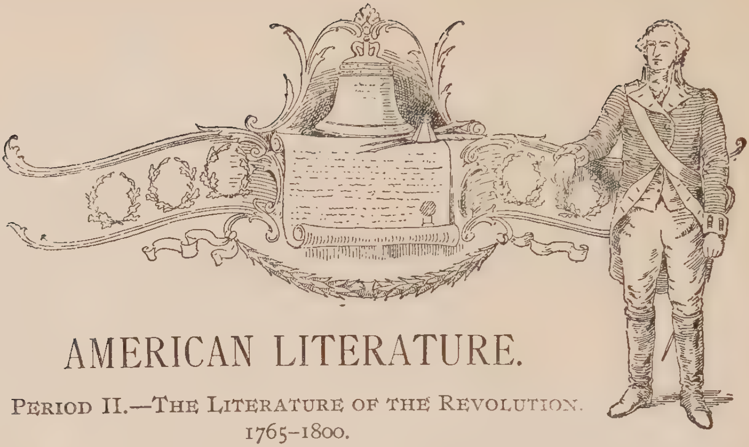
In happy climes, where from the genial sun
  And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
  And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
  Where nature guides and virtue rules;
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
  The pedantry of courts and schools,

There shall be sung another golden age,
  The rise of empires and of arts,
The good and great, inspiring epic rage,
  The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,
  Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
  By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
  Time's noblest offspring is the last.



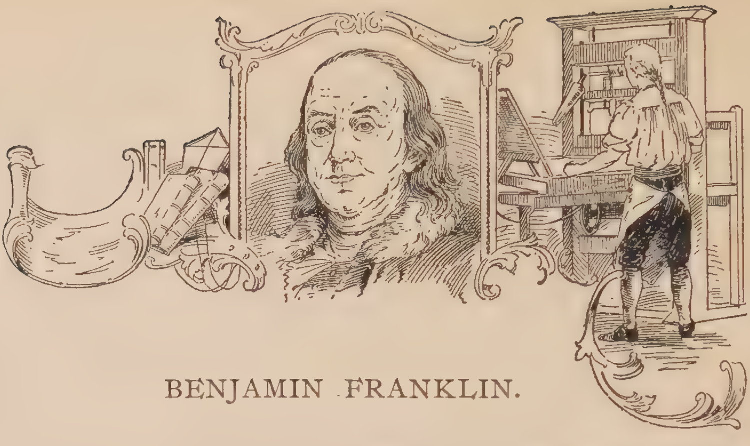
AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Period II.—The Literature of the Revolution.
1765–1800.

FROM the first English settlement in America problems of government had occupied the colonists. In the cabin of the *Mayflower* the Pilgrim Fathers formed themselves into a body politic by a solemn compact. In several of the colonies constitutions were framed, which afterwards served as models for those of the States and of the Federal Government. In their town meetings, provisional assemblies and legislatures the people and their representatives discussed the fundamental principles of government. These earnest Christians found in the Bible directions for public affairs as well as for private conduct, and gladly adopted the Laws of Moses as far as they seemed applicable. In New England the people sympathized with the Parliament in its resistance to the arbitrary exercise of power by the Stuart kings. The same struggle was repeated on a smaller scale in the colonies when the assemblies sought to curb the royal and proprietary governors.

When George III. and his subservient Parliament sought to shift part of the burdens of the mother country on the colonies, now showing some degree of prosperity, they were amazed at the steadfast resistance of the Americans, who had become accustomed to regulate their public affairs. The colonies had been drawn closer together during the war with the French and Indians, and now made common cause against British injustice. Political discussion took the place that had once been occupied by theological controversy. Liberty and Union were the favorite themes of speakers and writers. They produced the brilliant oratory of Patrick Henry, the state papers of Jefferson and Dickinson, and the elaborate defence of the new constitution by Hamilton and Madison. Most of these writings, admirable as they are in style and valuable as historical documents, lie outside of the domain of literature proper. But the progress of the Revolution was enlivened by satires and burlesques, and diversified by occasional poems. The careful student will note that the literary attempts of America closely corresponded to the style then prevailing in England, despite some attempts to give a native smack in words or facts.

Though Benjamin Franklin was a conspicuous actor in the public events of this period, his literary activity belonged rather to the earlier colonial time, yet his interesting "Autobiography" and his witty letters were written during his residence in France. Of the outburst of oratory which preceded the Revolution much has perished. Even the speeches on which rest the fame of James Otis and Patrick Henry and John Adams, were reconstructed by later writers from vague traditions. The "Pennsylvania Farmer's Letters," by John Dickinson, and the stirring pamphlet, "The Crisis," by Thomas Paine, stimulated the patriotism of the colonists. The satires of John Trumbull and the ballads of Francis Hopkinson gave zest to the Whigs and threw contempt on the Tories. The best poet of the period was the fluent Philip Freneau, who wrote odes, hymns, satires and ballads. Most of these writers continued to use the press after the national independence was acknowledged and the Federal government fully established. The *Federalist* was a series of essays by Hamilton, Madison and Jay, intended to explain and commend the proposed Constitution to the people of New York for ratification. So ably were they written that they have since maintained their place as a valuable exposition of the aims and intentions of the founders of the Republic.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

The public career and private life of Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) are familiar throughout Europe as well as America. The early part is charmingly recorded with characteristic frankness in his entertaining "Autobiography," and later writers have taken pleasure in narrating the whole fully in various biographies. This work is concerned not with his honorable achievements as statesman and diplomatist, nor with his public-spirited activity as a citizen, nor with his discoveries in science and their practical applications to human convenience, but with his modest contributions to literature.

Benjamin Franklin, the youngest son in the large family of a Boston tallow-chandler, read every book he could lay his hands on, using for that purpose his infrequent leisure, and even his time of sleep. Early employed in his brother's printing-office, he began to write for the press. Subsequently, in Philadelphia, in his own paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, he wrote articles month after month and year after year, notable for their clear and sprightly style, and their sentiments of liberality and good will. One of his jocular efforts is the "Drinker's Dictionary," a catalogue of slang words expressive of intoxication, of which some sound strangely modern and familiar, as *rocky*, *jag*, and the like.

In December, 1732, appeared the first issue of "The Pennsylvania Almanac, by Richard Saunders," afterwards known as "Poor Richard." It was full of humor, from the announcing advertisement, the exquisite fooling of the annual preface, the statements of eclipses and forecasts of the weather, to the verses and proverbs, inculcating industry and economy. Some of the wisdom of "Poor Richard" is borrowed from Bacon, Rochefoucauld, and others; but most of it is the expression of Franklin's own shrewd, homely sense reduced to saws. For twenty-five years the annual sale of "Poor Richard" was not less than ten thousand copies. It was quoted all over the colonies, reprinted in England, and translated into French, Spanish, and even into modern Greek.

In 1741 Franklin founded the first literary periodical in America. It was called *The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Provinces in America.* It lasted but six months, and is interesting only as marking a new development in this country.

When Franklin went to England in 1757 as agent for the colony, he made use of the press as before, and often wrote under an assumed name. An essay of his, published in the *Annual Register*, London, in 1760, and entitled, "Extract from a Piece written in Pennsylvania," gave Adam Smith arguments which he reproduced in his "Wealth of Nations." So likewise an important pamphlet, entitled, "The Interests of Great Britain Considered with regard to her Colonies and the Acquisition of Canada and Guadaloupe," had considerable influence on the policy of England, and helped to secure for that country the possession of Canada.

Franklin was deeply outraged by the fact that the English officers employed savages during the progress of the Revolutionary War, and while in Paris, in order to bring the horrors of Indian warfare home to the minds of the rulers of England he published what purported to be the supplement of a Boston newspaper, with all Defoe's minuteness of statement. This "Extract of a letter from Captain Gerrish of the New England Militia" contained an account of eight packs of scalps, taken from the inhabitants of the frontier colonies, "cured, dried, hooped, and painted, with all the Indian triumphal marks," and sent as a present to the Governor of Canada, to be by him transmitted to England. This hoax was widely scattered, and was soon quoted as a description of facts.

While in Paris, too, Franklin wrote to Madame Brillon his well known story of "Paying too dear for the Whistle," and the trifles—"Ephemera," "The Petition of the Left Hand," "The Handsome and Deformed Leg," "Morals of Chess," and the "Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout;" together with the celebrated "Letter to Madame Helvetius."

Franklin corresponded with the most learned men of his day, and all of his scientific discoveries were communicated in letters. These have been collected and published, together with his short, frank, and extremely interesting "Autobiography." When he left his father's home, he abandoned Puritanism in creed and conduct. He accepted the free-thinking tone then popular in England as well as France, yet he easily accommodated himself to the conventionalities of the society in which he lived.

Franklin's passion was a love of the useful. He brought to every subject—the homely business of the day, a scientific theory, or the tragic severance of a nation from its mother country—that clear sense which, stripping every proposition of disguising entanglements, revealed the naked ultimate for all to see and pass judgment upon. He had a luminous personality and a humorous tongue. Much of his power arose from an unfailing courtesy which chose to persuade rather than dominate.

Franklin's name was signed to four of the most important documents of American history—the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, the Federal Constitution.

For fifty years, on two Continents, social, scientific and political thought felt the impact of his shrewd and tolerant spirit. Count Mirabeau announced Franklin's death to the French nation in the following significant words: "The genius which has freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe, has returned to the bosom of Divinity."

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC.

(From his "Autobiography.")

IN 1732 [at the age of twenty-seven] I first published my *Almanac*, under the name of "Richard Saunders." It was continued by me about twenty-five years, and commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac*. I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read—scarce any neighborhood in the Province being without it—I considered it a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books. I therefore filled all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the Calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to always act honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, "It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright."

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the *Almanac* of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing of all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved was copied in all the newspapers of the American continent, reprinted in Britain on a large sheet of paper to be stuck up in houses. Two translations were made of it in France; and great numbers of it were bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable several years after its publication.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

(From "Poor Richard's Almanac.")

COURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks;—"Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

"But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled and careful, and oversee our own affairs, with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, *Three removes* *are as bad as a fire;* and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.*

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will.*

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods;* but, if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a while.* He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly and half-starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire*, as Poor Richard says.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt*, as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back;* whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

"This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. I resolved to be the better for it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee, RICHARD SAUNDERS.

TURNING THE GRINDSTONE.

WHEN I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?" "Yes, sir," said I. "You are a fine little fellow," said he; "will you let me grind my axe on it?" Pleased with the compliment of "fine little fellow," "Oh yes, sir," I answered: "it is down in the shop." "And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?" How could I refuse? I ran, and soon brought a kettleful. "How old are you? and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply: "I am sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen: will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The school-bell rang, and I could not get away; my hands were blistered, and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened; and the man turned to me with, "Now, you little rascal, you've played truant: scud to the school, or you'll buy it!" "Alas!" thought I, "it is hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day; but now to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep in my mind; and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers,—begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter,—thinks I, That man has an axe to grind. When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, Look out, good people! that fellow would set you turning grindstones. When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful,—alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for a booby.

LETTER TO MADAME HELVETIUS.

(Written at Passy.)

MORTIFIED at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening, that you would remain single the rest of your life, as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed, I dreamt that I was dead and was transported to the Elysian Fields.

I was asked whether I wished to see any persons in particular; to which I replied, that I wished to see the philosophers. "There are two who live here at hand in this garden; they are good neighbors, and very friendly towards one another." "Who are they?" "Socrates and Helvetius." "I esteem them both highly; but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him; he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government in France, "You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Madame Helvetius; yet she loves you exceedingly; I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not indeed altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense; and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me; stay here awhile and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are to her; she has had several good offers, but has refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely; but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable. But do not the Abbé de la R—— and the Abbé M—— visit her?" "Certainly they do; not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance." "If you had gained the Abbé M—— with a bribe of good coffee and cream, perhaps you would have succeeded; for he is as deep a reasoner as Duns Scotus or St. Thomas; he arranges and methodizes his arguments in such a manner that they are almost irresistible. Or, if by a fine edition of some old classic, you had gained the Abbé de la R—— to speak *against* you, that would have been still better; as I always observed, that when he recommended anything to her, she had a great inclination to do directly the contrary." As he finished these words the new Madame Helvetius entered with the nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend, Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly; "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice, I immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades, and return to this good world again, to behold the sun and you! Here I am; let us *avenge ourselves!*

JOHN TRUMBULL.

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750–1831), born at Waterbury, Conn., was one of the three Whig satirists of the American Revolution. The first two cantos of his burlesque epic poem, "McFingal," appeared in January, 1776, and served as one of the inspiring forces of that struggle of national birth. Professor Moses Coit Tyler styles this epic "one of the world's masterpieces in political badinage," and remarks of it: "The verse of 'McFingal' is obviously the verse which since Butler's time has been called Hudibrastic; that is, the rhymed iambic tetrameters of the earlier English poets, depraved to the droll uses of burlesque by the Butlerian peculiarities, to wit: the clipping of words, the suppression of syllables, colloquial jargon, a certain rapid, ridiculous, jig-like movement and the jingle of unexpected, fantastic, and often imperfect rhymes. Furthermore, in many places Trumbull has so perfectly caught the manner of Butler that he easily passes for him in quotation. . . . Beyond these aspects of resemblance, it is doubtful whether the relation of 'McFingal' to 'Hudibras' be not rather one of contrast than of imitation. The hero of the one poem is a pedantic Puritan radical of the time of Oliver Cromwell; the hero of the other is a garrulous and preposterous High-Church Scottish-American Conservative of the time of George the Third." Professor Tyler sees a much closer intellectual kinship existing between Trumbull and Charles Churchill, his English contemporary, than between Trumbull and Butler.

Trumbull was an infant prodigy, and had passed his Greek and Latin examinations for Yale College at the age of seven. He early displayed a gift for ridicule and satire, and in

"The Owl and the Sparrow" (1772), a fable after Butler, he first used that Hudibrastic verse which afterwards became his favorite weapon. Professor Tyler pronounces his "Ode to Sleep" (1773), to have been "a nearer approach to genuine poetry than had then been achieved by any American, excepting Freneau.

In August, 1775, Trumbull penned a burlesque on General Gage's proclamation. Much of this sarcasm concerning the rhetorical general survives in "McFingal." The first canto of the mock epic describes a typical New England town-meeting, held by excited citizens just after the massacres of Lexington and Concord. Honorius (in whom Trumbull portrayed John Adams, in whose office he was studying law) makes an impassioned patriotic speech, whereupon Squire McFingal interrupts him with a bigoted Tory harangue, in which he shows that the Tories are after titles and other rewards of self-interest in their allegiance to Parliament and the King. Honorius, however, denounces Gage as "the bailiff and the hangman," the Tories finally try to down him by hoots and catcalls, and the mob outside at last break in to the utter rout of the town-meeting.

It was not until 1782, after the surrender of Cornwallis, that Trumbull finished this epic by its extension to four cantos—about fifteen hundred lines in all. In the added cantos, McFingal, the bold Tory squire, is tarred and feathered and glued to a liberty-pole, after being baited by the mob. He escapes to his cellar, where he and his fellow-tories hold a clandestine council of war. The crestfallen McFingal, in one of his characteristic fits of prophecy, predicts the woe that is to come to the Tories, and he has hardly finished when a battalion of Whigs is heard approaching. The desperate Tories hide in every ridiculous place, but McFingal makes good his escape through the cellar-window to Boston and his beloved Gage. The wit and vigor of this latter portion excels that of the original canto of the town-meeting. As an instance of Trumbull's Hudibrastic vein may be quoted the following couplet often improperly accredited:

"No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law."

Trumbull distinguished himself as a lawyer, and rose to the distinction of judgeship. "McFingal" is a monument to his varied learning as well as to his wit.

THE TOWN-MEETING, P. M.

(From "M'Fingal," Canto II.)

THE Sun, who never stops to dine,
Two hours had pass'd the midway line,
And driving at his usual rate,
Lash'd on his downward car of state.
And now expired the short vacation,
And dinner done in epic fashion;
While all the crew beneath the trees
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese;
Nor shall we, like old Homer, care
To versify their bill of fare.
For now each party, feasted well,
Throng'd in, like sheep, at sound of bell,
With equal spirit took their places;
And meeting oped with three Oh-yesses;
When first the daring Whigs t' oppose,
Again the great M'Fingal rose,
Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,
And thus assum'd th' accusing strain:—

"Ye Whigs, attend, and hear affrighted
The crimes whereof ye stand indicted,
The sins and follies past all compass,
That prove you guilty or *non compos.*
I leave the verdict to your senses,
And jury of your consciences;
Which, tho' they're neither good nor true,
Must yet convict you and your crew.
Ungrateful sons! a factious band,
That rise against your parent-land!
Ye viper'd race, that burst in strife
The welcome womb that gave your life,
Tear with sharp fangs and forked tongue
Th' indulgent bowels, whence you sprung;
And scorn the debt of obligation
You justly owe the British nation,

Which since you cannot pay, your crew
Affect to swear 'twas never due.
Did not the deeds of England's Primate
First drive your fathers to this climate,
Whom jails and fines and ev'ry ill
Forc'd to their good against their will?
Ye owe to their obliging temper
The peopling your new-fangled empire,
While ev'ry British rule and canon
Stood forth your *causa sine qua non.*
Did they not send you charters o'er,
And give you lands you own'd before,
Permit you all to spill your blood,
And drive out heathen where you could,
On these mild terms, that, conquest won,
The realm you gain'd should be their own.
Or when of late attack'd by those,
Whom her connection made your foes,
Did they not then, distrest in war,
Send Gen'rals to your help from far,
Whose aid you own'd in terms less haughty
And thankfully o'erpaid your quota?
Say, at what period did they grudge
To send you Governor or Judge,
With all their missionary crew,
To teach you law and gospel too?
Brought o'er all felons in the nation,
To help you on in population;
Propos'd their Bishops to surrender,
And made their Priests a legal tender,
Who only ask'd, in surplice clad,
The simple tythe of all you had:
And now to keep all knaves in awe,
Have sent their troops t' establish law,
And with gunpowder, fire and ball,
Reform your people, one and all.

Yet when their insolence and pride
Have anger'd all the world beside,
When fear and want at once invade,
Can you refuse to lend them aid;
And rather risque your heads in fight,

Than gratefully throw in your mite?
Can they for debts make satisfaction,
Should they dispose their realm by auction,
And sell off Britain's goods and land all
To France and Spain by inch of candle?
Shall good King George, with want oppress,
Insert his name in bankrupt list,
And shut up shop, like failing merchant,
That fears the bailiffs should make search in't;
With poverty shall princes strive,
And nobles lack whereon to live?
Have they not rack'd their whole inventions,
To feed their brats on posts and pensions,
Made ev'n Scotch friends with taxes groan,
And pick'd poor Ireland to the bone;
Yet have on hand as well deserving,
Ten thousand bastards left for starving?
And can you now with conscience clear,
Refuse them an asylum here,
Or not maintain in manner fitting
These genuine sons of mother Britain?
T' evade these crimes of blackest grain,
You prate of liberty in vain,
And strive to hide your vile designs
With terms abstruse, like school-divines.

"Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
And country's love is but a farce;
And after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no such thing.
Our English writers of great fame
Prove public virtue but a name.
Hath not Dalrymple show'd in print,
And Johnson too, there's nothing in't?
Produc'd you demonstration ample
From others' and their own example,
That self is still, in either faction,
The only principle of action;
The loadstone, whose attracting tether
Keeps the politic world together:
And spite of all your double-dealing,
We Tories know 'tis so, by feeling.

"Who heeds your babbling of transmitting
Freedom to brats of your begetting,
Or will proceed as though there were a tie
Or obligation to posterity?
We get 'em, bear 'em, breed and nurse;
What has poster'ty done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?"

McFINGAL'S VISION OF AMERICA'S FUTURE.

IN the third canto McFingal was tarred and feathered, but in the fourth, which was written after the Revolutionary War, he is represented as recovering from his disgraceful plight and relating to his friends the wonderful vision he has seen of the various events of that strife and the future greatness of America.

And see, (sight hateful and tormenting!)
This rebel Empire, proud and vaunting,
From anarchy shall change her crasis,*
And fix her power on firmer basis;
To glory, wealth and fame ascend,
Her commerce wake, her realms extend;
Where now the panther guards his den,
Her desert forests swarm with men;
Gay cities, towers and columns rise,
And dazzling temples meet the skies:
Her pines, descending to the main,
In triumph spread the watery plain,
Ride inland seas with fav'ring gales,
And crowd her port with whitening sails:
Till to the skirts of western day,
The peopled regions own her sway.

* Old medical term for "constitutional temperament."

FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

Among the illustrious sons of Philadelphia Francis Hopkinson (1737–1791) is prominent as a judge, a member of the Continental Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was also notable as one of the Revolutionary satirists, being the author of "The Battle of the Kegs," "The New Roof," and "A Pretty Story." He was the first graduate of the college which has now become the University of Pennsylvania. He was also an amateur painter and musician, and experimented in physics. He indited little poems on love and fox-hunting, and was pronounced by John Adams a "pretty little, curious ingenious man," with a head "not bigger than a large apple."

Francis Hopkinson's "Battle of the Kegs" was a mockery of the alarm of the British troops in Philadelphia in 1778 caused by some kegs which the patriots had sent floating down the Delaware to insure the shipping at the wharves. "The New Roof" was an argument in favor of the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Professor Tyler praises most highly his "Pretty Story," published under the disguise of "Peter Grievous, Esq." (1774). It is a playful allegory on the events that led up to the first Continental Congress. It discusses the spirit and method of the masters of the Old Farm (England) in their dealing with the settlers of the New Farm (America). The critic renders this verdict on the satirists of the Revolution: "The political satire of Freneau and of Trumbull is, in general, grim, bitter, vehement, unrelenting. Hopkinson's satire is as keen as theirs, but its characteristic note is one of playfulness. He accomplished his effects without bitterness or violence."

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

THIS ballad relates to an incident of the British occupation of Philadelphia in 1778. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the Delaware River to annoy the British shipping. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharves, and discharged their small arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river.

Gallants, attend and hear a friend,
Trill forth harmonious ditty;
Strange things I'll tell, which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quakèd;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran thro' the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bedside he then espied,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conq'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day.
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

PHILIP FRENEAU, the best poet of the Revolutionary period, was the descendant of a French family exiled by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born in New York in 1752, and died in Charleston in 1832. A soldier in the Revolution, he was taken captive by the British and confined in one of their prison-ships. At the close of the war, he settled down to journalism and wrote constantly until his death.

He was fluent, indeed too fluent in both prose and poetry. He wrote hymns, satires, patriotic odes and various other kinds of verse. Among these effusions there are perhaps half a dozen pieces that bear the impress of genuine poetry, notably "The Wild Honeysuckle," "The Address of April to May," and "The Indian Burying Ground." Freneau was particularly successful in his poems of Indian tradition, and both Campbell and Scott were indebted to him for words, ideas and suggestions.

THE OLD INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

IN spite of all the learned have said
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And ven'son, for a journey drest,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,—
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of bone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the finer essence gone.

Thou stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,
Yet mark the swelling turf, and say,
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen,
(Pale Marian, with her braided hair)

And many a barbarous form is seen
  To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
  In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,—
  The hunter and the deer—a shade.

And long shall timorous Fancy see
  The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And reason's self shall bow the knee
  To shadows and delusions here.

The Early New Englanders.

These exiles were formed in a whimsical mould,
And were awed by their priests like the Hebrews of old,
Disclaimed all pretenses to jesting and laughter,
And sighed their lives through to be happy hereafter.
On a crown immaterial their hearts were intent,
They looked toward Zion, wherever they went,
Did all things in hopes of a future reward,
And worried mankind—for the sake of the Lord. . . .
A stove in their churches, or pews lined with green,
Where, horrid to think of, much less to be seen;
Their bodies were warmed with the linings of love,
And the fire was sufficient that flashed from above. . . .
On Sundays their faces were dark as a cloud;
The road to the meeting was only allowed;
And those they caught rambling on business or pleasure
Were sent to the stocks, to repent at their leisure.
This day was the mournfulest day of the week;
Except on religion none ventured to speak;
This day was the day to examine their lives,
To clear off old scores, and to preach to their wives. . . .
This beautiful system of Nature below
They neither considered, nor wanted to know,
And called it a dog-house wherein they were pent,
Unworthy themselves and their mighty descent.
They never perceived that in Nature's wide plan
There must be that whimsical creature called Man—
Far short of the rank he affects to attain,
Yet a link, in its place, in creation's vast chain. . . .

Thus feuds and vexations distracted their reign—
And perhaps a few vestiges still may remain;—
But time has presented an offspring as bold,
Less free to believe, and more wise than the old. . . .
Proud, rough, independent, undaunted and free,
And patient of hardships, their task is the sea;
Their country too barren their wish to attain,
They make up the loss by exploring the main.
Wherever bright Phœbus awakens the gales,
I see the bold Yankees expanding their sails,
Throughout the wide ocean pursuing their schemes,
And chasing the whales on its uttermost streams.
No climate for them is too cold or too warm;
They reef the broad canvas, and fight with the storm;
In war with the foremost their standards display,
Or glut the loud cannon with death for the fray.
No valor in fable their valor exceeds;
Their spirits are fitted for desperate deeds;
No rivals have they in our annals of fame,
Or, if they are rivaled, 'tis York has the claim.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Timothy Dwight, the first and most famous of an illustrious family of New England educators and theologians, was the friend of Trumbull. He was born in Massachusetts in 1752, and died in New Haven in 1817, having been President of Yale College for twenty-two years. His poems, "The Conquest of Canaan," "The Triumph of Infidelity," and "Greenfield Hill," were approved by his generation as moral and graceful, but are now altogether neglected. His "Theology Explained and Defended," in which he exhibited a moderate Calvinism, was still more widely circulated in the United States. His "Travels in New England and New York" contains much historical, statistical and topographical information, but is now chiefly notable for its record of American society and manners in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be Freedom, and Science, and Virtue, thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire:
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies,

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunder expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung;
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!"

C. B. BROWN.

THE pioneer American novelist was Charles Brockden Brown, who was born in Philadelphia in 1771, and died there of consumption, at the age of thirty-nine. He was a man of good family and well educated, and was trained as a lawyer; but quiet, sickly and retiring, he preferred literature to the bar, and after an ingenious speculation, called "Alcuin: A Dialogue on the Rights of Women," he poured forth several political pamphlets, minor poems, tales and biographical essays. In addition to other literary work, he published a series of novels, five of them being written in three years, and all of them before he was thirty. He also edited and was the chief contributor to three successive literary magazines.

Brown was the first American writer to obtain a European celebrity. His romances were eagerly devoured, and the criticisms of the time awarded him a high place in literature. He was no traveler, his longest journeys being from Philadelphia to New York, but he read voraciously, and, in particular, he seems to have assimilated the English novels of the time. Those were the fear-inspiring and blood-curdling romances of Mrs. Radcliffe and "Monk" Lewis, and Brown imported their whole apparatus of thrilling mysteries from the ghostly castles and cloisters of Europe to the plain brick or wooden dwellings of what had just been the colonies. When the mysteries refused to be so "cribbed, cabined and confined," Brown built them a summer house or two, near at hand, on a height, beside a precipice, above a darkly rolling river. As for the appropriate accessories, they are all here, —spooks, unaccountable voices, midnight intruders, the swish of unearthly garments; the dark man with a past, the beautiful woman under a cloud, the estimable son, husband, father, brother, friend, who proved to be a veritable fiend. And the whole plot ends in an electric glare of explanation, the supernatural melting weakly into a trick of ventriloquism, a habit of somnambulism, and the like.

Brown's novels are weird, unhealthy, and exciting, with powerful passages, but, in general, imitative of old world tales. What we really miss is space, landscape, hoary piles, ruined monasteries, and distinction. His plots are his own, his manner, William Godwin's, the machinery, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Monk Lewis's. His two most hectic and popular novels are "Wieland" and "Edgar Huntly;" "Arthur Mervyn" contains a particularly circumstantial account of the yellow fever in Philadelphia in 1793, which exhibits clearly Brown's mastery of the details of the horrible. The author himself was pure-minded and amiable, much beloved, and much lamented.

YELLOW FEVER IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1793.

(From "Arthur Mervyn.")

As I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farm-house was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for food or lodging in the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, knew not where to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters; though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty. . . .

The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I entered High street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures; and these were ghost-like, wrapt in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion; and, as I approached, changed their course to avoid me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have seen brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. . . . I approached a house, the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognized to be a hearse. The driver was seated on it. I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued. The driver was a negro, but his companions were white. Their features were marked by indifference to danger or pity. One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said, "I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the fever that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?"

The other surlily muttered, "Their legs, to be sure."

"But what should they hug together in one room for?"

"To save us trouble, to be sure."

"And I thank them with all my heart; but damn it, it wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me told me to stay a few minutes."

"Pshaw! he could not live. The sooner dead the better for him, as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us, when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee-high, but curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!" continued he, looking up and observing me, standing a few paces distant, and listening to their discourse, "What's wanted? Anybody dead?"

I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure.

WELBECK AND MERVYN.

(From "Arthur Mervyn.")

[Welbeck, to avoid his creditors and an arrest for murder, secretly quitted Philadelphia. Mervyn, sick with the yellow fever, finds his way to the house he had inhabited, in the hope of dying there alone. But Welbeck returns hoping to secure twenty one-thousand dollar notes concealed between the leaves of a MS. volume which had belonged to a young foreigner whom he had attended in his last moments, whose property he had seized, and whose sister he had ruined. Mervyn has already discovered this money, and, in the hope of being able to return it to the unfortunate girl, taken possession of it. Welbeck relates to Mervyn his adventures since their separation and inquires about the missing volume.]

WELBECK had ceased to be dreaded or revered. That awe which was once created by his superiority of age, refinement of manners, and dignity of garb, had vanished. I was a boy in years, an indigent and uneducated rustic, but I was able to discern the illusions of power and riches, and abjured every claim to esteem that was not founded on integrity. There was no tribunal before which I should falter in asserting the truth, and no species of martyrdom which I would not cheerfully embrace in its cause.

After some pause, I said, "Cannot you conjecture in what way this volume has disappeared?"

"No;" he answered with a sigh. "Why, of all his volumes, this only should have vanished, was an inexplicable enigma."

"Perhaps," said I, "it is less important to know how it was removed, than by whom it is now possessed."

"Unquestionably; and yet unless that knowledge enables me to regain the possession it will be useless."

"Useless then it will be, for the present possessor will never return it to you."

"Indeed," replied he, in a tone of dejection, "your conjecture is most probable. Such a prize is of too much value to be given up."

"What I have said flows not from conjecture, but from knowledge. I know that it will never be restored to you."

At these words, Welbeck looked at me with anxiety and doubt.—"You *know* that it will not! Have you any knowledge of the book? Can you tell me what has become of it?"

"Yes, after our separation on the river, I returned to this house. I found this volume and secured it. You rightly suspected its contents. The money was there."

Welbeck started as if he had trodden on a mine of gold. His first emotion was rapturous, but was immediately chastised by some degree of doubt. "What has become of it? Have you got it? Is it entire? Have you it with you?"

"It is unimpaired. I have got it, and shall hold it as sacred for the rightful proprietor."

The tone with which this declaration was accompanied, shook the new-born confidence of Welbeck. "The rightful proprietor! true, but I am he. To me only it belongs, and to me you are doubtless willing to restore it."

"Mr. Welbeck, it is not my desire to give you perplexity or anguish: to sport with your passions. On the supposition of your death, I deemed it no infraction of justice to take this manuscript. Accident unfolded its contents. I could not hesitate to choose my path. The natural and legal successor of Vincentio Lodi is his sister. To her, therefore, this property belongs, and to her only will I give it."

"Presumptuous boy! And this is your sage decision. I tell you that I am the owner, and to me you shall render it. Who is this girl? childish and ignorant! unable to consult and to act for herself on the most trivial occasion! Am I not, by the appointment of her dying brother, her protector and guardian? Her age produces a legal incapacity of property. Do you imagine that so obvious an expedient as that of procuring my legal appointment as her guardian, was overlooked by me? If it were neglected, still my title to provide her subsistence and enjoyment is unquestionable. Did I not rescue her from poverty, and prostitution, and infamy? Have I not supplied all her wants with incessant solicitude? Whatever her condition required has been plenteously bestowed. This dwelling and its furniture were hers, as far as a rigid jurisprudence would permit. To prescribe her expenses and govern her family was the province of her guardian. You have heard the tale of my anguish and despair. Whence did they flow, but from the frustration of schemes projected for her benefit, as they were executed with her money and by means which the authority of her guardian fully justified? Why have I encountered this contagious atmosphere, and explored my way, like a thief, to this recess, but with a view to rescue her from poverty and restore to her her own? Your scruples are ridiculous and criminal. I treat them with less severity, because your youth is raw and your conceptions crude. But if, after this proof of the justice of my claim, you hesitate to restore the money, I shall treat you as a robber, who has plundered my cabinet and refused to refund his spoil."

I was acquainted with the rights of guardianship. Welbeck had, in some respects, acted as the friend of this lady. To vest himself with this office was the conduct which her youth and helplessness prescribed to her friend. His title to this money, as her guardian, could not be denied. But how was this statement compatible with former representations? No mention had then been made of guardianship. By thus acting, he would have thwarted all his schemes for winning the esteem of mankind, and fostering the belief which the world entertained of his opulence and independence. I was thrown, by these thoughts, into considerable perplexity.

Welbeck cast fearful glances at the windows and door. He examined every avenue and listened. Thrice he repeated this scrutiny. Having, as it seemed, ascertained that no one lurked within audience, he approached the bed. He put his mouth close to my face. He attempted to speak, but once more examined the apartment with suspicious glances. He drew closer, and at length, in a tone scarcely articulate and suffocated with emotion, he spoke: "Excellent, but fatally obstinate youth! know at least the cause of my importunity; know at least the depth of my infatuation and the enormity of my guilt. The bills—surrender them to me, and save yourself from persecution and disgrace! Save the woman whom you wish to benefit from the blackest imputations; from hazard to her life and her fame; from languishing in dungeons; from expiring on the gallows! The bills—O save me from the bitterness of death! Let the evils to which my miserable life has given birth terminate here and in myself. Surrender them to me, for"—

There he stopped. His utterance was choked by terror. Rapid glances were again darted at the windows and door. The silence was uninterrupted except by far-off sounds, produced by some moving carriage. Once more he summoned resolution and spoke: "Surrender them to me—for—*they are forged.* Formerly I told you that a scheme of forgery had been conceived. Shame would not suffer me to add that my scheme was carried into execution. The bills were fashioned, but my fears contended against my necessities, and forbade me to attempt to exchange them. The interview with Lodi saved me from the dangerous experiment. I enclosed them in that volume to be used when all other and less hazardous resources should fail. In the agonies of my remorse at the death of

Watson, they were forgotten. They afterward recurred to recollection. My wishes pointed to the grave; but the stroke that should deliver me from life was suspended only till I could hasten hither, get possession of these papers and destroy them. When I thought upon the chances that should give them an owner; bring them into circulation; load the innocent with suspicion; and lead them to trial and perhaps to death, my sensations were agony; earnestly as I panted for death, it was necessarily deferred till I had gained possession of and destroyed these papers. What now remains? You have found them. Happily they have not been used. Give them therefore to me, that I may crush at once the brood of mischiefs which they could not but generate.''

This disclosure was strange. It was accompanied with every token of sincerity. How had I tottered on the brink of destruction! If I had made use of this money, in what a labyrinth of misery might I not have been involved! My innocence could never have been proved. An alliance with Welbeck could not have failed to be inferred. My career would have found an ignominious close; or, if my punishment had been commuted into slavery, would the testimony of my conscience have supported me? I shuddered at the view of the disasters from which I was rescued by the miraculous chance which led me to this house. Welbeck's request was salutary to me and honorable to himself. I could not hesitate a moment in compliance. The notes were enclosed in paper, and deposited in a fold of my clothes. I put my hand upon them. My motion and attention was arrested at the instant, by a noise which arose in the street. Footsteps were heard upon the pavement before the door, and voices, as if busy in discourse.

This incident was adapted to infuse the deepest alarm into myself and my companion. The motives of our trepidation were indeed different, and were infinitely more powerful in my case than in his. It portended to me nothing less than the loss of my asylum and condemnation to a hospital. Welbeck hurried to the door to listen to the conversation below. This interval was pregnant with thought. That impulse which led my reflections from Welbeck to my own state, passed away in a moment, and suffered me to meditate anew upon the terms of that confession which had just been made. Horror at the fate which this interview had enabled me to shun, was uppermost in my conceptions. I was eager to surrender these fatal bills. I held them for that purpose in my hand, and was impatient for Welbeck's return. He continued at the door; stooping, with his face averted, and eagerly attentive to the conversation in the street. All the circumstances of my present situation tended to arrest the progress of thought and chain my contemplations to one image; but even now there was room for foresight and deliberation. Welbeck intended to destroy these bills. Perhaps he had not been sincere; or, if his purpose had been honestly disclosed, this purpose might change when the bills were in his possession. His poverty and sanguineness of temper might prompt him to use them. That this conduct was evil and would only multiply his miseries, could not be questioned. Why should I subject his frailty to this temptation? The destruction of these bills was the loudest injunction of duty; was demanded by every sanction which bound me to promote the welfare of mankind. The means of destruction were easy.

A lighted candle stood on a table, at the distance of a few yards. Why should I hesitate a moment to annihilate so powerful a cause of error and guilt? A passing instant was sufficient. A momentary lingering might change the circumstances that surrounded me and frustrate my project. My languors were suspended by the urgencies of the occasion. I started from my bed and glided to the table. Seizing the notes with my right hand, I held them in the flame of the candle, and then threw them blazing on the floor. The sudden illumination was perceived by Welbeck. The cause of it appeared to suggest itself as soon. He turned, and marking the paper where it lay, leaped to the spot and extinguished the fire with his foot. His interposition was too late. Only enough of them remained to inform him of the nature of the sacrifice. He now stood with limbs trembling, features aghast and eyes glaring upon me. For a time he was without speech. The storm was gathering in silence, and at length burst upon me. In a tone menacing and loud, he exclaimed: "Wretch! What have you done?"

"I have done justly. These notes were false. You desired to destroy them that they might not betray the innocent. I applauded your purpose, and have saved you from the danger of temptation by destroying them myself."

"Maniac! miscreant! to be fooled by so gross an artifice! The notes were genuine. The tale of their forgery was false, and meant only to wrest them from you. Execrable and perverse idiot! Your deed has sealed my perdition. It has sealed your own. You shall pay for it with your blood. I will slay you by inches. I will stretch you, as you have stretched me, on the rack!"

During this speech, all was phrensy and storm in the features of Welbeck. Nothing less could be expected than that the scene would terminate in some bloody catastrophe. I bitterly regretted the facility with which I had been deceived, and the precipitation of my sacrifice. The act, however, could not be revoked. What remained but to encounter or endure its consequences with unshrinking firmness?

The contest was too unequal. It is possible that the phrensy which actuated Welbeck might have speedily subsided. It is more likely that his passions would have been satiated with nothing but my death. This event was precluded by loud knocks at the street door, and calls by some one on the pavement without, of—Who is within? Is any one within?

"They are coming," said he. "They will treat you as a sick man and a thief. I cannot desire you to suffer worse evil than they will inflict. I leave you to your fate." So saying, he rushed out of the room.

JOEL BARLOW.

One of the most stupendous failures in the annals of literature is Barlow's "Columbiad," a ponderous epic in ten cantos. In it Hesper, the Genius of the Western Continent, presents to Columbus visions of the history of the New World. The author, Joel Barlow (1755–1812), was a native of Connecticut, served as a chaplain in the Revolutionary army, and belonged to "The Hartford wits." But after the war, passing under French influence he became a Deist and a lawyer. Going to France in 1788, he associated with the leading Girondists. After acquiring considerable fortune, he returned to America and settled in Washington. Then he published his ambitious epic in a costly quarto. In 1811 he was sent as United States Minister to France. Being summoned to a conference with the Emperor Napoleon in Poland, he died suddenly while on the way. He is best remembered by his mock-heroic poem, "Hasty Pudding," which, written in Savoy in 1793, is a partial picture of New England life.

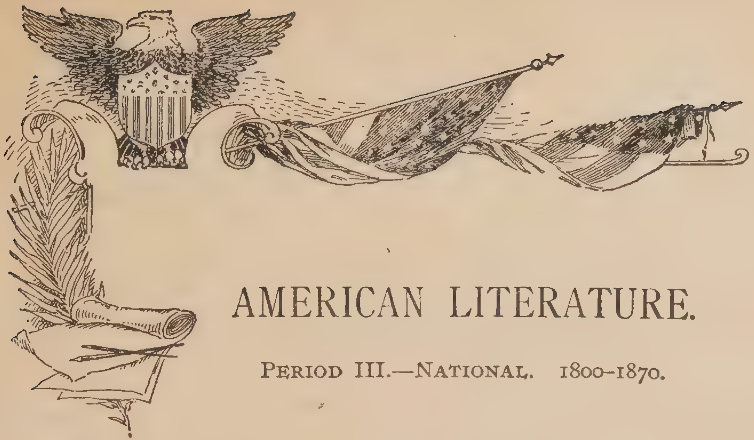
HASTY PUDDING.

(From Canto I.)

YE Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;
Ye Gallic flags, that, o'er their heights unfurled,
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the Muse,
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steeled,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,

No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame,
But, rising grateful to the accustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
  Assist me first with pious toil to trace,
Through wrecks of time, thy lineage and thy race;
Declare what lovely squaw in days of yore
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maze,
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,
Swells in the flood and thickens to a paste,
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.
  Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.
If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,
But o'er the world's wide clime should live secure,
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.
  Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!
Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,
Each clime my country, and each house my home,
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.
  For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,
How long in vain I wandered up and down,
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.
London is lost in smoke and steeped in tea;
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;

The uncouth word, a libel on the town,
Would call a proclamation from the crown.
Those climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,
Chilled in their fogs, exclude the generous maize;
A grain, whose rich, luxuriant growth requires
Short, gentle showers, and bright, ethereal fires.
  But here, though distant from our native shore,
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more;
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,
That strong complexion of true Indian race,
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;
For endless years, through every mild domain,
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.
  But man, more fickle, the bold license claims
In different realms to give thee different names
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant
Polenta call, the French, of course, *Polente.*
E'en in thy native regions, how I blush
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee *Mush!*
On Hudson's banks while men of Belgic spawn
Insult and eat thee by the name *Suppawn!*
All spurious appellations, void of truth;
I've better known thee from my earliest youth.
Thy name is *Hasty Pudding;* thus my sire
Was wont to greet thee fuming from his fire;
And, while he argued in thy just defence
With logic clear, he thus explained the sense:
"In *haste* the boiling caldron, o'er the blaze,
Receives and cooks the ready powdered maize;
In *haste* 'tis served, and then in equal *haste*,
With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.
No carving to be done, no knife to grate
The tender ear and wound the stony plate;
But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,
And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,
By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,
Performs the *hasty* honors of the board."
Such is thy name, significant and clear,
A name, a sound, to every Yankee dear,
But most to me, whose heart and plate chaste
Preserve my pure hereditary taste.



AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Period III.—National. 1800–1870.

AMERICAN literature could not properly exist until the American nation had entered on its independent career. During the colonial period the people were occupied in subduing the wilderness and adapting themselves to new conditions of life. Few but the scholarly preachers of the gospel had inclination or leisure for writing, and the chief printed productions of the times were religious and theological. For books of other kinds the people looked to the mother country. In the Revolutionary period questions of human rights and government were urgent and drew forth treatises of marked ability. Yet there were some evidences of literary activity in other directions. Newspapers, now struggling into existence, furnished a ready means for circulating satires and occasional verses.

With the beginning of the new century the turbulence of war had ceased, a stable government was formed, and the minds of Americans were turned from their former dependence on the writers of England. There came an original tone of thought, a deep reflection on the new aspects of the world, a wholesome independence of mind. For a time Philadelphia seemed likely to become the literary centre, as it was the capital, of the nation. Charles Brockden Brown was the first American novelist, and Joseph Dennie, the editor of the *Portfolio*, was hailed as the American Addison, but his writings are now forgotten. Philadelphia continued to be the place of publication even for New England authors, and *Graham's Magazine* was the medium through which Longfellow and others reached the public.

But the pioneers of the new era of American literature belonged to New York, if not by birth, by choice of residence. Three men stand forth as representatives of this class—Irving, Cooper and Bryant. Widely different in their nature and training, as in their finished work, they were yet all distinctively American. The cheerful Irving began as a playful satirist and delineator of oddities, and became a skillful sketcher of the pleasant features of merry England and picturesque Spain, as well as of his beloved Hudson. In much of his work he exhibits the contrast of the past with the present, producing sometimes humorous, and sometimes pathetic scenes. Cooper belonged to that lake region of New York where the Indians and whites came into closest contact and unequal conflict. He revealed to Europe the romance of the American forest. Again, as an officer in the navy, he acquired such familiarity with sea-life, as to make him the foremost sea-novelist of the language. Excellent in description and well furnished with material, he yet rated his own abilities too highly, and wrote much which may readily be neglected. Bryant early displayed his power as a meditative poet on nature, but the duties of active life summoned him to quite different work in New York City. As editor of a daily newspaper, he battled strenuously and honorably for righteousness until in old age he received the loving veneration of his fellow-citizens. But in literature he remains the author of "Thanatopsis" and a translator of Homer.

The influence of Harvard College as a promoter of learning tended to give Boston a supremacy in literature. Here the *North American Review* was early established, and the study of German and other foreign literatures was promoted. The Unitarian movement, apart from its theological effects, had a distinct uplifting effect on American culture. Channing and Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, assisted, each in his own way, in broadening and elevating the minds of their countrymen. As an outgrowth of this humanitarian tendency came the anti-slavery movement, which stirred some of these writers to passionate outbursts, but could not draw them from their literary pursuits. At a later period, the civil war left a more lasting impression on their characters and work, yet when it had passed, the survivors made still nobler contributions to literature. Whittier, the Quaker poet and anti-slavery lyrist, wrote the most popular ballad of the war, and afterwards showed his best art in peaceful themes. So also Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was able to present the wrongs of slavery in a popular romance, and thus urge on the war, yet later contented herself with mild pictures of domestic life. Apart from most of the foregoing, and by a method peculiarly his own, Hawthorne studied the spiritual facts of New England life, and unveiled its mysteries and romance. Others more quickly won recognition; his subtler genius required longer time for correct appreciation. Gradually his true worth has been discerned, and now he is acknowledged to be the chief representative of American romance.

In remarkable contrast with Hawthorne in life and character and work stands the brilliantly gifted, but miserably unfortunate, Edgar A. Poe. He not only proved himself the greatest metrical artist of the English language, weaving words into music at his pleasure, but he was the skillful producer of weird romances and cunningly devised tales, usually gloomy and terrible, sometimes extravagant. His erratic course and untimely death have drawn the pity of the world. His melodious verses have been models for Tennyson and Swinburne, as well as French poets. W. G. Simms was the prolific romancist of the South, seeking to rival Cooper in the delineation of the Indians, and in reproducing the Revolutionary scenes of his native State. John P. Kennedy wrote also a novel of the Revolution, and sketched country life in Virginia.

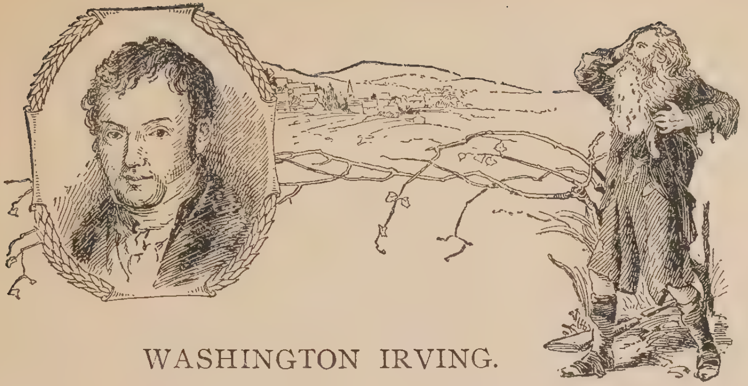
Of American poets Longfellow has been the most popular, partly from his choice of subjects easily understood by all, and partly from his artistic treatment of them. His sympathetic heart and his generous culture have enabled him to give adequate expression to the common human emotions.

Lowell is distinctly the most cultured of American poets, and has excelled as essayist and critic. Yet he has not reached the popularity of Longfellow or Whittier, and is perhaps most widely known as a humorist and writer of Yankee dialect. In his later years he was a noble representative of America in foreign courts.

Dr. O. W. Holmes was noted as a skillful writer of occasional verses before his peculiar merits as a prose-writer were displayed in the *Atlantic Monthly.* Here his "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was a brilliant combination of humor, satire and scholarship, and interspersed were some of his best poems. He was devoted to Boston, which he celebrated as "the hub of the solar system."

The size of the present work has not afforded sufficient room for the adequate treatment of history and historians. But the work of Americans in this department must at least be mentioned, as they have attained special fame and are truly representative of the country. William H. Prescott (1796–1859), in spite of the affliction of blindness, devoted his life to historical studies, and produced standard works on the history of Spain, Mexico, and Peru. Written in a stately and dignified style, they have stood the test of time and the investigation of later students. George Bancroft (1800–1891), after studying in German universities and teaching a classical school in Massachusetts, undertook to prepare an exhaustive history of the United States down to the adoption of the Constitution. The many public positions, which he held, partly helped and partly hindered the completion of his great work. Almost fifty years elapsed before the twelfth and final volume appeared. While the whole forms a lasting monument to the author's industry, its very length has prevented it from attaining the highest success.

Most successful in securing popular attention and applause was John Lothrop Motley (1814–77), who, after ten years of patient research, published in 1856, "The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic." Other works connected with the history of the Netherlands occupied his later years, except so far as he was engaged in diplomatic service. His thorough mastery of his subject and his power of pictorial presentation of the past make vivid the men and events of a critical period in European history.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in New York city in 1783 and died in 1859, at the age of seventy-six. His books are still so popular, and in feeling so modern, that it is hard to realize that his birth immediately followed the close of the Revolution, and that he did not see even the beginnings of the present generation. To read some of his stories, one might think they were written yesterday—were there any one competent to write them.

He was the son of a rigid Scotch Presbyterian and of a gentle English woman; his childhood and youth were delicate, but his enjoyment of life was unfailing, and the indulgence which he always received never hurt him. His aspect and manners were refined, graceful and charming; by organization he was an aristocrat, though he was democratic in intention. At the outset of his career he amused himself in society, and satirized it in good-natured sketches in the *Spectator* vein, as the pages of the brilliant but short-lived *Salmagundi* still bear witness. His first important work was the famous "Knickerbocker's History of New York," a permanent piece of humor, the fairy godchild, so to say, of Rabelais and Swift. The author went to Europe for a pleasure trip. In the midst of his social successes in London the firm with which he was connected failed, and he turned to literature, which hitherto had been the diversion of his leisure, as the means of livelihood. In 1819, Washington, then six-and-thirty, sat seriously down and produced the book of tales called "The Sketch Book," containing that "primal story" —"Rip Van Winkle." His success was immediate, great and lasting; but he was too modest to admit that it could be fully deserved. He remained alone in that opinion; his work was like himself, and, like himself, was nearly perfect in its degree. During the forty remaining years of his life he continued to delight his contemporaries and build up his fortunes with imaginative and historical work, much of it with a Spanish background. From 1826 to 1829 he lived in Spain writing "The Alahambra," the "Life of Columbus," and other books. In the latter year he returned to London as secretary of legation; but two years later homesickness brought him back to New York and he fixed his residence at Sunnyside. During the next ten years he wrote five volumes on American and English subjects, of which the collection of tales, "Wolfert's Roost," is the best known. In 1842 he was appointed American Minister to Spain, and the duties of his office chiefly occupied him during his four years' sojourn at Madrid. On his return home he began the "Life of Washington," which was the chief work of his declining life, the last volume appearing in the year of his death.

Irving's personal character and history were as delightful as are his works. His mental constitution was serene and harmonious; nothing was in excess; he was at peace with himself and optimistic towards the world; he had no theories to ventilate, and was averse to contentions and strife of every kind. The easy amiability of his nature and his strong social tendencies might have formed an element of weakness, had he not been assailed and strengthened by bereavement and misfortune, which developed the man in him. The girl to whom he was betrothed died, and he lived a bachelor all his life. Irving was manly with men; with women, refined and chivalrous; and sincere and sane in literature. He regarded his species with a humorous tenderness; saw the good and slighted the evil in life; hence sunshine, abiding, but not intense, radiates from all he wrote.

Altogether nearly a third of Irving's life was passed abroad, where he was as much loved and appreciated as here. But no more patriotic American lived than he. In him the human and the literary instincts made a rounded whole. His style is clear, easy and flexible; his standpoint, tranquil; his humor, ever smiling; his pathos, true; his sentiment, sometimes thin, but never sickly. The generous impulses and moral beauty of his character warm and vitalize his work. So long as taste, repose, and simplicity please the mind, Irving's contribution to our literature will be remembered and valued.

DEATH OF PETER STUYVESANT.

(From "Knickerbocker's History of New York.")

In process of time, the old governor, like all other children of mortality, began to exhibit tokens of decay. Like an aged oak, which, though it long has braved the fury of the elements, and still retains its gigantic proportions, yet begins to shake and groan with every blast—so was it with the gallant Peter; for, though he still bore the port and semblance of what he was in the days of his hardihood and chivalry, yet did age and infirmity begin to sap the vigor of his frame—but his heart, that most unconquerable citadel, still triumphed unsubdued. With matchless avidity would he listen to every article of intelligence concerning the battles between the English and Dutch—still would his pulse beat high whenever he heard of the victories of De Ruyter—and his countenance lower, and his eyebrows knit, when fortune turned in favor of the English. At length, as on a certain day he had just smoked his fifth pipe, and was napping after dinner in his arm-chair, conquering the whole British nation in his dreams, he was suddenly aroused by a fearful ringing of bells, rattling of drums, and roaring of cannon, that put all his blood in a ferment. But when he learnt that these rejoicings were in honor of a great victory obtained by the combined English and French fleets over the brave De Ruyter and the younger Von Tromp, it went so much to his heart that he took to his bed, and in less than three days was brought to death's door by a violent cholera morbus! But, even in this extremity, he still displayed the unconquerable spirit of Peter *the Headstrong;* holding out to the last gasp with the most inflexible obstinacy against a whole army of old women, who were bent upon driving the enemy out of his bowels, after a true Dutch mode of defence, by inundating the seat of war with catnip and pennyroyal.

While he thus lay, lingering on the verge of dissolution, news was brought to him that the brave De Ruyter had suffered but little loss—had made good his retreat—and meant once more to meet the enemy in battle. The closing eye of the old warrior kindled at the words—he partly raised himself in bed—a flash of martial fire beamed across his visage—he clinched his withered hand, as if he felt within his gripe that sword which waved in triumph before the walls of Fort Christina, and, giving a grim smile of exultation, sunk back upon his pillow and expired.

Thus died Peter Stuyvesant, a valiant soldier—a loyal subject—an upright governor, and an honest Dutchman—who wanted only a few empires to desolate to have been immortalized as a hero!

His funeral obsequies were celebrated with the utmost grandeur and solemnity. The town was perfectly emptied of its inhabitants, who crowded in throngs to pay the last sad honors to their good old governor. All his sterling qualities rushed in full tide upon their recollections, while the memory of his foibles and his faults had expired with him. The ancient burghers contended who should have the privilege of bearing the pall; the populace strove who should walk nearest to the bier—and the melancholy procession was closed by a number of gray-headed negroes, who had wintered and summered in the household of their departed master for the greater part of a century.

With sad and gloomy countenances the multitude gathered around the grave. They dwelt with mournful hearts on the sturdy virtues, the signal services, and the gallant exploits of the brave old worthy. They recalled with secret upbraidings their own factious opposition to his government—and many an ancient burgher, whose phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moisten—was now observed to puff a pensive pipe, and the big drop to steal down his cheek—while he muttered with affectionate accent and melancholy shake of the head—"Well den!—Hardkoppig Peter ben gone at last!"

RIP VAN WINKLE'S RETURN.

On waking, Rip found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed.—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about the rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSEL.

IN this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

The school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copybooks. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out;—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled. . . .

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex;

and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style, in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling and cooing and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy his rich discovery.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth ; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee—or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers, the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use;

and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonderful Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar, gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so every thing that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

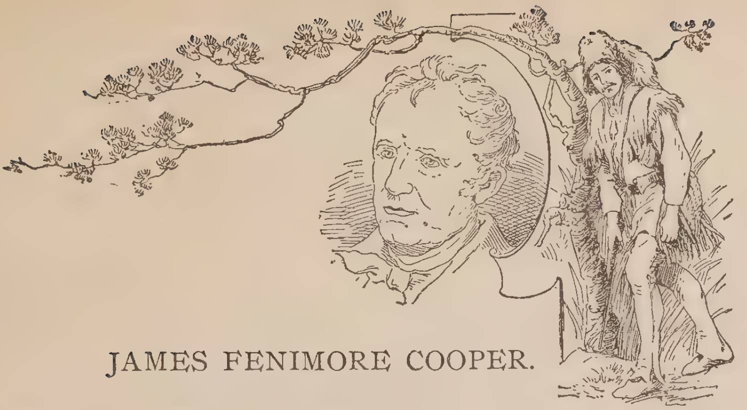
But then the horrors of such a grave!—so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on, that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her, by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her loves. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness—that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

Distinctively American in theme and spirit was the lasting work of James Fenimore Cooper; his attempts to portray European scenes and characters are justly neglected. But he is still the most prominent of American romancers of the old frontier and the sea. He was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789, but his boyhood was spent at Cooperstown, New York, a village founded by his father, Judge Cooper, in 1790, when that portion of the state was a veritable wilderness, inhabited chiefly by Indians, trappers and pioneers. Cooper's early education was conducted by his father, a man of strong character and some attainments, and the boy entered Yale College at the early age of thirteen. Leaving college after three years of study, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and remained in the service until a short time after his marriage in 1811.

Observation and experience on the New York frontier and in the naval service had given him a mass of material available for fiction, but he did not attempt authorship until he was thirty years of age. His first romance, "Precaution," which attempted to portray polite society, was a failure. Two years later, however, "The Spy," based upon experiences of one of Washington's secret agents in New York during the Revolutionary War, made Cooper famous throughout his own country and soon afterward in Europe.

In 1823 appeared "The Pioneers," an exciting story of life at the outposts of civilization, and also "The Pilot," his first sea story. These books were the forerunners of two series, in their widely differing veins. Yet three years passed before the appearance of "The Last of the Mohicans," abounding in sharp contrasts of Indians, pioneers and British and French soldiers in the time of the French and Indian war. Cooper is now charged with having greatly idealized his Indian characters, but his contemporaries commended him for fidelity to the types he had studied.

After publishing "The Red Rover," his second sea story, Cooper went to Europe, where he remained six years, residing in different cities. Intensely patriotic, as well as easily offended, he was greatly irritated by European comment on his country and its people. He therefore printed in English newspapers and reviews some vigorous corrections of misstatements regarding America, and he also published a book with the same purpose. His manner was so combative that the controversy he provoked continued for years. Meanwhile he was earnestly observant of European politics and published three novels abounding in political speculation and action, which have fallen into the background.

His first prominent work after his return to his native country was a "Naval History of the United States;" after which he wrote novels in rapid succession, as well as his "Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers." But unfortunately he became again involved in useless controversy, attacking New England and the Puritans. Always interested and active in politics, he was an object of severe newspaper criticism. Cooper, combative and proud, had some legal ability, and instituted many libel suits, all of which were successful, and yet wasted his time and talents. He died at Cooperstown, September 14th, 1851.

In Europe, Cooper has often been termed "the Walter Scott of America," and the comparison is apt to the extent that he, like Scott, took patriotic, passionate interest in embodying in literature such interesting characters and experiences of his native land as were vanishing. The value of his work becomes apparent when the reader now notes how small is the remaining fiction of the periods treated by Cooper. The accuracy of Cooper's descriptions of men and scenes was sufficiently attested in his own day, when there still survived participators in wars with the Indians, French and British, and when the war of 1812–15 was recent history. Cooper was weak in construction and had little sense of humor. His style is formal and he indulges too much in detail. Though he created such apparently real characters as Natty Burapo and Long Tom Coffin, he was unable generally to individualize his characters by appropriate speech. In chapters descriptive of incidents, however, he is almost equal to Scott, and was as highly admired by the elder Dumas and other European writers of exciting romance.

THE ARIEL ON THE SHOALS.

(From "The Pilot.")

THE sea was becoming more agitated, and the violence of the wind was gradually increasing. The latter no longer whistled amid the cordage of the vessel, but it seemed to howl surlily as it passed the complicated machinery that the frigate obtruded on its path. An endless succession of white surges rose above the heavy billows, and the very air was glittering with the light that was disengaged from the ocean. The ship yielded each moment more and more before the storm, and, in less than half an hour from the time that she had lifted her anchor, she was driven along with tremendous fury by the full power of a gale of wind. Still, the hardy and experienced mariners who directed her movements, held her to the course that was necessary to their preservation, and still Griffith gave forth, when directed by their unknown pilot, those orders that turned her in the narrow channel where safety was alone to be found.

So far the performance of his duty appeared easy to the stranger, and he gave the required directions in those still, calm tones that formed so remarkable a contrast to the responsibility of his situation. But when the land was becoming dim, in distance as well as darkness, and the agitated sea was only to be discovered as it swept by them in foam, he broke in upon the monotonous roaring of the tempest with the sounds of his voice, seeming to shake off his apathy and rouse himself to the occasion.

"Now is the time to watch her closely, Mr. Griffith," he cried; "here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your ship in those chains, and let an officer stand by him and see that he gives us the right water.''

''I will take that office on myself,'' said the captain; ''pass a light into the weather main-chains.''

''Stand by your braces!'' exclaimed the pilot with startling quickness. ''Heave away that lead!''

These preparations taught the crew to expect the crisis, and every officer and man stood in fearful silence at his assigned station awaiting the issue of the trial. Even the quarter-master at the cun gave out his orders to the men at the wheel in deeper and hoarser tones than usual, as if anxious not to disturb the quiet and order of the vessel.

While this deep expectation pervaded the frigate, the piercing cry of the leadsman, as he called, ''By the mark seven!'' rose above the tempest, crossed over the decks, and appeared to pass away to leeward, borne on the blast like the warnings of some water-spirit.''

''’Tis well,'' returned the pilot, calmly; ''try it again.''

The short pause was succeeded by another cry, ''and a half-five!''

''She shoals! she shoals!'' exclaimed Griffith; ''keep her a good full.''

''Ay! you must hold the vessel in command, now,'' said the pilot, with those cool tones that are most appalling in critical moments, because they seem to denote most preparation and care.

The third call of ''By the deep four!'' was followed by a prompt direction from the stranger to tack.

Griffith seemed to emulate the coolness of the pilot, in issuing the necessary orders to execute this manœuvre.

The vessel rose slowly from the inclined position into which she had been forced by the tempest, and the sails were shaking violently, as if to release themselves from their confinement while the ship stemmed the billows, when the well-known voice of the sailing-master was heard shouting from the forecastle—''Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!''

This appalling sound seemed yet to be lingering about the ship, when a second voice cried—''Breakers on our lee-bow!''

"We are in a bight of the shoals, Mr. Gray," said the commander. "She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her."

"Clear away that best-bower!" shouted Griffith through his trumpet.

"Hold on!" cried the pilot, in a voice that reached the very hearts of all who heard him; "hold on every thing."

The young man turned fiercely to the daring stranger who thus defied the discipline of his vessel, and at once demanded —"Who is it that dares to countermand my orders?—is it not enough that you run the ship into danger, but you must interfere to keep her there? If another word—"

"Peace, Mr. Griffith," interrupted the captain, bending from the rigging, his gray locks blowing about in the wind, and adding a look of wildness to the haggard face that he exhibited by the light of his lantern; "yield the trumpet to Mr. Gray; he alone can save us."

Griffith threw his speaking-trumpet on the deck, and as he walked proudly away, muttered in bitterness of feeling— "Then all is lost, indeed, and, among the rest, the foolish hopes with which I visited this coast."

There was, however, no time for reply; the ship had been rapidly running into the wind, and, as the efforts of the crew were paralyzed by the contradictory orders they had heard, she gradually lost her way, and in a few seconds all her sails were taken aback.

Before the crew understood their situation, the pilot had applied the trumpet to his mouth, and, in a voice that rose above the tempest, he thundered forth his orders. Each command was given distinctly, and with a precision that showed him to be master of his profession. The helm was kept fast, the head yards swung up heavily against the wind, and the vessel was soon whirling round on her heel with a retrograde movement.

Griffith was too much of a seaman not to perceive that the pilot had seized, with a perception almost intuitive, the only method that promised to extricate the vessel from her situation. He was young, impetuous and proud, but he was also generous. Forgetting his resentment and his mortification, he rushed forward among the men, and, by his presence and example, added certainty to the experiment. The ship fell off slowly before the gale, and bowed her yards nearly to the water, as she felt the blast pouring its fury on her broadsides while the surly waves beat violently against her stern, as if in reproach at departing from her usual manner of moving.

The voice of the pilot, however, was still heard, steady and calm, and yet so clear and high as to reach every ear; and the obedient seamen whirled the yards at his bidding in despite of the tempest, as if they handled the toys of their childhood. When the ship had fallen off dead before the wind, her head sails were shaken, her aft-yards trimmed, and her helm shifted before she had time to run upon the danger that had threatened, as well to leeward as to windward. The beautiful fabric, obedient to her government, threw her bows up gracefully toward the wind again, and, as her sails were trimmed, moved out from amongst the dangerous shoals in which she had been embayed, as steadily and swiftly as she had approached them.

A moment of breathless astonishment succeeded the accomplishment of this nice manœuvre, but there was no time for the usual expressions of surprise. The stranger still held the trumpet, and continued to lift his voice amid the howlings of the blast, whenever prudence or skill directed any change in the management of the ship. For an hour longer there was a fearful struggle for their preservation, the channel becoming at each step more complicated, and the shoals thickening around the mariners on every side. The lead was cast rapidly, and the quick eye of the pilot seemed to pierce the darkness with a keenness of vision that exceeded human power. I was apparent to all in the vessel, that they were under the guidance of one who understood the navigation thoroughly, and their exertions kept pace with their reviving confidence. Again and again the frigate appeared to be rushing blindly on shoals, where the sea was covered with foam, and where destruction would have been as sudden as it was certain, when the clear voice of the stranger was heard warning them of the danger and inciting them to their duty. The vessel was implicitly yielded to his government, and during those anxious moments, when she was dashing the waters aside, throwing the spray over her enormous yards, each ear would listen eagerly for those sounds that had obtained a command over the crew that can only be acquired, under such circumstances, by great steadiness and consummate skill. The ship was recovering from the inaction of changing her course in one of those critical tacks that she had made so often when the pilot for the first time addressed the commander of the frigate, who still continued to superintend the all-important duty of the leadsman.

"Now is the pinch," he said; "and if the ship behaves well, we are safe—but if otherwise, all we have yet done will be useless."

The veteran seaman whom he addressed left the chains at this portentous notice, and, calling to his first lieutenant, required of the stranger an explanation of his warning.

"See you yon light on the southern headland?" returned the pilot; "you may know it from the star near it by its sinking, at times, in the ocean. Now observe the hummock a little north of it, looking like a shadow on the horizon—'tis a hill far inland. If we keep that light open from the hill, we shall do well—but if not, we surely go to pieces."

"Let us tack again!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

The pilot shook his head, as he replied—"There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course, and if we can weather the 'Devil's Grip,' we clear their outermost point—but if not, as I said before, there is but an alternative."

"If we had beaten out the way we entered," exclaimed Griffith, "we should have done well."

"Say, also, if the tide would have let us do so," returned the pilot calmly. "Gentlemen, we must be prompt; we have but a mile to go, and the ship appears to fly. That topsail is not enough to keep her up to the wind; we want both jib and mainsail."

"'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest!" observed the doubtful captain.

"It must be done," returned the collected stranger; "we perish without—see! the light already touches the edge of the hummock; the sea casts us to leeward!"

"It shall be done!" cried Griffith, seizing the trumpet from the hand of the pilot.

The orders of the lieutenant were executed almost as soon as issued, and, every thing being ready, the enormous folds of the mainsail were trusted loose to the blast. There was an instant when the result was doubtful; the tremendous threshing of the heavy sails seeming to bid defiance to all restraint, shaking the ship to her centre; but art and strength prevailed, and gradually the canvas was distended, and, bellying as it filled, was drawn down to its usual place by the power of a hundred men. The vessel yielded to this immense addition of force, and bowed before it like a reed bending to a breeze. But the success of the measure was announced by a joyful cry from the stranger that seemed to burst from his inmost soul.

"She feels it! she springs her luff! observe," he said, "the light opens from the hummock already; if she will only bear her canvas, we shall go clear!"

A report like that of a cannon interrupted his exclamation, and something resembling a white cloud was seen drifting before the wind from the head of the ship, till it was driven into the gloom far to leeward.

"'Tis the jib blown from the bolt-ropes," said the commander of the frigate. "This is no time to spread light duck—but the mainsail may stand it yet."

"The sail would laugh at a tornado," returned the lieutenant; "but that mast springs like a piece of steel."

"Silence all!" cried the pilot. "Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate. Let her luff—luff you can!"

This warning effectually closed all discourse, and the hardy mariners, knowing that they had already done all in the power of man to insure their safety, stood in breathless anxiety awaiting the result. At a short distance ahead of them, the whole ocean was white with foam, and the waves, instead of rolling on in regular succession, appeared to be tossing about in mad gambols. A single streak of dark billows, not half a cable's length in width, could be discerned running into this chaos of water; but it was soon lost to the eye amid the confusion of the disturbed element. Along this narrow path the vessel moved more heavily than before, being brought so near the wind as to keep her sails touching. The pilot silently proceeded to the wheel, and with his own hands he undertook the steerage of the ship. No noise proceeded from the frigate to interrupt the horrid tumult of the ocean, and she entered the channel among the breakers with the silence of a desperate calmness. Twenty times, as the foam rolled away to leeward, the crew were on the eve of uttering their joy, as they supposed the vessel past the danger; but breaker after breaker would still rise before them, following each other into the general mass to check their exultation. Occasionally the fluttering of the sails would be heard; and when the looks of the startled seamen were turned to the wheel, they beheld the stranger grasping its spokes, with his quick eye glancing from the water to the canvas. At length the ship reached a point where she appeared to be rushing directly into the jaws of destruction, when suddenly her course was changed, and her head receded rapidly from the wind. At the same instant the voice of the pilot was heard shouting—"Square away the yards!—in mainsail!"

A general burst from the crew echoed, "Square away the yards!" and quick as thought the frigate was seen gliding along the channel before the wind. The eye had hardly time to dwell on the foam, which seemed like clouds driving in the heavens, and directly the gallant vessel issued from her perils, and rose and fell on the heavy waves of the open sea.

DEERSLAYER BECOMES HAWKEYE.

(From "The Deerslayer.")

By this time the piece was reloaded, and Deerslayer, after tossing the tomahawk into the canoe, advanced to his victim, and stood over him, leaning on his rifle, in melancholy attention. It was the first instance in which he had seen a man fall in battle. It was the first fellow-creature against whom he had ever seriously raised his own hand. The sensations were novel; and regret, with the freshness of our better feelings, mingled with his triumph. The Indian was not dead, though shot directly through the body. He lay on his back motionless, but his eyes, now full of consciousness, watched each action of his victor—as the fallen bird regards the fowler—jealous of every movement. The man probably expected the fatal blow which was to precede the loss of his scalp; or perhaps he anticipated that this latter act of cruelty would precede his death. Deerslayer read his thoughts; and he found a melancholy satisfaction in relieving the apprehensions of the helpless savage.

"No, no, red-skin," he said; "you've nothing more to fear from me. I am of a Christian stock, and scalping is not one of my gifts. I'll just make sartain of your rifle, and then come back and do you what sarvice I can. Though here I can't stay much longer, as the crack of three rifles will be apt to bring some of your devils down upon me."

The close of this was said in a sort of soliloquy, as the young man went in quest of the fallen rifle. The piece was found where its owner had dropped it, and was immediately put into the canoe. Laying his own rifle at its side, Deerslayer then returned and stood over the Indian again.

"All inmity atween you and me's at an ind, red-skin," he said, "and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white, as I've told you; and I hope my conduct will be white also!"

Could looks have conveyed all they meant, it is probable Deerslayer's innocent vanity on this subject of color would have been rebuked a little; but he comprehended the gratitune that was expressed in the eyes of the dying savage, without in the least detecting the bitter sarcasm that struggled with the bitter feeling.

"Water!" ejaculated the thirsty and unfortunate creature; "give poor Injin water."

"Aye, water you shall have, if you drink the lake dry. I'll just carry you down to it, that you may take your fill. This is the way, they tell me, with all wounded people—water is their greatest comfort and delight."

So saying, Deerslayer raised the Indian in his arms, and carried him to the lake. Here he first helped him to take an attitude in which he could appease his burning thirst; after which he seated himself on a stone, and took the head of his wounded adversary in his own lap, and endeavored to soothe his anguish in the best manner he could.

"It would be sinful in me to tell you your time hadn't come, warrior," he commenced, "and therefore I'll not say it. You've passed the middle age already, and, considerin' the sort of lives ye lead, your days have been pretty well filled. The principal thing now is to look forward to what comes next. Neither red-skin nor pale-face, on the whole, calculates much on sleepin' for ever; but both expect to live in another world. Each has his gifts, and will be judged by 'em, and I suppose, you've thought these matters over enough, not to stand in need of sarmons when the trial comes. You'll find your happy hunting-grounds, if you've been a just Injin; if an onjust, you'll meet your desarts in another way. I've my own idees about these things; but you're too old and expe-r'enced to need any explanations from one as young as I."

"Good!" ejaculated the Indian, whose voice retained its depth even as life ebbed away; "young head—ole wisdom!"

"It's sometimes a consolation, when the ind comes, to know that them we've harmed, or *tried* to harm, forgive us. I suppose natur' seeks this relief, by way of getting a pardon on 'arth: as we never can know whether He pardons, who is all in all, till judgment itself comes. It's soothing to know that *any* pardon at such times; and that, I conclude, is the secret. Now, as for myself, I overlook altogether your designs ag'in my life: first, because no harm came of 'em; next, because it's your gifts, and natur', and trainin', and I ought not to have trusted you at all; and, finally and chiefly, because I can bear no ill-will to a dying man, whether heathen or Christian. So put your heart at ease, so far as I'm consarned; you know best what other matters ought to trouble you, or what ought to give you satisfaction in so trying a moment." . . .

With the high innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white men, he endeavored to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

"Good!" he repeated, for this was an English word much used by the savages—"good—young head; young *heart*, too. *Old* heart tough; no shed tear. Hear Indian when he die, and no want to lie—what he call him?"

"Deerslayer is the name I bear now, though the Delawares have said that when I get back from this war-path, I shall have a more manly title, provided I can 'arn one."

"That good name for boy—poor name for warrior. He get better quick. No fear *there*"—the savage had strength sufficient, under the strong excitement he felt, to raise a hand and tap the young man on his breast—"eye sartain—finger lightning—aim, death—great warrior soon. No Deerslayer—Hawkeye—Hawkeye—Hawkeye. Shake hand."

Deerslayer—or Hawkeye, as the youth was then first named, for in after years he bore the appellation throughout all that region—Deerslayer took the hand of the savage, whose last breath was drawn in that attitude, gazing in admiration at the countenance of a stranger who had shown so much readiness, skill, and firmness, in a scene that was equally trying and novel. When the reader remembers it is the highest gratification an Indian can receive to see his enemy betray weakness, he will be better able to appreciate the conduct which had extorted so great a concession at such a moment.

"His spirit has fled!" said Deerslayer, in a suppressed, melancholy voice. "Ah's me! Well, to this we must all come, sooner or later; and he is happiest, let his skin be of what color it may, who is best fitted to meet it. . . . Here have old Hutter and Hurry Harry got themselves into difficulty, if they hav'n't got themselves into torment and death, and all for a bounty that luck offers to me in what many would think a lawful and suitable manner. But not a farthing of such money shall cross my hand. White I was born, and white will I die; clinging to color to the last, even though the King's Majesty, his governors, and all his councils, both at home and in the Colonies, forget from what they come, and where they hope to go, and all for a little advantage in warfare. No, no—warrior, hand of mine shall never molest your scalp, and so your soul may rest in peace on the point of making a decent appearance, when the body comes to join it, in your own land of spirits."

Deerslayer arose as soon as he had spoken. Then he placed the body of the dead man in a sitting posture, with its back against the little rock, taking the necessary care to prevent it from falling or in any way settling into an attitude that might be thought unseemingly by the sensitive, though wild notions of a savage. When this duty was performed, the young man stood gazing at the grim countenance of his fallen foe, in a sort of melancholy abstraction.

UNCAS BEFORE TAMENUND.

(From "The Last of the Mohicans.")

"WITH what tongue does the prisoner speak to the Manitto?" demanded the patriarch, without unclosing his eyes.

"Like his fathers," Uncas replied; "with the tongue of a Delaware."

At this sudden and unexpected annunciation, a low, fierce yell ran through the multitude, that might not inaptly be compared to the growl of the lion, as his choler is first awakened—a fearful omen of the weight of his future anger. The effect was equally strong on the sage, though differently exhibited. He passed a hand before his eyes, as if to exclude the last evidence of so shameful a spectacle, while he repeated, in his low and deeply guttural tones, the words he had just heard.

"A Delaware! I have lived to see the tribes of the Lenape driven from their council fires, and scattered, like broken herds of deer, among the hills of the Iroquois! I have seen the hatchets of a strange people sweep woods from the valleys, that the winds of heaven had spared! The beasts that run on the mountains, and the birds that fly above the trees, have I seen living in the wigwams of men; but never before have I found a Delaware so base as to creep, like a poisonous serpent, into the camps of his nation."

"The singing-birds have opened their bills," returned Uncas, in the softest notes of his own musical voice; "and Tamenund has heard their song."

The sage started, and bent his head aside, as if to catch the fleeting sounds of some passing melody.

"Does Tamenund dream?" he exclaimed. "What voice is at his ear? Have the winters gone backward? Will summer come again to the children of the Lenape?"

A solemn and respectful silence succeeded this incoherent burst from the lips of the Delaware prophet. His people readily construed his unintelligible language into one of those mysterious conferences, he was believed to hold so frequently with a superior intelligence, and they awaited the issue of the revelation in secret awe. After a long and patient pause, however, one of the aged men perceiving that the sage had lost the recollection of the subject before them, ventured to remind him again of the presence of the prisoner.

"The false Delaware trembles lest he should hear the words of Tamenund," he said. "'Tis a hound that howls, when the Yengeese show him a trail."

"And ye," returned Uncas, looking sternly around him, "are dogs that whine when the Frenchman casts ye the offals of his deer!"

Twenty knives gleamed in the air, and as many warriors sprang to their feet at this biting, and perhaps merited, retort; but a motion from one of the chiefs suppressed the outbreaking of their tempers, and restored the appearance of quiet. The task might possibly have been more difficult, had not a movement, made by Tamenund, indicated that he was again about to speak.

"Delaware," resumed the sage, "little art thou worthy of thy name. My people have not seen a bright sun in many winters; and the warrior who deserts his tribe, when hid in clouds, is doubly a traitor. The law of the Manitto is just. It is so; while the rivers run and the mountains stand, while the blossoms come and go on the trees, it must be so. He is thine, my children, deal justly by him."

Not a limb was moved, nor was a breath drawn louder and longer than common, until the closing syllable of this final decree had passed the lips of Tamenund. Then a cry of vengeance burst at once, as it might be, from the united lips of the nation; a frightful augury of their fierce and ruthless intentions. In the midst of these prolonged and savage yells, a chief proclaimed, in a high voice, that the captive was condemned to endure the dreadful trial of torture by fire. The circle broke its order, and screams of delight mingled with the bustle and tumult of instant preparation. Heyward struggled madly with his captors; the anxious eyes of Hawk-eye began to look around him, with an expression of peculiar earnestness; and Cora again threw herself at the feet of the patriarch, once more a suppliant for mercy.

Throughout the whole of these trying moments, Uncas had alone preserved his serenity. He looked on the preparations with a steady eye, and when the tormentors came to seize him, he met them with a firm and upright attitude. One among them, if possible, more fierce and savage than his fellows, seized the hunting shirt of the young warrior, and at a single effort tore it from his body. Then, with a yell of frantic pleasure, he leaped toward his unresisting victim, and prepared to lead him to the stake. But, at that moment, when he appeared most a stranger to the feelings of humanity, the purpose of the savage was arrested as suddenly, as if a supernatural agency had interposed in the behalf of Uncas. The eye-balls of the Delaware seemed to start from their sockets; his mouth opened, and his whole form became frozen in an attitude of amazement. Raising his hand with a slow and regulated motion, he pointed with a finger to the bosom of the captive. His companions crowded about him, in wonder, and every eye was, like his own, fastened intently on the figure of a small tortoise, beautifully tattooed on the breast of the prisoner, in a bright blue tint.

For a single instant, Uncas enjoyed his triumph, smiling calmly on the scene. Then motioning the crowd away, with a high and haughty sweep of his arm, he advanced in front of the nation with the air of a king, and spoke in a voice louder than the murmur of admiration that ran through the multitude.

"Men of the Lenni Lenape!" he said, "my race upholds the earth! Your feeble tribe stands on my shell! What fire, that a Delaware can light, would burn a child of my fathers," he added, pointing proudly to the simple blazonry on his skin; "the blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames! My race is the grandfather of nations!"

"Who art thou?" demanded Tamenund, rising, at the startling tones he heard, more than at any meaning conveyed by the language of the prisoner.

"Uncas, the son of Chingachgook," answered the captive, modestly, turning from the nation, and bending his head in reverence to the other's character and years; "a son of the Great Unamis."

"The hour of Tamenund is nigh!" exclaimed the sage; "the day is come, at last, to the night! I thank the Manitto, that one is here to fill my place at the council fire. Uncas, the child of Uncas, is found! Let the eyes of a dying eagle gaze on the rising sun."

The youth stepped lightly, but proudly, on the platform, where he became visible to the whole agitated and wondering multitude. Tamenund held him at the length of his arm, and read every turn in the fine and lofty lineaments of his countenance, with the untiring gaze of one who recalled the days of his own happiness by the examination.

"Is Tamenund a boy?" at length the bewildered prophet exclaimed. "Have I dreamt of so many snows—that my people were scattered like floating sands—of Yengeese, more plenty than the leaves on the trees? The arrow of Tamenund would not frighten the young fawn; his arm is withered like the branch of the dying oak; the snail would be swifter in the race; yet is Uncas before him, as they went to battle, against the pale-faces! Uncas, the panther of his tribe, the eldest son of the Lenape, the wisest Sagamore of the Mohicans! Tell me, ye Delawares, has Tamenund been a sleeper for a hundred winters?"

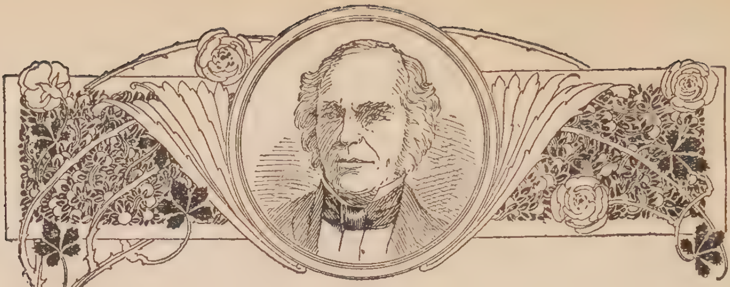
The calm and deep silence which succeeded these words, sufficiently announced the awful reverence with which his people received the communication of the patriarch. None dared to answer, though all listened in breathless expectation of what might follow. Uncas, however, looking in his face, with the fondness and veneration of a favored child, presumed on his own high and acknowledged rank, to reply.

"Four warriors of his race have lived and died," he said, "since the friend of Tamenund led his people in battle. The blood of the Turtle has been in many chiefs, but all have gone back into the earth, from whence they came, except Chingachgook and his son."

"It is true—it is true," returned the sage—a flash of recollection destroying all his pleasing fancies, and restoring him, at once, to a consciousness of the true history of his nation. "Our wise men have often said that two warriors of the 'unchanged' race were in the hills of the Yengeese; why have their seats at the council fires of the Delawares been so long empty?"

At these words the young man raised his head, which he had still kept bowed a little, in reverence, and lifting his voice, so as to be heard by the multitude, as if to explain, at once, and for ever, the policy of his family, he said, aloud—

"Once we slept where we could hear the salt lake speak in its anger. Then we were rulers and Sagamores over the land. But when a pale-face was seen on every brook, we followed the deer back to the river of our nation. The Delawares were gone! Few warriors of them all stayed to drink of the stream they loved. Then said my fathers—'Here will we hunt. The waters of the river go into the salt lake. If we go towards the setting sun, we shall find streams that run into the great lakes of the sweet water; there would a Mohican die, like fishes of the sea, in the clear springs. When the Manitto is ready, and shall say, 'come,' we will follow the river to the sea, and take our own again.' Such, Delawares, is the belief of the children of the Turtle! Our eyes are on the rising, not towards the setting sun! We know whence he comes, but we know not whither he goes. It is enough."



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Bryant was born of good New England stock, in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794. His father, Peter Bryant, was a village physician of more than ordinary culture, carefully educated, a student of English and French poetry, and had a respectable talent for rhyming. His mother was descended from John and Priscilla Alden. She was a pious, dignified, sensible woman, whom her son alludes to, in one of his poems, as the "stately lady." The boy was named William Cullen from a celebrated physician in Edinburgh, and his father meant that he should be of that profession, but the son showed such a decided aversion to it that the matter was dropped. The rugged and picturesque hill-country around the Bryant homestead seems to have developed in the boy that absorbing love of nature which, in after life, was one of his distinguishing characteristics. His grandfather, Ebenezer Snell, was the resident terror of the household. He gloried in his Puritan ancestors; and, as a magistrate, sent offenders, with fierce willingness, to the whipping-post,—then a common institution in Massachusetts; and his home rule was hardly less rigorous. From his harsh and severe discipline the boy fled to the hills and woods to be soothed by "the love of nature." He took refuge, in after life, in Unitarianism, and, as he grew to manhood, and beyond, he developed a coldness of manner and of mind that made him appear, outside of his intimates, and the intimate expression of a few poems—somewhat austere.

After a good preparatory education, Bryant entered Williams College, but some family losses prevented his taking a degree. One was afterwards conferred upon him, that of

A. M.; and his name is enrolled as an alumnus of the College. After leaving college he studied law for three years, and, in 1815, he was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of his profession in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Here also he married.

In 1825 Bryant removed to New York and began his real life work, that of journalism; becoming, after some preliminary literary skirmishing, editor of the *Evening Post*. As head of that singularly elevated and reliable paper he made his mark as the foremost journalist of the United States; the Puritan austerity of his mind showing itself in his choice of words, his exclusion of slang, trivialities, sensationalism, and crude jokes, and in the intellectual clear-cut precision of his editorials. He gave sixty years of his life to newspaper work; became rich and influential; was celebrated as a critic; crossed the ocean several times, and allied himself to the best everywhere. While at home he spent the year between his house in New York, and his beautiful estate at Roslyn, Long Island.

The management of the *Evening Post* was Bryant's life-work; poetry was his recreation. The lad began to compose verse when he was ten years old, and to publish in his early teens. He wrote his most celebrated poem, "Thanatopsis," when not yet eighteen years of age. The first draft of the poem lay among the author's private papers for nearly five years, was discovered by his father, and sent by him to the *North American Review*, which accepted and published it in September, 1817. It was received with a sort of rapture here and on the other side of the Atlantic; it was the best poem yet written in America. It was and is unique. It placed Bryant in that goodly company, with Wordsworth and his fellows, who opened to men the life of Nature and the truth of Nature's God.

In 1874 Mr. Bryant was honored with an exquisite silver vase, symbolical of his life and writings, procured by public subscription, presented with appropriate ceremonies, and placed in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. He died suddenly, in June, 1878, after reciting, with marvellous fire and enthusiasm, a passage from Dante, at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park. He was in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Bryant wrote altogether one hundred and seventy-one original poems; one hundred of these treat exclusively of Nature, the others, whatever their subject, include expressions of the charms of Nature. He sings little of love, little of humanity, nothing of the wrongs of mankind. Poetry is his retreat, his temple, almost his religion; and many of his verses give that still sense of seclusion as of distant nut-dropping woods. Bryant's best known poems, after "Thanatopsis," are "The Death of the Flowers," "A Forest Hymn," "The Fringed Gentian," "The West Wind," "The Wind and the Stream," "Autumn Woods," "The Flood of Ages," and the hymn, "Blessed are they that Mourn." In his old age he made a noble translation of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey in blank verse.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
In his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The Death of the Flowers.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the groves, the withered leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from their shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs—a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they are all in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago:
And the briar-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow:
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day—as still such days will come—
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the leaf;
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway, built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and quietly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night:
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold now
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought:
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder, how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;

A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

O glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
O crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
O breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn,
But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are open; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
O frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the green sward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The Battlefield.

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
  Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
  Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
  How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
  Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
  Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
  And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
  The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry;
  Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
  Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which we receive not now,
  Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
  Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
  Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

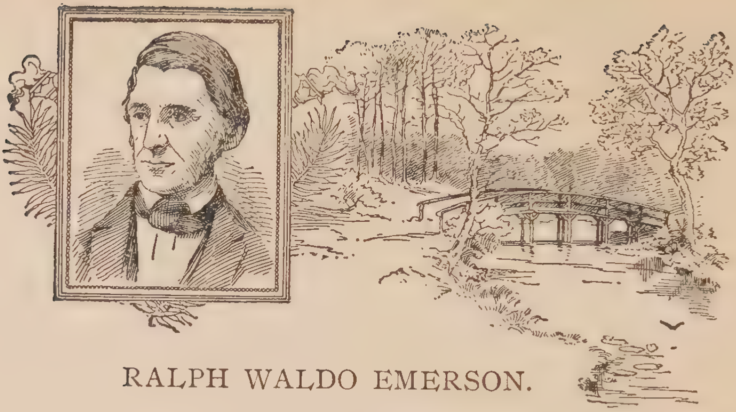
Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
  And blench not at thy chosen lot;
The timid good may stand aloof,
  The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
  The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
  The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again:
  The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
  And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
  When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
  Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand thy standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

EMERSON, dying in 1882, a few months after Longfellow, had lived seventy-nine years; his first essay, "Nature," the matrix of all the subsequent ones, was published as early as 1836; his literary activity continued till within a few years of the end, yet his published works at the time of his death would have filled little more than a dozen volumes, and much of them was practically repetition of leading ideas in his philosophy. That philosophy, however, had made him the leader of elevated thought in this country; and he stands to-day as one of the few really original figures in the literature of modern times.

Mary Moody Emerson, his aunt, and Miss Sarah Bradford prepared him for college; but he would have his own way with books, and was never remarkable as a student; nor did outdoor exercises attract him. From a long line of New England Puritan clergymen he inherited a refined and sinless nature and extraordinary spiritual insight; his value to his fellow-men lay not in worldly experience nor in logic, but in his luminous intuitions; he comprehended without effort a large and lofty region of thought or perception, and caused glimpses of it to irradiate others. But his faculty lay in stating what he perceived, not in explaining it; he could not successfully argue or draw deductions, and as soon as he attempts to do so he becomes obscure and ceases to convince us. He was not fully understood, partly because he did not understand himself—he did not realize how different from other men he was. Men who came to him for counsel were impressed and exalted, but not definitely instructed; Emerson gave them what he had, but what he had was significant rather to the disincarnate intelligence than to the incarnate, every-day human being. Thus we finally recognize a certain disappointment in Emerson; but for youth he is a stimulating and invaluable companion. Contemplating the conceivable powers of the ideal man, he exaggerates the faculty of the actual individual; hopes thus aroused may help the young to rise higher than otherwise they might, but do not console age for failure.

Emerson read Plato and Swedenborg, and studied the lives of great men; he looked at modern science broadly and synthetically, catching its drift and its relations to spiritual life. He placed the goal of civilization at a high point, yet flattered man by regarding him as the potential peer of Christ, to whom he denied special divinity. Some of his insights have never been surpassed by a mortal intelligence; but some of his errors, proceeding, generally, from attempts to reason upon premises intuitively attained, are dreary lapses from his proper level. He made his impression upon the world by his essays; they are unique structures. They are not a woven tissue of consistent argument, but a collection of separate sayings upon given subjects, arranged in such order as seemed to their author naturally consecutive. There is no gradual induction into comprehension of the topic, but you begin and end on the same plane. Emerson was a seer, but not an artist. You may start at any point in his prose writings, and understand as much or as little as if you had commenced with the first page of "Nature."

It is probable that Emerson's poems, few comparatively though they are, will outlive his prose, and the poetry of most of his contemporaries. In these, in spite of their ruggedness of outward form, there is inspiration of the finest sort, and a spiritual music of ineffable beauty and purity. They present the essence of his best philosophy in terse and profound metrical form; they thrill with divine vitality. Strange to say, Emerson distrusted his own faculty in this direction: his ideal was too high, and he recognized his occasional failure to give perfect incarnation to his thought. But the thought is so exquisite and uplifting that the outward roughness is a relief, enabling us to endure the better what would else be almost intolerable beauty.

Emerson was twice married, his second wife surviving him. He twice visited Europe, and the friendship between him and Carlyle is historical. One of his most interesting books to the ordinary reader is "English Traits," in which he gives a singularly just and keen account of English character. His life was spent in Concord, near Boston; and he, during his lifetime, and his memory since his death, have helped to make it the Mecca of all travelers who regard whatever is purest and worthiest in human life and thought.

NATURE.

THE greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For, nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same scene which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the frolic of the nymphs, is overspread with melancholy to-day. Nature always wears the colors of the spirit. To a man laboring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

THIS relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poet, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known by all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf;

> "Can these things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began; from the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmins, to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the Sphinx at the roadside, and from age to age, as each prophet comes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary Ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections, in the world of spirit. A Fact is the end or last issue of spirit. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world. "Material objects," said a French philosopher, "are necessarily kinds of *scoriæ* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side."

THUS is the unspeakable but intelligible and practicable meaning of the world conveyed to man, the immortal pupil, in every object of sense. To this one end of Discipline, all parts of nature conspire.

A noble doubt perpetually suggests itself, whether this end be not the Final Cause of the Universe; and whether nature outwardly exists. It is a sufficient account of that Appearance we call the World, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make, whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul? The relations of parts and the end of the whole remaining the same, what is the difference, whether land and sea interact, and worlds revolve and intermingle without number or end,—deep yawning under deep, and galaxy balancing galaxy, throughout absolute space,—or, whether, without relations of time and space, the same appearances are inscribed in the constant faith of man? Whether nature enjoy a substantial existence without, or is only in the apocalypse of the mind, it is alike useful and alike venerable to me. Be it what it may, it is ideal to me, so long as I cannot try the accuracy of my senses.

NAPOLEON.

(From "Representative Men.")

WHEN a natural king becomes a titular king, everybody is pleased and satisfied. The Revolution entitled the strong populace of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and every horse-boy and powder-monkey in the army, to look on Napoleon, as flesh of his flesh, and the creature of *his* party; but there is something in the success of grand talent which enlists a universal sympathy. For, in the prevalence of sense and spirit over stupidity and malversation, all reasonable men have an interest; and, as intellectual beings, we feel the air purified by the electric shock, when material force is overthrown by intellectual energies. As soon as we are removed out of the reach of local and accidental partialities, man feels that Napoleon fights for him; these are honest victories; this strong steam-engine does our work. Whatever appeals to the imagination, by transcending the ordinary limits of human ability, wonderfully encourages and liberates us. This capacious head, revolving and disposing sovereignly trains of affairs, and animating such multitudes of agents; this eye, which looked through Europe; this prompt invention; this inexhaustible resource;—what events! what romantic pictures! what strange situations!—when spying the Alps, by a sunset in the Sicilian sea; drawing up his army for battle, in sight of the Pyramids, and saying to his troops, "From the tops of those pyramids, forty centuries look down on you;" fording the Red Sea; wading in the gulf of the Isthmus of Suez. On the shore of Ptolemais, gigantic projects agitated him. "Had Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world." His army, on the night of the battle of Austerlitz, which was the anniversary of his inauguration as Emperor, presented him with a bouquet of forty standards taken in the fight. Perhaps it is a little puerile, the pleasure he took in making these contrasts glaring; as, when he pleased himself with making kings wait in his ante-chambers, at Tilsit, at Paris, and at Erfurt.

The English Race.

(From "English Traits.")

But it is in the deep traits of race that the fortunes of nations are written, and however derived, whether a happier tribe or mixture of tribes, the air, or what circumstance, that mixed for them the golden mean of temperament,—here exists the best stock in the world, broad-fronted, broad-bottomed, best for depth, range, and equability, men of aplomb and reserves, great range and many moods, strong instincts, yet apt for culture; war-class as well as clerks; earls and tradesmen; wise minority, as well as foolish majority; abysmal temperament, hiding wells of wrath and glooms on which no sunshine settles; alternated with a common sense and humanity which hold them fast to every piece of cheerful duty; making this temperament a sea to which all storms are superficial; a race to which their fortunes flow, as if they alone had the elastic organization at once fine and robust enough for dominion; as if the burly inexpressive, now mute and contumacious, now fierce and sharp-tongued dragon, which once made the island light with his fiery breath, had bequeathed his ferocity to his conqueror. They hide virtues under vices, or the semblance of them. It is the misshapen hairy Scandinavian troll again, who lifts the cart out of the mire, or "threshes the corn that ten day-laborers could not end," but it is done in the dark, and with muttered maledictions. He is a churl with a soft place in his heart, whose speech is a brash of bitter waters, but who loves to help you at a pinch. He says No, and serves you, and your thanks disgust him.

Here was lately a cross-grained miser, odd and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch, with the laugh left out; rich by his own industry; sulking in a lonely house; who never gave a dinner to any man, and disdained all courtesies; yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and color as ever existed, and profusely pouring over the cold mind of his countrymen creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English art, catching from their savage climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of sunnier cities and skies; making an era in painting; and, when he saw that the splendor of one of his pictures in the Exhibition dimmed his rival's that hung next it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own.

They do not wear their heart in their sleeve for daws to peck at. They have that phlegm or staidness, which it is a compliment to disturb. "Great men," said Aristotle, "are always of a nature originally melancholy." 'T is the habit of a mind which attaches to abstractions with a passion which gives vast results. They dare to displease, they do not speak to expectation. They like the sayers of No, better than the sayers of Yes. Each of them has an opinion which he feels it becomes him to express all the more that it differs from yours. They are meditating opposition. This gravity is inseparable from minds of great resources.

There is an English hero superior to the French, the German, the Italian, or the Greek. When he is brought to the strife with fate, he sacrifices a richer material possession, and on more purely metaphysical grounds. He is there with his own consent, face to face with fortune, which he defies. On deliberate choice, and from grounds of character, he has elected his part to live and die for, and dies with grandeur. This race has added new elements to humanity, and has a deeper root in the world.

They have great range of scale, from ferocity to exquisite refinement. With larger scale, they have great retrieving power. After running each tendency to an extreme, they try another tack with equal heat. More intellectual than other races, when they live with other races, they do not take their language, but bestow their own. They subsidize other nations, and are not subsidized. They proselyte, and are not proselyted. They assimilate other races to themselves, and are not assimilated. The English did not calculate the conquest of the Indies. It fell to their character. So they administer in different parts of the world, the codes of every empire and race; in Canada, old French law; in the Mauritius, the Code Napoleon; in the West Indies, the edicts of the Spanish Cortes; in the East Indies, the Laws of Menu; in the Isle of Man, of the Scandinavian Thing; at the Cape of Good Hope, of the old Netherlands; and in the Ionian Islands, the Pandects of Justinian.

DAYS.

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachéd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

CONCORD FIGHT.

Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument, April 19, 1836.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
  Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
  And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
  Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
  Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
  We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
  When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
  To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
  The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

THE LAW OF LOVE

(From "To Rhea.")

WARNING to the blind and deaf,
'T is written on the iron leaf,
Who drinks of Cupid's nectar cup
Loveth downward, and not up;
He who loves, of gods and men,
Shall not by the same be loved again;
His sweetheart's idolatry
Falls, in turn, a new degree.
When a god is once beguiled
By beauty of a mortal child,
And by her radiant youth delighted,
He is not fooled, but warily knoweth
His love shall never be requited.
And thus the wise Immortal doeth.—
'T is his study and delight
To bless that creature day and night.
From all evils to defend her;
In her lap to pour all splendor;
To ransack earth for riches rare,
And fetch her stars to deck her hair:
He mixes music with her thoughts,
And saddens her with heavenly doubts:
All grace, all good his great heart knows
Profuse in love, the king bestows:
Saying, "Hearken! Earth, Sea, Air!
This monument of my despair
Build I to the All-Good, All-Fair.
Not for a private good,
But I, from my beatitude,
Albeit scorned as none was scorned,
Adorn her as was none adorned.
I make this maiden an ensample
To Nature, through her kingdoms ample,
Whereby to model newer races,

Statelier forms, and fairer faces;
To carry man to new degrees
Of power, and of comeliness.
These presents be the hostages
Which I pawn for my release.
See to thyself, O Universe!
Thou art better, and not worse."—
And the god, having given all,
Is freed forever from his thrall.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

GIVE all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

'T is a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

It was not for the mean;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending,—
Such 't will reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

THE PINE TREE.

(From "Woodnotes II.")

What prizes the town and the tower?
Only what the pine tree yields;
Sinew that subdued the fields;
The wild-eyed boy who in the woods
Chants his hymn to hills and floods,
Whom the city's poisoning spleen
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;
Whose iron arms and iron mould
Know not fear, fatigue, or cold.
I give my rafters to his boat,
My billets to his boiler's throat;
And I will swim the ancient sea,
To float my child to victory,
And grant to dwellers with the pine
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.
Who leaves the pine-tree leaves his friend,
Unnerves his strength, invites his end.
Cut a bough from my parent stem,
And dip it in thy porcelain vase;
A little while each russet gem
Will swell and rise with wonted grace;
But when it seeks enlarged supplies,
The orphan of the forest dies.
Whoso walks in solitude,
And inhabiteth the wood,
Choosing light, wave, rock, and bird,
Before the money-loving herd,
Into that forester shall pass
From these companions, power and grace;
Clean shall he be, without, within,
From the old adhering sin,
All ill dissolving in the light
Of his triumphant piercing sight.
Not vain, sour, nor frivolous;
Not mad, athirst, nor garrulous;
Grave, chaste, contented, though retired,
And of all other men desired.

On him the light of star and moon
Shall fall with purer radiance down;
All constellations of the sky
Shed their virtue through his eye.
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence;
The mountain sap, the shells, the sea,
All spheres, all stones, his helpers be;
He shall never be old;
Nor his fate shall be foretold;
He shall meet the speeding year,
Without wailing, without fear;
He shall be happy in his love,
Like to like shall joyful prove;
He shall be happy whilst he wooes
Muse-born, a daughter of the Muse.

THE DAY'S RATION.

When I was born,
From all the seas of strength Fate filled a chalicc,
Saying, "This be thy portion, child; this chalice,
Less than a lily's, thou shalt daily draw
From my great arteries,—nor less, nor more."
All substance the cunning chemist Time
Melts down into that liquor of my life,—
Friends, foes, joys, fortunes, beauty, and disgust.
And whether I am angry or content,
Indebted or insulted, loved or hurt,
All he distils into sidereal wine
And brims my little cup; heedless, alas!
Of all he sheds how little it will hold,
How much runs over on the desert sands.
To-day, when friends approach and every hour
Brings book, or star-bright scroll of genius,
The little cup will hold not a bead more,
And all the costly liquor runs to waste;
Nor gives the jealous lord one diamond drop
So to be husbanded for poorer days.

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HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LONGFELLOW, born in 1807 and dying in 1882, lived through the period of the first and, so far, the best American literature. A New Englander of excellent family, he graduated in a famous class at the old New England college of Bowdoin, and spent his life in one of the most renowned New England towns, as Professor in Harvard for seventeen years, and thenceforward as the most widely known of New England poets. Twice—in 1831 and in 1843—he was happily married; four times, with an interval of forty years between the first and last visit, he sojourned in Europe. Though not rich, he never knew poverty; he was orthodox in his social and moral views; with the exception of the terrible tragedy of the burning of his second wife in 1861, his life was a studious, uneventful peace. He contemplated with intelligence and sympathy the life around him, and it is reflected in his poetry, enriched and enlarged with the tints and chiaroscuro derived from catholic culture. Without a trace of vulgarity, without stooping to the arts of the demagogue or falling into the crudity of didacticism, he is the poet of the people. The abiding perception of the disproportion between human facts and universal truths, which we call humor, was lacking in him; but he was always sincere and often eloquent and elevated. Imagination he had, gently romantic rather than grand and creative; but his success was due to the harmony of his nature, in which was nothing discordant or out of measure; poetry was his normal utterance. During his long career he produced much that lacks permanent value, but much also that is true and lasting poetry. His translations from the German and other foreign languages attest his scholarship, but do not illustrate his faculty; his "Dante's Divine Comedy," in spite of its dignity and frequent felicities, is not as a poem within measurable distance of the original. His prose books—"Outre-Mer," in 1834, "Hyperion" in 1839, and "Kavanagh," ten years later, are amiable but feeble books; "The Spanish Student" (1843) and "The Golden Legend" (1851) are essays in drama which indicate the limitations of the writer. The lyric, the ballad and the narrative poems are Longfellow's true field, and to them he thenceforward restricted himself. In each of them he touched high levels. During the Abolition epoch he wrote effective poems against slavery, and the Civil War elicited such fine ballads as "The Cumberland" and "Paul Revere," the latter aiming to stimulate the soldier of to-day by recalling the simple heroism of the night-rider of the past. But in general he preferred to moralize on life, and to depict its homely pathos and familiar charms and picturesqueness. "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Day is Done," "The Open Window," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Village Blacksmith" and many another, have entered into the language, and deservedly. But occasionally he showed, as in "Pegasus in Pound," that he could make pure allegory vibrate with tenderest life; and ever and anon he would summon his energies and achieve such long and lofty flights as "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha," which contain poetry to be long remembered among the honorable achievements of American literature.

In "Evangeline" the two Acadian lovers, parted by the edict of exile, seek each other for years, sometimes passing, unknowing, almost within arm's reach; and meet at last only when Gabriel, dying in the hospital, is found by Evangeline, who, for the sake of her lost lover, had dedicated herself to the succor of the suffering This beautiful story suited the writer's genius, and the long, unrhymed verses gave opportunity for the music of words which was among his fortunate gifts. There are many passages of exquisite and haunting loveliness; that describing the lovers' meeting is Longfellow's best work; and the character of the Acadian maiden herself, gentle, faithful and strong, is the finest he ever drew.

"Hiawatha" has the short meter and quaint simplicity of the Norse eddas; it unites in an artistic group the most picturesque of our Indian legends. Nature and wild animals play their parts with men, women and supernatural creatures, as personages in the drama; the Indian spirit is preserved throughout, and in this strange world nothing is familiar but the beating of the universal human heart, which harmonizes and reconciles all. The figure of Hiawatha is noble, impressive and lovable, and Minnehaha wins our affections as she won his. The canto in which her death is described (The Famine) is deeply moving and beautiful. The poem, ridiculed at its first appearance, has conquered respect; it is a bold and unique achievement, and, of itself, secures the author's renown. Longfellow is one of the least pretentious of poets, but his importance may be estimated by imagining the gap which would be caused by the absence of his blameless and gracious figure.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
  Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
  The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
  Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
  They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
  Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
  Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
  They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness,
  Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
  With sweet, familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
  Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me,
  He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
  I pressed his warm, soft hand!

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
  Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
  Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
  Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
  Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
  From its belfry gaunt and grim:
'Twas the daily call to labor,
  Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
  In its gleaming vapor veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odors
  That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
  By the school-boys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
  Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
  Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
  There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
  Rich and poor, and young and old,

Came in haste to see this wondrous
  Wingéd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
  Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
  Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
  Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
  Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight
  Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard,
  Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended
  Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
  To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
  Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
  And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
  Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
  From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
  Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
  While it soothes them with its sound.

THE CUMBERLAND.

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we lay
  On board of the Cumberland sloop of war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay

The alarum of drums swept past,
Of a bugle blast
From the camp on shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

Paul Revere's Ride.

MEANWHILE, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,

And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

HAWTHORNE.

(MAY 23, 1864.)

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
  In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase away
  The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms
  And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms
  Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows by the gray old manse,
  The historic river flowed:
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
  Unconscious of his road.

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THOMAS FAED

EVANGELINE

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange;
  Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
  Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
  The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
  And baffled my pursuit.

Now, I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
  Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
  The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
  Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
  The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
  The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
  And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
  And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
  Unfinished must remain!

EVANGELINE AND THE INDIAN WOMAN.

ONCE, as they sat by their evening fire there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.

But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets.
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in her turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom.
That, through the pines, o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.

Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

EVANGELINE FINDS HER LOVER.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length my trials are ended;"
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness,
Noiselesly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking,
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them ,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

(From the Introduction.)

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever singing, ever singing.
"And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
"There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!"
Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—

Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
  Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
  Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
  Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha!

EMMA AND EGINHARD.

(From "Tales of a Wayside Inn.")

HOME from her convent to the palace came
The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,
Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.
He saw her from his window, as in state
She came, by knights attended through the gate;
He saw her at the banquet of that day,
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May;
He saw her in the garden, as she strayed
Among the flowers of summer with her maid,
And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose
The meaning and the mystery of the rose;"
And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance!
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came; the stalks
Of lilies blackened in the garden walks;
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,
Love-letters thought the poet fancy-led,
Or Jove descending in a shower of gold
Into the lap of Danae of old;
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.
No more the garden lessons nor the dark
And hurried meetings in the twilight park;
But now the studious lamp, and the delights
Of firesides in the silent winter nights.

And watching from his window hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,
O'ercome at last by his insane desire,—
For what will reckless love not do and dare?—
He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,
With some feigned message in the Emperor's name;
But when he to the lady's presence came
He knelt down at her feet, until she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
And whispered in his ear: "Arise, Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,
The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,
Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.
And then they parted; but at parting, lo!
They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,
And, placid as a nun, the moon on high
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
"Alas!" he said, "how hide the fatal line
Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,
And none returning!" Ah, he little knew
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares
And troubles that attend on state affairs,
Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed
Into the silent night, as one amazed
To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,
When his own reign was but a troubled dream.
The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below,
And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower
Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,–
A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,
And then returned in haste, but still essayed
To tread the footprints she herself had made;
And as she passed across the lighted space,
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,
But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;
And stood there like a statue, nor awoke
Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,
Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,
And o'er the towers and steeples of the town
Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took
The empire of the world with sovereign look,
Suffusing with a soft and golden glow
All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came;
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.
And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,
Demure and modest with his comely beard
And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,
As was his wont, the day's appointed task.
The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,
And gently said: "My son, wait yet a while;
This hour my council meets upon some great
And very urgent business of the state.
Come back within the hour. On thy return
The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,
He summoned straight his council, and secure
And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne
All the adventure of the night made known;
Then asked for sentence; and with eager breath
Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king: "Your sentence is not mine;
Life is the gift of God, and is divine;
Nor from these palace walls shall one depart
Who carries such a secret in his heart;
My better judgment points another way.
Good Alcuin, I remember how one day
When my Pepino asked you, 'What are men?'
You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,
'Guests of the grave and travelers that pass!'
This being true of all men, we, alas!

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just;
This passing traveler, who hath stolen away
The brightest jewel of my crown to-day,
Shall of himself the precious gem restore;
By giving it, I make it mine once more.
Over those fatal footprints I will throw
My ermine mantle like another snow”

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered; and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said: “My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
While I have been forgetful to requite
Thy service and affection as was right.
But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
A gift so precious kings have striven in vain
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne.”

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
And Princess Emma entered in the pride
Of birth and beauty, and in part o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard's and said: “My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won;
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the snow.”

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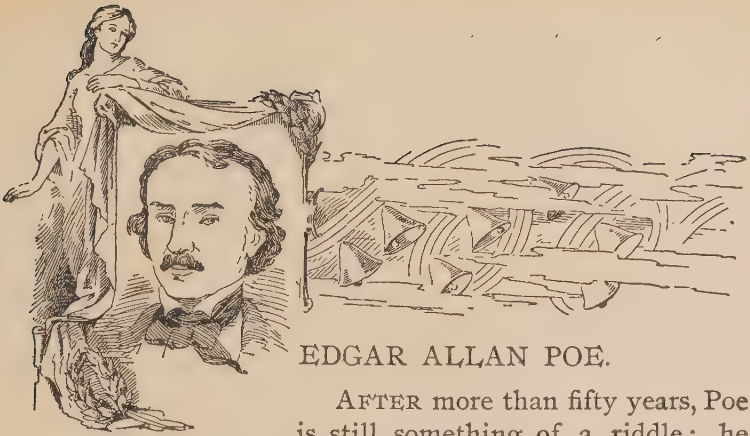
G. Poilleux-Saint-Ange, Pinx

THE EMPRESS EMMA SAVES EGINHARD



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AFTER more than fifty years, Poe is still something of a riddle; he was unfortunate in his biographers, who were either eulogists or enemies. He was more unfortunate in himself; he had not the capacity of truth, and mystified the events of his career. The son of actors, his inherited histrionic instinct prompted him to act many parts, until he lost the sense of his own individuality. He applied the great force of his imagination not only to the production of stories, but to the facts of real life; and his morbid vanity accented the distortion thus produced. In him a small and selfish nature was ever at war with a powerful and curious intellect; his character was a medley, fickle, weak and inconsistent. His career is a story of petty vicissitudes and ignoble misfortunes; of brilliant successes counteracted by perverse and unworthy follies. He was unfaithful to his friends and rancorous against his enemies; an unhappy man, driven to and fro by storms largely of his own raising. A congenital tendency to intemperance, ever confirming its hold upon him, darkened his life and hastened his death, which occurred in 1849, in his forty-first year. His wife, "Annabel Lee," had died two years before. So far as his personal acts and passions are concerned, Poe might be pronounced insane; but in the domain of intellect as applied to literature he was a unique and towering genius, author of some of the most exquisite and fascinating poetry, and of many of the most original and ingenious tales ever written in this country. His fame traveled far beyond his own country, and he is to-day more read in France than any other American author.

He was born in Boston in 1809; his parents both died in Richmond, Va., in 1815. He was then adopted by Mr. Allan, a rich Virginian. From the age of six to twelve he was at school in England; he attended the University of Virginia for a year, lost money by gambling, and then disappeared for a year. According to his own story, he went to aid Greece, but he probably never got further than London. In 1827 he published, at Boston, his first volume of poems, "Tamerlane." He enlisted as a private in the army, then was for nine months a cadet at West Point, but was dismissed for bad conduct.

Mr. Allan had hitherto supported Poe; but they now quarreled, and the young man of twenty-one set out to make a living by literature. A prize story, "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle," gained him the friendship of J. P. Kennedy, who made him editor of a Southern literary paper at a salary of $10 a week. The circulation of the magazine increased under his care; and he married his young cousin, Virginia Clemm; but he soon after resigned his position and went to Philadelphia. He had already written "Hans Pfaal" and "Arthur Gordon Pym," and he now published the "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," which confirmed his fame. He was also fitfully connected with two or three other periodicals. He wrote the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" in 1841, and two years later his "Gold Bug" won another prize of $100. At the age of five and thirty he was back in New York, writing for N. P. Willis's *Mirror* and other magazines; and in 1845 he wrote his famous poem "The Raven." He also lectured and wrote critiques, generally of a scathing character, but many of which posterity has justified. After his wife's death, his only work of importance was "Eureka," a speculative analysis of the universe.

Poe's stories fall into two classes, the analytical, of which the "Gold Bug" is an example, and the supernatural, such as "Ligeia." In many of his tales, however, these qualities are commingled. He was neither a humorist nor a character-painter, and none of his stories touch the heart; the man was deficient in human sympathies. They are to a high degree strange, impressive and ingenious, faultless in workmanship and structure, and masterpieces of art. They are finished, like gems, and of permanent literary worth; yet they can hardly be called works of inspiration; they are gems, not flowers. Poe's style is clear, succinct and polished, but self-conscious and artificial. The stories are by no means all of equal merit; Poe lacked good taste, and frequently overstepped the boundaries between the terrible and the revolting, the commonplace and the simple, fun and buffoonery. All his humorous tales are dismal failures. But when he is at his best, no writer can surpass him; we may say that he is unrivalled. In poetry, Poe is if possible more original and solitary than in his prose. The eerie and elfin beauty of some of his verses is magical; one is enchanted one knows not how. He had theories in poetry, as in prose; but it is probable that he squared his theories with his compositions, more often than the opposite. But there is more of art than of heart even in Poe's poetry; and we find that we go to him to be entertained and stimulated, but not for the needs of the deeper soul. His career was pathetic; but his genius is triumphant.

THE BELLS.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum-bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appeal to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling and the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone:
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory, in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæans of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells!

Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells;
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore;
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here forever more.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently came your rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore-
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose violet velvet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by those angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—

Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!"
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

LADY MADELINE OF USHER.

(IN "The Fall of the House of Usher" the narrator tells how he assisted Usher to bury the body of Lady Madeline in a vault of the ancient building. A week later, on the night of a dreadful storm, he read to Usher from a weird romance.)

I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:

"And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet, but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—*I dared not speak!* And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!"—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell—the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned out to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zig-zag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed suddenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher.*"

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"In no poet," wrote Bryant of Halleck, "can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness." In his lifetime Fitz-Greene Halleck was a popular poet, but he lives now only in books of poetical selections. He possessed exquisite felicity of diction and a lively fancy, but lacked the force and originality necessary to the immortals. Some of his poems, however, are not likely to be forgotten, such as the stirring "Marco Bozzaris," and the exquisite lines on the death of Joseph Rodman Drake.

Halleck's life was uneventful. He was born in Guilford, Conn., in 1795. When a boy he went to New York and became a clerk in a banking house, and later for many years was confidential clerk to John Jacob Astor. Some of his earliest literary productions were written in conjunction with his intimate friend, Drake, and appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, signed Croaker and Co. "Fanny," the longest of his poems, was a satire on New York life. In 1822 he visited Europe, and in 1827 he published his first volume of collected poems. This contains his famous "Marco Bozzaris," and also the two fine poems, "Burns" and "Alnwick Castle." Receiving the bequest of an annuity from John Jacob Astor in 1849, he retired to his native town, where he died in 1867.

ON THE DEATH OF JOS. R. DRAKE.

THE good die first,
And they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.—WORDSWORTH.

Green be the turf above thee,
  Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
  Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
  From eyes unused to weep,
And long where thou art lying,
  Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
  Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
  To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
  To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
  Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
  Around thy faded brow,

But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard:
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;

"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
  God—and your native land!"

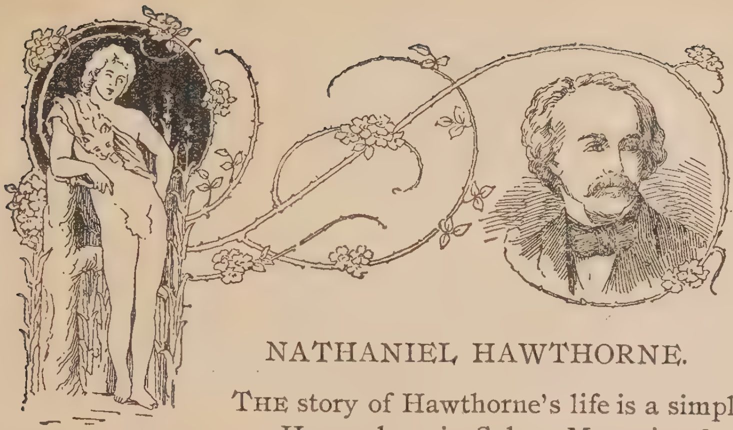
They fought—like brave men, long and well;
  They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
  Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
  And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
  Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
  Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
  Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
  With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
  Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
  Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand

Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
  To the world seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
  Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
  Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
  Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
  Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
  The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thee her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow,
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
  And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
  The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
  Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The story of Hawthorne's life is a simple one. He was born in Salem, Mass., in 1804, and as a boy was brought up partly in that ancient town, and partly on the shores of Sebago Lake, in Maine, where his uncle, Richard Manning, had an estate. His father, who died of fever in Surinam, when Nathaniel was four years old, was an East India merchant, and captained his own vessel; an uncle, Daniel, had commanded a privateer in the Revolution; an ancestor, John Hathorne (as the name was then spelled), had been a judge in the witch trials; and the first emigrant, William, the elder son of the English family, was a man of note in the Province, and a major in the Indian wars. His mother was a woman of intellect and refinement; but Nathaniel was the first of the Hawthornes to evince literary proclivities.

He was an active, outdoor boy, though fond of reading and with thoughts of his own. As a student he was not distinguished, either before or during his Bowdoin college career; but he graduated well in the class of 1824; Longfellow was a classmate, and Franklin Pierce was in the class ahead of him. After graduating he lived in seclusion at his home in Salem for twelve years, writing, meditating, and occasionally publishing short sketches in Annuals and similar publications, uniformly over a pseudonym. Before 1840 he met, and in 1842 he married Sophia Peabody of Salem, and lived with her in "The Old Manse" at Concord, Mass. He had already tried the Brook Farm community life, and decided it was not suited to his requirements. He obtained an appointment in the Salem Custom House, and supported himself on the salary derived therefrom, and by writing sketches and stories. These were collected under the title of "Mosses from an Old Manse," and "The Snow Image and Other Stories." He was rotated out of office, and in 1850 wrote "The Scarlet Letter," which brought him fame here and abroad. Removing to Lenox, Mass., he produced "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," evolved from his Brook Farm observations, and "The Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales"—stories for children based on classic mythology. Taking up his residence for the second time in Concord, at "The Wayside," he wrote a campaign biography of his friend Franklin Pierce, and the latter, on his election to the Presidency of the United States, appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, England. Shortly before the end of his term he resigned the office and sojourned for two or three years on the Continent. Returning in 1859 to England, he wrote "The Marble Faun" (published in England under the title of "Transformation"), and came back to America in 1860. The outbreak of the Civil War the following year interrupted his imaginative work; but he published a volume of English studies, "Our Old Home," and the first chapters of a new romance, "The Dolliver Romance," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. He died suddenly in Plymouth, New Hampshire, on a journey for health undertaken with Franklin Pierce, and was buried in Concord, May 23d, 1864.

The story of Hawthorne's mind and opinions may be gathered from his writings, especially from the shorter pieces contained in "Twice-Told Tales" and "The Mosses." These appear on the surface to be merely imaginative tales, exquisitely wrought; but they embody profound, radical and sometimes revolutionary views on all subjects of society and morals. He probed deeply into the mystery of human sin; the revelations thus evolved cast a tinge of sadness over much that he wrote; but Hawthorne was at heart an optimist, and his most searching analyses result in conclusions the most hopeful. The more he is studied, the more is the student impressed with his truth, justice and sanity. Common sense and the sense of humor existed in him side by side with the keenest insight and the finest imaginative gifts; and all that he wrote is rendered fascinating by the charm of a translucent, nearly perfect literary style. Everything that he produced was in its degree a work of art.

The four romances on which his reputation chiefly rests belong in a class by themselves. No other writer has succeeded in mastering the principle on which they are composed. There is in them a living spirit which creates its own proper form. They are wrought from within outwards, like the growths of nature. The interest of outward events is in them subordinated to that of the vicissitudes of mind and soul of the characters, which are penetratingly interpreted. There is nothing arbitrary in Hawthorne's treatment; but in the end he has placed clearly before the reader the elements of the problem, and has suggested the solution. We rise from his books knowing more of life and man than when we took them up, and with better hopes of their destiny. The years which have passed since they were written have confirmed and exalted their value; and Hawthorne is now held to be the foremost—instead of, as he once wrote, "the obscurest"—man of letters in America.

Several studies of romances were published posthumously; and also the "Note-Books" which he kept all his life, and which reveal the care with which he studied nature and mankind. Their quality is objective, not subjective.

Personally Hawthorne was just short of six feet in height, broad-shouldered and active and strikingly handsome, with a large, dome-like head, black hair and brows, and dark blue eyes. His disposition, contrary to the general impression of him, was cheerful and full of sunny humor. His nature was social and genial, but he avoided bores, and disliked to figure in promiscuous society. His domestic life was entirely happy, and the flowering of his genius is largely due to the love and appreciation and creative criticism which he received from his wife. His friends were the men of his time most eminent in letters and art; but perhaps the most intimate of all—Franklin Pierce, Horatio Bridge and Albert Pike—were all workers on other than literary lines. They were men whom he loved for their manly and human qualities, and who were faithful to him to the end.

HESTER PRYNNE AND THE PASTOR.

(From "The Scarlet Letter.")

SLOWLY as the minister walked, he had almost gone by before Hester Prynne could gather voice enough to attract his observation. At length she succeeded.

"Arthur Dimmesdale!" she said, faintly at first; then louder, but hoarsely, "Arthur Dimmesdale!"

"Who speaks?" answered the minister.

Gathering himself quickly up, he stood more erect, like a man taken by surprise in a mood to which he was reluctant to have witnesses. Throwing his eyes anxiously in the direction of the voice, he indistinctly beheld a form under the trees, clad in garments so sombre, and so little relieved from the gray twilight into which the clouded sky and the heavy foliage had darkened the noontide, that he knew not whether it were a woman or a shadow. It may be, that his pathway through life was haunted thus, by a spectre that had stolen out from among his thoughts.

He made a step nigher, and discovered the scarlet letter.

"Hester! Hester Prynne!" said he. "Is it thou? Art thou in life?"

"Even so!" she answered. "In such life as has been mine these seven years past! And thou, Arthur Dimmesdale, dost thou yet live?"

It was no wonder that they thus questioned one another's actual and bodily existence, and even doubted of their own. It was with fear, and tremulously, and, as it were, by a slow, reluctant necessity, that Arthur Dimmesdale put forth his hand, chill as death, and touched the chill hand of Hester Prynne. The grasp, cold as it was, took away what was dreariest in the interview. They now felt themselves, at least, inhabitants of the same sphere.

Without a word more spoken,—neither he nor she assuming the guidance, but with an unexpressed consent,—they glided back into the shadow of the woods, whence Hester had emerged, and sat down on the heap of moss where she and Pearl had before been sitting. When they found voice to speak, it was, at first, only to utter remarks and inquiries such as any two acquaintance might have made, about the gloomy sky, the threatening storm, and, next, the health of each. Thus they went onward, not boldly, but step by step, into the themes that were brooding deepest in their hearts. So long estranged by fate and circumstances, they needed something slight and casual to run before, and throw open the doors of intercourse, so that their real thoughts might be led across the threshold.

After a while, the minister fixed his eyes on Hester Prynne's.

"Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

She smiled drearily, looking down upon her bosom.

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None!—nothing but despair!" he answered. "What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine? Were I an atheist,—a man devoid of conscience,—a wretch with coarse and brutal instincts,—I might have found peace, long ere now. Nay, I never should have lost it! But, as matters stand with my soul, whatever of good capacity there originally was in me, all of God's gifts that were the choicest have become the ministers of spiritual torment. Hester, I am most miserable!"

"The people reverence thee," said Hester. "And surely thou workest good among them! Doth this bring thee no comfort?"

"More misery, Hester!—only the more misery!" answered the clergyman, with a bitter smile. "As concerns the good which I may appear to do, I have no faith in it. It must needs be a delusion. What can a ruined soul, like mine, effect towards the redemption of other souls?—or a polluted soul, towards their purification? And as for the people's reverence, would that it were turned to scorn and hatred! Canst thou deem it, Hester, a consolation, that I must stand up in my pulpit, and meet so many eyes turned upward to my face, as if the light of heaven were beaming from it!—must see my flock hungry for the truth, and listening to my words as if a tongue of Pentecost were speaking!—and then look inward, and discern the black reality of what they idolize? I have laughed, in bitterness and agony of heart, at the contrast between what I seem and what I am! And Satan laughs at it!"

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester, gently. "You have deeply and sorely repented. Your sin is left behind you, in the days long past. Your present life is not less holy, in very truth, than it seems in people's eyes. Is there no reality in the penitence thus sealed and witnessed by good works? And wherefore should it not bring you peace?"

"No, Hester, no!" replied the clergyman. "There is no substance in it! It is cold and dead, and can do nothing for me! Of penance, I have had enough! Of penitence, there has been none! Else, I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness, and have shown myself to mankind as they will see me at the judgment-seat. Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is, after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! Had I one friend,—or were it my worst enemy!—to whom, when sickened with the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself, and be known as the vilest of all sinners, methinks my soul might keep itself alive thereby. Even thus much of truth would save me! But now, it is all falsehood!—all emptiness!—all death!"

Hester Prynne looked into his face, but hesitated to speak. Yet, uttering his long-restrained emotions so vehemently as he did, his words here offered her the very point of circumstances in which to interpose what she came to say. She conquered her fears and spoke.

"Such a friend as thou hast even now wished for," said she, "with whom to weep over thy sin, thou hast in me, the partner of it!"—Again she hesitated, but brought out the words with an effort.—"Thou hast long had such an enemy, and dwellest with him, under the same roof!"

The minister started to his feet, gasping for breath, and clutching at his heart, as if he would have torn it out of his bosom.

"Ha! What sayest thou?" cried he. "An enemy! And under mine own roof! What mean you?"

Hester Prynne was now fully sensible of the deep injury for which she was responsible to this unhappy man, in permitting him to lie for so many years, or, indeed, for a single moment, at the mercy of one whose purposes could not be other than malevolent.

"O Arthur," cried she, "forgive me! In all things else, I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast, through all extremity; save when thy good,—thy life,—thy fame,—were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man!—the physician,—he whom they call Roger Chillingworth!—he was my husband!"

The minister looked at her, for an instant, with all that violence of passion, which—intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities,—was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted, it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by suffering, that even its lower energies were incapable of more than a temporary struggle. He sank down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands.

"I might have known it," murmured he. "I did know it! Was not the secret told me, in the natural recoil of my heart, at the first sight of him, and as often as I have seen him since? Why did I not understand? O Hester Prynne, thou little, little knowest all the horror of this thing! And the shame!—the indelicacy!—the horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it! Woman, woman, thou art accountable for this! I cannot forgive thee!"

"Thou shalt forgive me!" cried Hester, flinging herself on the fallen leaves beside him. "Let God punish! Thou shalt forgive!"

With sudden and desperate tenderness, she threw her arms around him, and pressed his head against her bosom, little caring though his cheek rested on the scarlet letter. He would have released himself, but strove in vain to do so. Hester would not set him free, lest he should look her sternly in the face. All the world had frowned on her,—for seven long years had it frowned upon this lonely woman,—and still she bore it all, nor ever once turned away her firm, sad eyes. Heaven, likewise, had frowned upon her, and she had not died. But the frown of this pale, weak, sinful, and sorrow-stricken man was what Hester could not bear, and live!

"Wilt thou yet forgive me?" she repeated, over and over again. "Wilt thou not frown? Wilt thou forgive?"

"I do forgive you, Hester," replied the minister, at length, with a deep utterance, out of an abyss of sadness, but no anger. "I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both!"

Donatello and the Marble Faun.

Of these four friends of ours, three were artists, or connected with art; and at this moment they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues—a well-known masterpiece of Grecian sculpture—and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

"You must needs confess, Kenyon," said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, "that you never chiseled out of marble, nor wrought out of clay, a more vivid likeness than this—cunning a bust-maker as you think yourself. The portraiture is perfect in character, sentiment, and features. If it were a picture, the resemblance might be half-illusive and imaginary; but here, in this Pentelic marble, it is a substantial fact, and may be tested by absolute touch and measurement. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender, brown-haired New England girl, whose perceptions of form and expression were wonderfully clear and delicate. "If there is any difference between the two faces, the reason may be, I suppose, that the Faun dwelt in the woods and fields, and consorted with his like; while Donatello has known cities a little, and such people as ourselves. But the resemblance is very close, and very strange."

"Not so strange," whispered Miriam, mischievously, "for no Faun in Arcadia was ever a greater simpleton than Donatello. He has hardly a man's share of wit, small as that may be. It is a pity there are no longer any of this congenial race of rustic creatures for our friend to consort with!"

"Hush, naughty one!" returned Hilda. "You are very ungrateful, for you well know he has wit enough to worship you, at all events."

"Then the greater fool he!" said Miriam, so bitterly that Hilda's quiet eyes were somewhat startled.

"Donatello, my dear friend," said Kenyon, in Italian, "pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue."

The young man laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the statue had been standing for two or three thousand years. In truth, allowing for the difference of costume, and if a lion's skin could have been substituted for his modern talma, and a rustic pipe for his stick, Donatello might have figured perfectly as the marble Faun, miraculously softened into flesh and blood.

"Yes, the resemblance is wonderful," observed Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the accuracy of a sculptor's eye. "There is one point, however, or, rather, two points, in respect to which our friend Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute detail." And the sculptor directed the attention of the party to the ears of the beautiful statue which they were contemplating. . . .

The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor; the mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that was ever wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause. There is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature indeed is the most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs: these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell. All the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists in that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles. . . .

"Donatello," playfully cried Miriam, "do not leave us in this perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvellous resemblance extends to the tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better!"

"No, no, dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, laughing, but with a certain earnestness. "I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted." And as he spoke the young Italian made a skip and a jump, quite light enough for a veritable Faun, so as to place himself beyond the reach of the fair hand that was outstretched, as if to settle the matter by actual examination. "I shall be like a wolf of the Apennines," he continued, taking his stand on the other side of the Dying Gladiator, "if you touch my ears ever so softly. None of my race could endure it. It has always been a tender point with my forefathers and me."

He spoke in Italian, with the Tuscan rusticity of accent, and an unshaped sort of utterance, betokening that he must heretofore have been chiefly conversant with rural people.

"Well, well," said Miriam, "your tender point shall—your two tender points, if you have them—be safe so far as I am concerned. But how strange this likeness is, after all! and how delightful, if it really includes the pointed ears! Oh, it is impossible, of course," she continued in English, "with a real and commonplace young man like Donatello; but you see how this peculiarity defines the portion of the Faun; and while putting him where he cannot exactly assert his brotherhood, still disposes us kindly towards the kindred creature. He is not supernatural, but just on the verge of nature, and yet within it. What is the nameless charm of this idea, Hilda? You can feel it more delicately than I."

"It perplexes me," said Hilda, thoughtfully, and shrinking a little; "neither do I quite like to think about it."

"But surely," said Kenyon, "you agree with Miriam and me, that there is something very touching and impressive in this statue of the Faun. In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other. What a pity that he has forever vanished from the hard and dusty paths of life—unless," added the sculptor, in a sportive whisper, "Donatello be actually he!"

"You cannot conceive how this fantasy takes hold of me," responded Miriam, between jest and earnest. "Imagine, now, a real being similar to this mystic Faun, how happy, how genial, how satisfactory would be his life; enjoying the warm, sensuous, earthly side of his nature; reveling in the merriment of woods and streams; living as our four-footed kindred do—as mankind did in its innocent childhood; before sin, sorrow, or mortality itself had even been thought of! Ah! Kenyon, if Hilda and you and I—if I at least—had pointed ears! For I suppose the Faun had no conscience, no remorses, no burthen on the heart, no troublesome reflections of any sort; no dark future either."

MIRIAM AND HILDA.

(From "The Marble Faun.")

HILDA was standing in the middle of the room. When her friend made a step or two from the door, she put forth her hands with an involuntary repellent gesture, so expressive, that Miriam at once felt a great chasm opening itself between them two. They might gaze at one another from the opposite side, but without the possibility of ever meeting more; or, at least, since the chasm could never be bridged over, they must tread the whole round of Eternity to meet on the other side. There was even a terror in the thought of their meeting again. It was as if Hilda or Miriam were dead, and could no longer hold intercourse without violating a spiritual law.

Yet, in the wantonness of her despair, Miriam made one more step towards the friend whom she had lost.

"Do not come nearer, Miriam!" said Hilda.

Her look and tone were those of sorrowful entreaty, and yet they expressed a kind of confidence, as if the girl were conscious of a safeguard that could not be violated.

"What has happened between us, Hilda?" asked Miriam. "Are we not friends?"

"No, no!" said Hilda, shuddering.

"At least we have been friends," continued Miriam. "I loved you dearly! I love you still! You were to me as a younger sister; yes, dearer than sisters of the same blood; for you and I were so lonely, Hilda, that the whole world pressed us together by its solitude and strangeness. Then, will you not touch my hand? Am I not the same as yesterday?"

"Alas! no, Miriam!" said Hilda.

"Yes, the same,—the same for you, Hilda," rejoined her lost friend. "Were you to touch my hand, you would find it as warm to your grasp as ever. If you were sick or suffering, I would watch night and day for you. It is in such simple offices that true affection shows itself; and so I speak of them. Yet, now, Hilda, your very look seems to put me beyond the limits of human kind!"

"It is not I, Miriam," said Hilda; "not I that have done this."

"You, and you only, Hilda," replied Miriam, stirred up to make her own cause good by the repellent force which her friend opposed to her. "I am a woman, as I was yesterday; endowed with the same truth of nature, the same warmth of heart, the same genuine and earnest love, which you have always known in me. In any regard that concerns yourself, I am not changed. And believe me, Hilda, when a human being has chosen a friend out of all the world, it is only some faithlessness between themselves, rendering true intercourse impossible, that can justify either friend in severing the bond. Have I deceived you? Then cast me off! Have I wronged you personally? Then forgive me, if you can. But, have I sinned against God and man, and deeply sinned? Then be more my friend than ever, for I need you more."

"Do not bewilder me thus, Miriam!" exclaimed Hilda, who had not forborne to express, by look and gesture, the anguish which this interview inflicted on her. "If I were one of God's angels, with a nature incapable of stain, and garments that never could be spotted, I would keep ever at your side, and try to lead you upward. But I am a poor, lonely girl, whom God has set here in an evil world, and given her only a white robe, and bid her wear it back to Him, as white as when she put it on. Your powerful magnetism would be too much for me. The pure, white atmosphere, in which I try to discern what things are good and true, would be discolored. And, therefore, Miriam, before it is too late, I mean to put faith in this awful heart-quake, which warns me henceforth to avoid you."

"Ah, this is hard! Ah, this is terrible!" murmured Miriam, dropping her forehead in her hands. In a moment or two she looked up again, as pale as death, but with a composed countenance: "I always said, Hilda, that you were merciless; for I had a perception of it, even while you loved me best. You have no sin, nor any conception of what it is; and therefore you are so terribly severe! As an angel, you are not amiss; but, as a human creature, and a woman among earthly men and women, you need a sin to soften you."

"God forgive me," said Hilda, "if I have said a needlessly cruel word!"

"Let it pass," answered Miriam; "I, whose heart it has smitten upon, forgive you. And tell me, before we part forever, what have you seen or known of me, since we last met?"

"A terrible thing, Miriam," said Hilda, growing paler than before.

"Do you see it written in my face, or painted in my eyes?" inquired Miriam, her trouble seeking relief in a half-frenzied raillery. "I would fain know how it is that Providence, or fate, brings eye-witnesses to watch us, when we fancy ourselves acting in the remotest privacy. Did all Rome see it, then? Or, at least, our merry company of artists? Or is it some blood-stain on me, or death-scent in my garments? They say that monstrous deformities sprout out of fiends, who once were lovely angels. Do you perceive such in me already? Tell me, by our past friendship, Hilda, all you know."

Thus adjured, and frightened by the wild emotion which Miriam could not suppress, Hilda strove to tell what she had witnessed.

"After the rest of the party had passed on, I went back to speak to you," she said; "for there seemed to be a trouble on your mind, and I wished to share it with you, if you could permit me. The door of the little court-yard was partly shut; but I pushed it open, and saw you within, and Donatello, and a third person, whom I had before noticed in the shadow of a niche. He approached you, Miriam. You knelt to him!—I saw Donatello spring upon him! I would have shrieked, but my throat was dry. I would have rushed forward, but my limbs seemed rooted to the earth. It was like a flash of lightning. A look passed from your eyes to Donatello's—a look"—

"Yes, Hilda, yes!" exclaimed Miriam, with intense eagerness. "Do not pause now! That look?"

"It revealed all your heart, Miriam," continued Hilda, covering her eyes as if to shut out the recollection; "a look of hatred, triumph, vengeance, and, as it were, joy at some unhoped-for relief."

"Ah! Donatello was right, then," murmured Miriam, who shook throughout all her frame. "My eyes bade him do it! Go on, Hilda."

"It all passed so quickly,—all like a glare of lightning," said Hilda, "and yet it seemed to me that Donatello had paused, while one might draw a breath. But that look!—Ah, Miriam, spare me. Need I tell more?"

"No more; there needs no more, Hilda," replied Miriam, bowing her head, as if listening to a sentence of condemnation from a supreme tribunal. "It is enough! You have satisfied my mind on a point where it was greatly disturbed. Henceforward, I shall be quiet. Thank you, Hilda."

She was on the point of departing, but turned back again from the threshold.

"This is a terrible secret to be kept in a young girl's bosom," she observed; "what will you do with it, my poor child?"

"Heaven help and guide me," answered Hilda, bursting into tears; "for the burden of it crushes me to the earth! It seems a crime to know of such a thing, and to keep it to myself. It knocks within my heart continually, threatening, imploring, insisting to be let out! Oh, my mother!—my mother! Were she yet living, I would travel over land and sea to tell her this dark secret, as I told all the little troubles of my infancy. But I am alone—alone! Miriam, you were my dearest, only friend. Advise me what to do."

This was a singular appeal, no doubt, from the stainless maiden to the guilty woman, whom she had just banished from her heart forever. But it bore striking testimony to the impression which Miriam's natural uprightness and impulsive generosity had made on the friend who knew her best; and it deeply comforted the poor criminal, by proving to her that the bond between Hilda and herself was vital yet.

As far as she was able, Miriam at once responded to the girl's cry for help.

"If I deemed it good for your peace of mind," she said, "to bear testimony against me for this deed, in the face of all the world, no consideration of myself should weigh with me an instant. But I believe that you would find no relief in such a course. What men call justice lies chiefly in outward formalities, and has never the close application and fitness that would be satisfactory to a soul like yours. I cannot be fairly tried and judged before an earthly tribunal; and of this, Hilda, you would perhaps become fatally conscious when it was too late. Roman justice, above all things, is a byword. What have you to do with it? Leave all such thoughts aside! Yet, Hilda, I would not have you keep my secret imprisoned in your heart if it tries to leap out, and stings you, like a wild, venomous thing, when you thrust it back again. Have you no other friend, now that you have been forced to give me up?"

"No other," answered Hilda, sadly.

"Yes; Kenyon!" rejoined Miriam.

"He cannot be my friend," said Hilda, "because—because—I have fancied that he sought to be something more."

"Fear nothing!" replied Miriam, shaking her head, with a strange smile. "This story will frighten his new-born love out of its little life, if that be what you wish. Tell him the secret, then, and take his wise and honorable counsel as to what should next be done. I know not what else to say."

"I never dreamed," said Hilda,—"how could you think it?—of betraying you to justice. But I see how it is, Miriam. I must keep your secret, and die of it, unless God sends me some relief by methods which are now beyond my power to imagine. It is very dreadful. Ah! now I understand how the sins of generations past have created an atmosphere of sin for those that follow. While there is a single guilty person in the universe, each innocent one must feel his innocence tortured by that guilt. Your deed, Miriam, has darkened the whole sky!"

[The selections from Nathaniel Hawthorne's works are used by special permission of, and by special arrangement with the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.]

HERMAN MELVILLE.

In spite of a wide popularity in his time as a writer of travels and of sea-stories, Herman Melville is but little read to-day. He was born in New York in 1819. At the age of eighteen he shipped before the mast and cruised about, visiting many strange lands, until the year 1844, when he returned to Boston. He had lived for a time among cannibals in one of the Marquesas Islands, and embodied his remarkable experiences in his first book, "Typee," published in 1846. The book had an immediate success, and in the next year he issued a sequel, entitled "Omoo." Among other works published later are "White Jacket," "Moby Dick," "Redburn," and two volumes of poems entitled "Battle Pieces." For many years Melville held a position in the custom-house at New York. He died in 1891. He possessed a dashing, racy style, and understood well how to relate the romance of adventure.

BEMBO RESCUED FROM THE CREW.

(From "Omoo.")

The purpose of Bembo had been made known to the men generally by the watch; and now that our salvation was certain, by an instinctive impulse they raised a cry, and rushed toward him.

Just before liberated by Dunk and the steward, he was standing doggedly by the mizzen-mast; and, as the infuriated sailors came on, his blood-shot eye rolled, and his sheath-knife glittered over his head.

"Down with him!" "Strike him down!" "Hang him at the main-yard!" such were the shouts now raised. But he stood unmoved, and, for a single instant, they absolutely faltered.

"Cowards!" cried Salem, and he flung himself upon him. The steel descended like a ray of light, but did no harm, for the sailor's heart was beating against the Mowree's before he was aware.

They both fell to the deck, when the knife was instantly seized, and Bembo secured.

"For'ard! for'ard with him!" was again the cry; "give him a sea-toss!" "overboard with him!" and he was dragged along the deck, struggling and fighting with tooth and nail.

All this uproar immediately over the mate's head at last roused him from his drunken nap, and he came staggering on deck.

"What's this?" he shouted, running right in among them.

"It's the Mowree, zur; they are going to murder him, zur," here sobbed poor Rope Yarn, crawling close up to him.

"Avast! avast!" roared Jermin, making a spring toward Bembo, and dashing two or three of the sailors aside. At this moment the wretch was partly flung over the bulwarks, which shook with his frantic struggles. In vain the doctor and others tried to save him: the men listened to nothing.

"Murder and mutiny, by the salt sea!" shouted the mate; and dashing his arms right and left, he planted his iron hand upon the Mowree's shoulder.

"There are two of us now; and as you serve him, you serve me," he cried, turning fiercely round.

"Over with them together, then," exclaimed the carpenter, springing forward; but the rest fell back before the courageous front of Jermin, and, with the speed of thought, Bembo, unharmed, stood upon deck.

"Aft with ye!" cried his deliverer; and he pushed him right among the men, taking care to follow him up close. Giving the sailors no time to recover, he pushed the Mowree before him, till they came to the cabin scuttle, when he drew the slide over him, and stood still. Throughout, Bembo never spoke one word.

"Now for'ard where ye belong!" cried the mate, addressing the seamen, who by this time, rallying again, had no idea of losing their victim.

"The Mowree! the Mowree!" they shouted.

Here the doctor, in answer to the mate's repeated questions, stepped forward, and related what Bembo had been doing; a matter which the mate but dimly understood from the violent threatenings he had been hearing.

For a moment he seemed to waver; but at last, turning the key in the padlock of the slide, he breathed through his set teeth—"Ye can't have him; I'll hand him over to the consul, so for'ard with ye, I say: when there's any drowning to be done, I'll pass the word; so away with ye, ye bloodthirsty pirates!"

It was to no purpose that they begged or threatened: Jermin, although by no means sober, stood his ground manfully, and before long they dispersed, soon to forget everything that had happened.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY.

JOHN PENDLETON KENNEDY was chiefly concerned in politics and matters of state, yet a vigorous essayist, a fluent and forceful writer, and an accurate portrayer of life in the Old Dominion. He was born in Baltimore in 1795, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He served as Representative in Congress for several terms and was one of the recognized leaders of the Whig party. His "Swallow Barn," published in 1832, consisted of pleasant sketches of rural life in Virginia. Three years later appeared his best known book, "Horse-Shoe Robinson," a tale of the Revolutionary War in the South. In 1852 Kennedy was appointed Secretary of the Navy. When he retired from politics in 1855 he made several visits to Europe, where he became intimate with Thackeray and wrote for him a chapter of "The Virginians." He died in 1870. Among his works, besides those mentioned, are "Annals of Quodlibet," "Rob of the Bowl," and "Memoirs of William Wirt."

A BOY SOLDIER.

(From "Horse-Shoe Robinson.")

HORSE-SHOE loaded the fire-arms, and having slung the pouch across his body, he put the pistol into the hands of the boy; then shouldering his rifle, he and his young ally left the room. Even on this occasion, serious as it might be deemed, the sergeant did not depart without giving some manifestation of that light-heartedness which no difficulties ever seemed to have power to conquer. He thrust his head back into the room, after he had crossed the threshold, and said with an encouraging laugh, "Andy and me will teach them, Mistress Ramsay, Pat's point of war—we will *surround* the ragamuffins."

"Now, Andy, my lad," said Horse Shoe, after he had mounted Captain Peter, "you must get up behind me. Turn the lock of your pistol down," he continued, as the boy sprang upon the horse's rump, "and cover it with the flap of your jacket, to keep the rain off. It won't do to hang fire at such a time as this."

The lad did as he was directed, and Horse Shoe, having secured his rifle in the same way, put his horse up to a gallop and took the road in the direction that had been pursued by the soldiers.

As soon as our adventurers had gained a wood, at a distance of about half a mile, the sergeant relaxed his speed and advanced at a pace but little above a walk.

"Andy," he said, "we have got rather a ticklish sort of a job before us—so I must give you your lesson, which you will understand better by knowing something of my plan. As soon as your mother told me that these thieving villains had left her house about fifteen minutes before the rain came on, and that they had gone along upon this road, I remembered the old field up here, and the little log hut in the middle of it; and it was natural to suppose that they had just got about near that hut when this rain came up,—and then it was the most supposable case in the world, that they would naturally go into it as the driest place they could find. So now you see it's my calculation that the whole batch is there at this very point of time. We will go slowly along until we get to the other end of this wood, in sight of the old field—and then, if there is no one on the look-out, we will open our first trench:—you know what that means, Andy?"

"It means, I s'pose, that we'll go right smack at them," replied Andy.

"Pretty exactly," said the sergeant. "But listen to me. Just at the edge of the woods you will have to get down, and put yourself behind a tree. I'll ride forward, as if I had a whole troop at my heels,—and if I catch them, as I expect, they will have a little fire kindled, and, as likely as not, they'll be cooking some of your mother's fowls."

"Yes,—I understand," said the boy, eagerly.

"No, you don't," replied Horse Shoe; "but you will when you hear what I am going to say. If I get at them onawares, they'll be mighty apt to think they are surrounded, and will bellow, like fine fellows, for quarter. And thereupon, Andy, I'll cry out, 'Stand fast,' as if I was speaking to my own men; and when you hear that you must come up full tilt,—because it will be a signal to you that the enemy has surrendered. Then it will be your business to run into the house and bring out the muskets as quick as a rat runs through a kitchen: and when you have done that,—why, all's done. But if you should hear any popping of firearms,—that is, more than one shot, which I may chance to let off—do you take that for a bad sign, and get away as fast as you can heel it. You comprehend?"

"Oh, yes," replied the lad, "and I'll do what you want, —and more too, may be, Mr. Robinson."

"*Captain* Robinson, remember, Andy; you must call me captain, in the hearing of these Scotchmen."

"I'll not forget that neither," answered Andrew.

By the time these instructions were fully impressed upon the boy, our adventurous forlorn hope, as it may fitly be called, had arrived at the place which Horse Shoe had designated for the commencement of active operations. They had a clear view of the old field; and it afforded them a strong assurance that the enemy was exactly where they wished him to be, when they discovered smoke arising from the chimney of the hovel. Andrew was instantly posted behind a tree, and Robinson galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds, abruptly reined up his steed in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end; and, in the corner opposite the door, were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle, thrust himself one pace inside of the door, and to level his rifle at the group beside the fire, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, —shouting at the same time—

"Surrender to Captain Robinson of the Free Will Volunteers, and to the Continental Congress,—or you are all dead men! Halt," he vociferated in a voice of thunder, as if speaking to a corps under his command; "file off, cornet, right and left, to both sides of the house. The first man that budges a foot from that there fireplace, shall have fifty balls through his body."

"To arms!" cried the young officer who commanded the squad inside of the house. "Leap to your arms, men! Why do you stand, you villains?" he added, as he perceived his men hesitate to move toward the corner where the muskets were piled.

"I don't want your blood, young man," said Robinson, coolly, as he still leveled his rifle at the officer, "nor that of your people:—but, by my father's son, I'll not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll, if you move an inch!"

Both parties now stood for a brief space eyeing each other, in a fearful suspense, during which there was an expression of mixed doubt and anger visible on the countenances of the soldiers, as they surveyed the broad proportions, and met the stern glance of the sergeant; whilst the delay, also, began to raise an apprehension in the mind of Robinson that his stratagem would be discovered.

"Upon him, at the risk of your lives!" cried the officer: and, on the instant, one of the soldiers moved rapidly toward the farther wall; upon which the sergeant, apprehending the seizure of the weapons, sprang forward in such a manner as would have brought his body immediately before them,—but a decayed plank in the floor caught his foot and he fell to his knee. It was a lucky accident,—for the discharge of a pistol, by the officer, planted a bullet in the log of the cabin, which would have been lodged full in the square breast of the gallant Horse Shoe, if he had retained his perpendicular position. His footing, however, was recovered almost as soon as it was lost, and the next moment found him bravely posted in front of the firearms, with his own weapon thrust almost into the face of the foremost assailant. The hurry, confusion, and peril of the crisis did not take away his self-possession; but he now found himself unexpectedly thrown into a situation of infinite difficulty, where all the chances of the fight were against him.

"Back, men, and guard the door," he cried out, as if again addressing his troop. "Sir, I will not be answerable for consequences, if my troopers once come into this house. If you hope for quarter, give up on the spot."

"His men have retreated," cried one of the soldiers. "Upon him, boys!" and instantly two or three pressed upon the sergeant, who, seizing his rifle in both hands, bore them back by main force, until he had thrown them prostrate on the floor. He then leaped toward the door with the intention of making good his retreat.

"Shall I let loose upon them, captain?" said Andrew Ramsay, now appearing most unexpectedly to Robinson, at the door of the hut. "Come on, my brave boys!" he shouted as he turned his face toward the field.

"Keep them outside the door—stand fast," cried the doughty sergeant again, with admirable promptitude, in the new and sudden posture of his affairs caused by this opportune appearance of the boy. "Sir, you see that you are beaten: let me warn you once more to save the lives of your men—it's onpossible for me to keep my people off a minute longer. What signifies fighting five to one?"

During this appeal the sergeant was ably seconded by the lad outside, who was calling out first on one name and then on another, as if in the presence of a troop. The device succeeded, and the officer within at length said—

"Lower your rifle, sir. In the presence of a superior force, taken by surprise and without arms, it is my duty to save bloodshed. With the promise of fair usage and the rights of prisoners of war, I surrender this little foraging party under my command."

"I'll make the terms agreeable," replied the sergeant. "Never doubt me, sir. "Right hand file, advance, and receive the arms of the prisoners!"

"I'm here, captain," said Andrew, in a conceited tone, as if it were a mere occasion of merriment; and the lad quickly entered the house and secured the weapons, retreating with them some paces from the door.

"Now, sir," said Horse Shoe, to the ensign, "your sword, and whatever else you might have about you of the munitions of war!"

The officer delivered up his sword and pocket pistols.

"Your name?—if I mought take the freedom."

"Ensign St. Jermyn, of his Majesty's seventy-first regiment of light infantry."

"Ensign, your sarvant," added Horse Shoe, aiming at an unusual exhibition of politeness, "you have defended your post like an old sodger, although you ha'n't much beard upon your chin; I'll certify for you. But, seeing you have given up, you shall be treated like a man who has done his duty. You will walk out now, and form yourselves in line at the door. I'll engage my men shall do you no harm:—they are of a merciful breed."

When the little squad of prisoners submitted to this command, and came to the door, they were stricken with the most profound astonishment to find, in place of the detachment of cavalry they expected to see, nothing but one horse, one man, and one boy. Their first emotions were expressed in curses, which were even succeeded by laughter from one or two of the number. There seemed to be a disposition, on the part of some, to resist the authority that now controlled them; and sundry glances were exchanged which indicated a purpose to turn upon their captors. The sergeant no sooner perceived this than he halted, raised his rifle to his breast, and, at the same instant, gave Andrew Ramsay an order to retire a few paces, and to fire one of the captured pieces at the first man who opened his lips.

"By my hand," he said, "if I find any trouble in taking you, all five, safe away from this here house, I will thin your numbers with your own muskets! And that's as good as if I had sworn to it."

"You have my word, sir," said the ensign. "Lead on—we'll follow."

"By your leave, my pretty gentlemen, you will lead, and I'll follow," replied Horse Shoe. "It may be a new piece of drill to you—but the custom is to give the prisoners the post of honor, and to walk them in front."

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

Excepting Cooper, no American author of his period was more voluminous and popular than William Gilmore Simms. Yet his novels are now regarded rather as literary curiosities than as of lasting value. He was born at Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806, and made his literary debut in 1827 with a volume of poems. In the following year he became editor of a newspaper, but continued to write verse, of which he soon published two volumes. In 1833, on the failure of his paper, he issued still another volume of verse and his first romance—"Martin Faber." An abler story, "Guy Rivers," soon followed, and in 1835 appeared "The Yemassee," an Indian story, which is generally regarded as his best book. This was followed by many romances in rapid succession; they were evidently modeled upon those of Scott and Cooper, but the scenes and characters were all from Simms's native state. All displayed a pleasing combination of realism and imagination, and their descriptions and combinations of all classes of South Carolinians of a former period were accepted as historically true. Most of Simms's pages are spirited, few are sentimental, and all evince the vigor and heartiness for which their author was noted. He edited several magazines and reviews, in which he labored earnestly to promote the growth of Southern literature and to defend the institutions of the South. Simms wrote also several biographical and historical works, all with Southern subjects. His romances were collected in a uniform edition of seventeen volumes, and in 1867 he compiled a large volume entitled, "The War Poetry of the South." He died at Charleston, June 11, 1870.

THE MAIDEN AND THE RATTLESNAKE.

(Bess Matthews, the heroine of "The Yemassee," had gone into the woods to await the coming of her lover.)

Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in the glossiest green, with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eyes communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance, a subtle ray that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye, and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing was that beautiful and subtle brightness,—of the sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered, and seemed to float away only to return; and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the one star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright, and gorgeous, gleaming in their midst, and still fastened with strange fondness upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth!

And her own glance became intense; fixed also, but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her, and wrapped it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright gleam, but even as she aimed to stretch forth her hand and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mocking-bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky crest and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her, and forbade her effort.

More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own: a small, bright eye, quick, like that of a bird; now steady in its place and observant seemingly of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment, invited to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy. But in all this time the glance was never taken from her own; there it grew fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapor above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting, directly into her eyes, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy; for, as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung, like so much drapery, around the single object that had so secured her attention and spellbound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure; her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein throughout her person.

At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her; and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as if it were of warning, flew away from his station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her.

With that movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but for a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly-articulated ring—like that of a watch when wound up, but with the verge broken—announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was at length conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger; but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound itself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own, the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals and giving forth that paralyzing sound which, once heard, is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her; its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaw, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death; while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing with a novel form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled? She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone. And there it still lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arched neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. . . .

The terrified damsel—her full consciousness restored, but not her strength—feels all her danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair that—a last effort—she succeeds to scream—a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony. She sinks down upon the grass before her enemy, her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs forever upon them. She sees him approach; now advancing, now receding; now swelling in every part with something like anger, while his neck is arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb; until at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger, and becoming completely bronzed, as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more. Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted, and an arrow piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside the maiden; while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually in part writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot in season on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse as the snake fell, and with a stick fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass.

Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck, opposed an unyielding obstacle to his endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him—with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstances—he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs, so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion and a moment after lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"UNCLE Tom's Cabin," perhaps the most widely known American novel, owes its celebrity to other than literary causes. It was a powerful indictment against the cherished, deep-rooted institution of one-half of the United States and kindled the resentment of the North against the South. Its author was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, and was early known as a precocious and brilliant child. Her father, Rev. Lyman Beecher, was a prominent minister, and his entire family took intelligent interest in his studies and controversies. At the age of fourteen years Harriet was entrusted with school-room classes, and she soon afterward began to write sketches for publication. Dr. Beecher was made President of Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1832. Here Harriet met Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, to whom she was married in 1836. It is to her residence in Cincinnati, close to the border state of Kentucky, that the world owes "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for in eighteen years she became familiar with African slavery and many of its incidents. Yet the book itself was not written until 1850, when its author, then a resident of Maine, became indignant at the apathy of many Northern people regarding the Fugitive Slave Law. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was first published serially in the *National Era*, a Washington newspaper of limited circulation, but when it appeared in book form it at once became popular. Republished in England, it attracted more attention, and soon translations of it were issued in almost all European countries. Although it was soundly berated in the Southern States, some Southern readers did the author the justice to admit that she attacked only slavery—not the owners of slaves, and that the meanest characters in the story were men of Northern birth.

Six years after "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had made her famous, Mrs. Stowe published "Dred," which also was an attack upon slavery, the scene being laid in Virginia. Before these anti-slavery novels Mrs. Stowe, although then in her forty-fifth year, had issued no other volume but "The Mayflower," a collection of sketches of descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. In 1859 appeared her first New England romance, "The Minister's Wooing," a tale of the last century. Lowell, at that time editor of the *North American Review*, commended the book highly and wrote of the author, "We do not believe that there is any one who, by birth, breeding and natural capacity, has had the opportunity to know New England so well as she, or has the peculiar genius so to profit by the knowledge." The author, who had gone to Europe in 1860, displayed her versatility by publishing "Agnes of Sorrento," an Italian romance, presenting word-pictures of Savonarola that were not equalled in literature until George Eliot's "Romola" appeared.

In later years Mrs. Stowe wrote tales of New England country life that exhibit genuine humor and knowledge of the people and their ways. The best known of these books are "Old Town Folks," "Poganuc People" and "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories." Her domestic stories were written with moral purpose, and were largely read, but she never repeated the success of her first great book. Mrs. Stowe died in 1886.

CROSSING THE OHIO ON ICE.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

AN hour before sunset, Eliza entered the village of T——, by the Ohio river, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B———, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boat has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said, inquiringly,

"May be you're wanting to get over?—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious?"

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from the window, towards a small back building. A man, in leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to night?"

"He said he should try, if 't was any way prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durs'to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I've hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bed-room, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hands in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the pursuing party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted, pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake;—stumbling—

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TOPSY AND EVA

leaping—slipping—springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone—her stockings cut from her feet—while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"Oh, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy!—he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you,—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly.

"No 'casion, no 'casion in the world," said the man. "What I've done's of no 'count."

"And, oh, surely, sir, you won't tell any one!"

"Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a fellow for? In course not," said the man. "Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You've arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me."

The woman folded her child to her bosom and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

"Shelby, now, mebbe won't think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what's a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he's welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o' critter a strivin' and pantin', and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter 'em, and go agin' 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind of 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher for other folks, neither."

So spoke this poor, heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

"That gal's got seven devils in her, I believe!" said Haley. "How like a wildcat she jumped!"

"Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope Mas'r 'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

"Lord bless you, Mas'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. "She looked so curi's, a leapin' and springin'—ice a crackin'—and only to hear her,—plump! ker-chunk! ker-splash! Spring! Lord! how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks.

"I'll make ye laugh t'other side yer mouths!" said the trader, laying about their heads with his riding-whip.

Both ducked, and ran shouting up the bank, and were on their horses before he was up.

"Good-evening, Mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect Missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and, with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed,—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

EVA AND TOPSY.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

MISS OPHELIA had just the capability of indignation that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively roused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they should have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so, for the world," she said; "but, I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught; I've talked till I'm tired; I've whipped her; I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she's just what she was at first."

"Come here, Tops', you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, Mas'r! old Missis used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I spects, if they's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head, it wouldn't do no good, neither,—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, noways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia. "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I 'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass room at the corner of the veranda, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about, now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his fingers on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces toward them. Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but, opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothing 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother."

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva, sadly; "but, had n't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or"—

"No, none on 'em,—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might"—

"Could n't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'! *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child. *I* love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you have not had any father, or mother, or friends;—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake;—it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears;—large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment, a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed,—while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

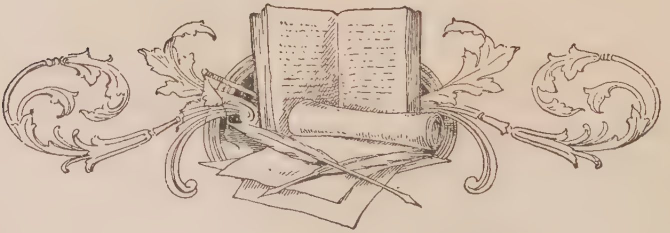
"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do,—only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it, Topsy!—*you* can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about."

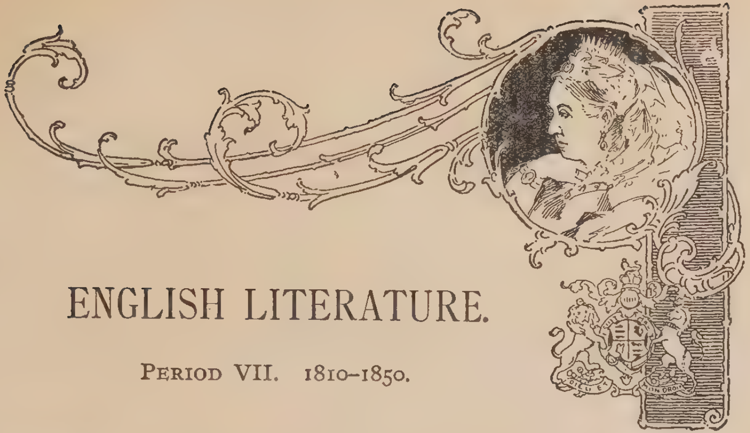
"Oh, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!" said the child, "I will try, I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did,—call them to us, and *put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I did n't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there 's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart;—it 's a queer kind of a fact,—but so it is."





ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VII. 1810–1850.

WITH the dawn of the nineteenth century English Literature, which had seemed destined to fall into humdrum monotony, entered upon a new era of vigorous growth, similar in intensity and variety to the Elizabethan age. Many causes conpired to produce this result. Foremost among these was the intellectual ferment consequent upon the French Revolution, the crusade for the rights of man, and the Continental wars. Much was due to the rise of an antiquarian spirit, fostered by the publication of Percy's "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and to the revival of interest in the drama. Still another element in the literary revival was the establishment of the quarterly reviews, which, though intended for political purposes, were mainly devoted to literature, and afforded good opportunity for able writers to test their powers. It is impossible to give due credit to all who took part in the literary revolution, and we must be content with naming the principal leaders.

The foremost one—Sir Walter Scott—has already been sketched,* and his success in reviving interest in the world of chivalry has been acknowledged. It was not until 1814 that he withdrew from poetry, after notable achievement, to that new domain where he reigns supreme.

The more brilliant poetic genius of the youthful Byron challenged the world's regard, and his strenuous self-assertion won its utmost favor, until his untamable vices caused his banishment from home. He was the most powerful poet of his time, combining impassioned strength with the finest sense of the beautiful. His influence remains unimpaired on the Continent of Europe, though it has declined in his native land.

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*See Volume VIII, pp. 355–360.

The strongest possible contrast with the passionate Byron is offered by the poet Wordsworth, who slowly rose to fame. Self-centered, he is ever free from passion; by calm observation of life, he is stirred to quiet pathos; his delight is in communion with nature in its various aspects, by which he rises at times to an intensely solemn awe, as in the immediate presence of God. With Wordsworth, to some extent, is associated Coleridge, more potent as a teacher and speculative philosopher than as a poet, though he produced some exquisite poems. Unnerved by opium for the duties of practical life, he yet introduced into English thought new principles, partly derived from Germany.

In another group of poets of this prolific period are found Shelley and Keats. Shelley, intensely radical in thought and life, full of protest against all existing law, aimed at an ideal, impracticable philanthropy. In native felicity of poetic adornment he excelled all rivals except Keats. The latter versified with wonderful sweetness the classical dreams of his immature youth. His brief career prevented the full accomplishment of what his genius promised.

Closely connected, in actual life or in character of work, with some of these leaders were poets whose productions are still familiar. Thus Moore, the composer of exquisite melodies, was attached to Byron; the Scotchman, Campbell, in his youth composed noble lyrics, but in manhood lost his pristine vigor; Wilson, who seemed to have some of Shelley's musical power, became best known as "Christopher North," editor of *Blackwood's Magazine;* Southey, who was grouped with Wordsworth as a "Lake Poet," became overweighted with learning and failed in his ambitious epics.

But great and varied as was the poetical product of the first half century, its chief literary distinction was the surprising growth of the novel. Sir Walter Scott had some notable followers in the historical field, but more contented themselves with trying to depict society as they found or fancied it around them. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, with astonishing versatility, from youth to old age, explored various new fields of fiction. His novels show skill of design and great natural force of serious passion. Those of his youth were blamed for immoral tendency, but in later years he became an ethical teacher. He is almost the only playwright of the century who constructed dramas of high order that have been able to keep the stage.

A new school of novelists was inaugurated by Dickens, who undertook to present with some slight exaggerations the characters of ordinary London life among the lower classes. He has unrivalled power of exciting emotion in all its ranges from intense horror to melting pathos. His success is due to his sharp observation and powerful sympathy with real life. He lacks lofty imagination. Thackeray belonged to a higher class of society than Dickens and was able to reveal scenes of its life, but he failed to arouse lively sympathy. His strength was in sharp analysis and irony, sometimes bantering, sometimes sarcastic. Many men of note in other walks of life ventured occasionally to write novels as the readiest way to reach the public mind.

A marked feature of the nineteenth century has been the increasing proportion of women among the writers, and the merit of their work. It is not inappropriate, therefore, that the greater part of this period bears the name of England's latest queen. Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth had begun novel writing before the appearance of "Waverley," the former depicting English, and the latter Irish society. More powerful and of more lasting fame than either was Charlotte Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre." In poetry Mrs. Hemans was distinguished by romantic sweetness. Joanna Baillie was thought by contemporary critics to have attained unique fame by her tragedies, but these are now utterly neglected. Miss Mitford also aspired to dramatic fame, but is remembered by her delightful descriptions of "Our Village."

GEORGE CRABBE.

RURAL life had been a theme of many English poets, sometimes drawn partly true to life, as in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," but more frequently in the thoroughly unreal style of pastoral poets who wrote for the amusement of courts. Crabbe was the first strict realist, and in "The Village" described the actual life of its half-starved inhabitants, the hopeless struggle of the peasants, and the misery of the work-house. He used the heroic couplet and the epigrammatic style of Pope. Byron pronounced him "Life's sternest painter and the best."

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough in Suffolk, in 1754. He became a surgeon, but not succeeding in his profession, went to London to try his fortune at literature. After many disappointments he obtained favor from Burke and published "The Library" in 1781. He then took orders in the Church, but soon published "The Village," which attracted general attention, and next "The Newspaper" (1785). These were all collections of poetical tales, carefully drawn pictures of English lower life. For twenty years Crabbe devoted himself entirely to parish work. Then he resumed his poetical descriptions, sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous, in "The Parish Register," "The Borough," and other volumes. In 1819 he issued his last work, "Tales of the Hall." This, dealing with lives of the upper classes, was less successful than his earlier tales. He died in 1832.

PHŒBE DAWSON.

Two summers since, I saw, at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there;
When Phœbe Dawson gayly cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd;

A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away;
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
  At length, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young,
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brush'd the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sigh'd, and look'd consent.
Now through the lane, up hill and cross the green—
Seen by but few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious and afraid—
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid;
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank, and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colored what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears;
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced Adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;

When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind.
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more,
Than his presumption had required before.
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
  Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms;
With water burden'd then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind, as strength the frame forsakes:
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
  And now her path, but not her peace, she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits;
In vain—they come, she feels the inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd.
The neighbor matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;

Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
  Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid;
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
  But who this child of weakness, want and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas Fair:
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart,
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:"—
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing, till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labors gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.

The Approach of Old Age.

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet. . . . .
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose,
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

LORD BYRON.

CONTRADICTORY readings may be taken of Byron's character and achievements, and each of them be largely true. That he owned true genius, brilliant and forceful, is indisputable, and yet he would trail it in the mire for the sake of a cynical laugh. No poet was moved by intenser passion for the good and the beautiful, and none so lightly prostituted it to baser ends. His heart beat ardently with generous, noble, and even self-sacrificing impulses; yet it could harden at will into adamantine selfishness, morose hatred of his species, expressed in brutish acts. Byron's poetry is Byron himself, thoroughly romantic, dazzlingly bright and beautiful when soaring free above the contaminations of the sodden camping ground, and proportionately morbid and miserable as he sinks by his own weight to that malarious level.

George Noel Gordon Byron was born in London in 1788. His profligate father, known as "Mad Jack Byron" of the Guards, after wasting his wife's fortune, deserted her, and died, leaving mother and child with only a small fixed income of about £120 a year. Mrs. Byron was a passionate creature, caressing the beautiful, little lame boy one moment, and beating him the next. At the age of ten Byron inherited his title from a grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, with the encumbered estate of Newstead Abbey. He went to Harrow and to Cambridge, but was, in both places, an idle and irregular student, refusing to pursue the usual studies of the college curriculum; but reading English literature and every history he could lay his hands on, in the intervals of riding, fencing, boxing, drinking, gaming and the like.

He scribbled verses while at Harrow, and in 1807 published a little book of mediocre poems called "Hours of Idleness." The *Edinburgh Review* scored this with a stinging criticism; and Byron dashed back, in an outburst of rage, his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Some notion of his violent young prejudices may be formed from the fact, that he speaks in it of Scott as a "hireling lord," of Coleridge, "to turgid ode and tumid stanza dear," and of "vulgar Wordsworth."

From his earliest years the poet had been passionate, affectionate and moody. He quarreled violently with his mother until her death—just after his return to England from his travels. In London he lived the life of a man about town, a poor lord, with "coffee-house companions," and perhaps three intimates—the poets Moore, Campbell and Rogers. At twenty-one he could hardly find any one to introduce him to the House of Lords, where he took his seat by right of birth. He was perhaps not worse than many young men of his age and rank; but solitary and forlorn, he was without home, without relations, almost without friends—a sort of social pariah.

In 1809 Byron, deeply wounded and despondent, left home and traveled through Spain, Albania, Greece, Turkey and Asia Minor. On his return he published the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and "awoke one morning to find himself famous." The success of this poem flashing, like a comet across the horizon, depended not more on the easy and sustained fluency of its descriptions, than on the fact of its picturing scenes and countries then almost unknown and unvisited. Besides which it contains the personal heartache of a mysterious young sufferer and outcast; and for Childe Harold the public easily read Childe Byron.

After the triumphant success of "Childe Harold," every door in England was thrown open to the noble author. He was courted by great men and good women. His genius dazzled; his pure, pale, melancholy, sculpturesque face won and endeared him; his sweet voice, and gentle manners, and graceful form—spite of a slight lameness—attracted every eye. He was courted, flattered, idolized; and pushed, breathlessly, by his admirers to the giddiest pinnacle of the Temple of Fame. During this period, amid all the frivolousness and hurry of fashionable life, Byron found time to pour forth some of his most matchless strains: "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina." One hero stalks through them all:

> "The man of loneliness and mystery,
> Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh."

Young England became enamored of light dark curls, a scowling brow, low rolling collars, and melancholy. Many gentle hearts yearned for the poet's love, and one, Lady Caroline Lamb's, is said to have been broken. This unhealthy dream lasted four years. Then Byron married Miss Milbanke, an heiress. A daughter was born, named Ada, whose son, Lord Lovelace, still lives in England. Lady Byron left her husband within a year, no one really knows why, though many vain guesses have been made. The wife told her physician she thought her husband mad. The world took sides, and Byron left England forever; his subsequent career justifying the worst suspicions of his worst enemies. He resided, for a little while, in Geneva, with Shelley, Mary Godwin, and her step-sister, Jane Clermont. The latter's child, Allegra, whose father was Lord Byron, was supported for some years by Shelley; as was its mother. The poor little waif died early. The poet passed on to Venice, and London believed that he had a harem there. In Ravenna he lived with the young and beautiful Countess Guiccioli. Her husband was separated from her; and, Italian fashion, the father and brother resided in one end of a great palace, with the daughter and her lover at the other. While in Ravenna, living in comparative tranquillity, Byron wrote several new works; among others, "Cain," "A Vision of Judgment," his dramas and the passionate, witty, original, and rakish "Don Juan." "Childe Harold" had been completed in Switzerland. There, too, he wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon."

By this time, at the age of thirty-six, he had exhausted everything; hope, of which he had but little store; fame, pleasure, most of his fortune; even the springs of his genius, the contemplation and expression of his own wounded self-love.

In 1823 he set sail for Greece, hoping to aid her in her struggle for independence; and he died of fever in Missolonghi, in 1824, disenchanted at the last; for "instead of patriotism he found fraud and confusion, a military mob, and contending chiefs." Byron's body was interred near Newstead Abbey, amid England's sobs of grief.

The poet's verse is forceful, splendid, glowing and sustained; but the enchantment of it, in his generation, lay in this: Byron had a romantic story to tell, and the world identified him with his one hero, posing under different names—Harold, Conrad, Lara, Manfred. "Every *replica* was received with acclamation; and in the full illumination of the nineteenth century the sham-heroic pirate chief was, to them, a revelation from heaven." Byron the poet had genius, fire, force, strength, ease and headlong passion. Byron the man had an aching heart that loved to make other hearts ache. He was without conscience, without shame, without a sense of responsibility to God and man. Much that he has written will always be admired and remembered; some of it will be pestilence-breeding to the end.

GREECE IN HER DECAY.

(From the "Giaour.")

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers),
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there:
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill changeless brow
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appalls the gazing mourner's heart,

As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye, one treacherous hour—
He still might doubt the tyrant's power:
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed.

Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth.
Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's shrine or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?

CHILLON.

ETERNAL spirit of the chainless mind!
  Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
  For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—
  To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
  Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
  And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
  Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
  For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE OCEAN.

(From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.")

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone,

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
And all this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

CHILDE HAROLD.

IN my youth's Summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind.
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards. In that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind
O'er which, all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life—where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion—joy or pain—
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar. It may be that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing,
Yet, though a heavy strain, to this I cling,
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem,
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

He who grown aged in this world of woe—
In deeds, not years—piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him; nor below
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image—even as I do now.
What am I?—Nothing: but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth
Invisible by gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings' dearth.

Yet I must think less wildly:—I *have* thought
  Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
  A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
  And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late!
  Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
  And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent Harold reappears at last;
  He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
  Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;
Yet time, who changes all, had altered him
  In soul and aspect as in age. Years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

THE SHIPWRECK.

(From "Don Juan.")

'TWAS twilight, and the sunless day went down
  Over the waste of waters: like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
  Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
  And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep. Twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar: and now Death was near. . . .

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
  And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars—
  For yet they strove, although of no great use:
There was no light in heaven but a few stars.
  The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews.
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port;
And, going down head foremost—sank, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
  Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;

Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
  As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her, like a hell;
  And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

At first one universal shriek there rushed,
  Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
  Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash
Of billows. But at intervals there gushed,
  Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

HAIDEE VISITS DON JUAN.

AND down the cliff the island virgin came,
  And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
  And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew,
Taking her for her sister; just the same
  Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
  All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept:
  And then she stopped and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
  And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
  Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
  As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
  Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket. . . .

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:
Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young;
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong.
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;
I learned the little that I know by this.

THE DEATH OF HAIDEE.

AFRIC is all the sun's, and as her earth,
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye showed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoon sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which he saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;

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CHARLES L. MÜLLER, PINX

THE INFATUATION OF HAIDEE

On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
  Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
And her head drooped as when the lily lies
  O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
  Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
  With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
  No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead:
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
  All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole . . .

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
  Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognized no being, and no spot,
  However dear or cherished in their day;
  They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
  Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
  The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
  On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
  Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin, wan fingers beat the wall
  In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
  Her recollection; on her flashed the dream

Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
  To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
  Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to show
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
  And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
  Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
  Shall sorrow light or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
  Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
  Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
  Its dwellings down, its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
  And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
  No one is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

MANFRED.

IN this dramatic poem the hero Manfred, though a mortal, has been able to enter the hall of Arimanes, where he is at first assailed by the spirits as an intruder. One of the Destinies, however, protects him and Nemesis asks the reason of his coming.

Nemesis. What doth he here then?
First Destiny. Let him answer that.
Manfred. Ye know what I have known; and without power
I could not be amongst ye: but there are

Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest
Of such, to answer unto what I seek.
Nem. What would'st thou?
Man. Thou canst not reply to me.
Call up the dead—my question is for them.
Nem. Great Arimanes, doth thy will avouch
The wishes of this mortal?
Arimanes. Yea.
Nem. Whom would'st thou uncharnel?
Man. One without a tomb—call up Astarte.
Nem. Shadow! or Spirit!
Whatever thou art,
Which still doth inherit
The whole or a part
Of the form of thy birth,
Of the mould of thy clay,
Which return'd to the earth,
Re-appear to the day!
Bear what thou borest,
The heart and the form,
And the aspect thou worest
Redeem from the worm.
Appear!—Appear!—Appear!
Who sent thee there requires thee here
[*The Phantom of* ASTARTE *rises and stands in the midst.*
Man. Can this be death? there's bloom upon her cheek;
But now I see it is no living hue,
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural red
Which autumn plants upon the perish'd leaf.
It is the same! Oh, God! that I should dread
To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—
Forgive me or condemn me.
Nem. By the power which hath broken
The grave which enthrall'd thee,
Speak to him who hath spoken,
Or those who have call'd thee!
Man. She is silent,
And in that silence I am more than answer'd.
Nem. My power extends no further. Prince of air!
It rests with thee alone—command her voice.

Ari. Spirit—obey this sceptre!
Nem. Silent still!
She is not of our order, but belongs
To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest is vain,
And we are baffled also.
Man. Hear me, hear me—
Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:
I have so much endured—so much endure—
Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me
Too much, as I loved thee: we were not made
To torture thus each other, though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear
This punishment for both—that thou wilt be
One of the blessed—and that I shall die;
For hitherto all hateful things conspire
To bind me in existence—in a life
Which makes me shrink from immortality—
A future like the past. I cannot rest.
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:
I feel but what thou art—and what I am;
And I would hear yet once before I perish
The voice which was my music—Speak to me!
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,
Which answer'd me—many things answer'd me—
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the stars,
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee.
Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the earth,
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me!
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me:
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say—
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—
This once—once more!
Phantom of Astarte. Manfred!
Man. Say on, say on—
I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

Phan. Manfred! To-morrow ends thy earthly ills.
Farewell!
Man. Yet one word more—am I forgiven?
Phan. Farewell!
Man. Say, shall we meet again?
Phan. Farewell!
Man. One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.
Phan. Manfred! [*The Spirit of* ASTARTE *disappears.*
Nem. She's gone, and will not be recall'd;
Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.
A Spirit. He is convulsed—This is to be a mortal
And seek the things beyond mortality.
Another Spirit. Yet, see, he mastereth himself, and makes
His torture tributary to his will.
Had he been one of us, he would have made
An awful spirit.
Nem. Hast thou further question
Of our great sovereign, or his worshippers?
Man. None.
Nem. Then for a time farewell.
Man. We meet then! Where? On the earth?—
Even as thou wilt: and for the grace accorded
I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well! [*Exit* MANFRED.

BYRON'S LAST LINES.

(On completing my thirty-sixth year.)

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move;
Yet though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone. . . .

But 'tis not *thus*, and 'tis not *here*,
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
  Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
  Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)—
  Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
  And then strike home!

Tread these reviving passions down,
  Unworthy manhood! Unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
  Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
  The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
  Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
  A soldier's grave for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground
  And take thy rest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THOUGH the heir of an ancient and wealthy house, Shelley was a rebel, a freethinker, a democrat, an atheist from boyhood, everything, indeed, that his family was not. When a pupil at Eton College the fagging system fretted and outraged him beyond endurance; and there he began his career of strife and indignant resistance against all existing law. He was expelled from Oxford for writing and publishing a tract on "The Necessity of Atheism." His father cast him off for a time; his sisters sent him pocket-money by a young schoolmate, named Harriet Westbrook, who fell in love with him. He was grateful, he was lonely, and he, not twenty, married her, not seventeen. Shelley's father allowed the young couple £200 a year, and on this sum they strayed through Scotland, Wales, and England in 1811.

Meanwhile Shelley became acquainted with William Godwin, author of "Political Justice," and welcomed a kindred soul, as much opposed to law as Shelley himself, particularly the law of marriage. His wife had been the gifted and unfortunate Mary Wollstonecraft, and the two were not legally wedded until just before the birth of a daughter. Godwin had married again, a widow, Mrs. Clermont, who also had a daughter, Jane Clermont. Mary Godwin, a fair, serious girl of seventeen, was unhappy with her stepmother, and when this beautiful youth, Shelley, put his hand in hers and told her that he loved her, she willingly responded. Their troth was plighted beside her mother's grave. In a short time Harriet Westbrook and her babies were deserted, and the lovers fled to Switzerland. The nightmare of the first elopement had been Eliza Westbrook, Harriet's sister, who wandered with the foolish young couple and tyrannized over them. The nightmare of the second elopement was Jane Clermont who, at Geneva, became Lord Byron's mistress, was deserted by him, and with her child, Allegra, lived on Shelley's bounty for some years. "Monk" Lewis joined the four lovers during this curious summer of 1816, and the whole party lived for several months a life of refined Bohemianism. While floating on Lake Leman, one night, the conversation turned, as it often did, on the mysterious and horrible. Under the spur of the moment each promised to write a tale of wonder, during the following year, for the diversion of the others. The only one who remembered the promise was Mary Godwin, who wrote one of the strangest romances in all literature, the incomparably horrible "Frankenstein." She was not yet eighteen.

In November, Harriet Westbrook drowned herself; some say because of her husband's desertion; some say because of an unfortunate love affair of her own. In six weeks Shelley married Mary Godwin, his father settling on him an allowance of £1000 a year. The Chief Justice refused him possession of his children, a boy and a girl, who continued to live with their grandfather Westbrook; and Shelley, in an excess of rage against all existing institutions, left England, with his wife, forever.

They wandered in Italy for some years, meeting Lord Byron again, and finally settled in Pisa. There the generous poet invited Leigh Hunt, his wife and children, to visit him. This was the fatal summer of 1821, and Shelley was only thirty years old. His own family was at Zarici, on the eastern Riviera; and he and his friend, Captain Williams, went to meet and welcome the strangers, and to settle them in his home in Pisa. They attempted to return, in their cockle-shell boat, across the Gulf of Spezia. A squall arose, the little vessel sank; the two were drowned; and, in a week's time, the sea cast up its dead. Byron, Hunt and Captain Trelawney burned Shelley's body with heathen rites and incense, and quenched the fire with wine. His ashes, placed in an urn, repose in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. Mrs. Shelley and her son returned to England. The latter, Sir Percy Shelley, became a typical British gentleman, conservative and order-loving, a partisan of Church and State.

"Shelley was song embodied. He poured forth miles of verse in order to force his wild politics and wilder morals upon the world, believing that this was his mission, to convince men that their God was a Fiend and their laws tyranny." His poetry is sublime, melodious, and enchanting; much of it too mystical and metaphysical for ordinary minds; minds that delight in Scott's stirring verse, and Byron's distinct utterance. "Alastor," "The Revolt of Islam," the gloomy "Cenci," the grand "Prometheus," are not for the crowd. But some of his minor utterances are music itself: "The Cloud," "The Skylark, "The Sensitive Plant," "Lines written in Dejection, near Naples," "Darts of Epipsychidion," and "The Desire of the Moth for the Star."

In spite of what Shelley said and wrote, and even the wrong he did, he was one of earth's rarest, purest spirits. He was slender and beautiful as a flower, romantic, generous, loving; feeding on bread and fruits; hating sensuality as he hated leprosy; loving mankind as he loved his own soul; and striving to free his race with a kind of useless, heroic madness. The best of his verse lives in the minds and hearts of those who, longing to relieve and release, believe that it can only be done by growth, and order, and law, and love.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
  Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
  Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
  In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
  Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
  In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
  With thy voice is loud;
As, when night is bare,
  From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
  What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
  Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody—

Like a poet hidden
  In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
  Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a highborn maiden
  In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
  Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
  In a dell of dew,

Scattering unbeholden
  Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
  In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
  Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
  On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
  All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach me, sprite or bird,
  What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
  Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
  Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
  But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
  Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
  What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thy own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
  Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
  Never came near thee;
Thou lovest; but ne er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
  Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
  Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

JOHN KEATS.

BYRON was a ruined peer, Shelley, the son of a wealthy father, the scion of a distinguished house; and Keats, the third in the triad of romantic poets of the early century, was poor and middle-class. Lord Houghton, his biographer, sums up his life in the following sentence: "The publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death, are the only incidents in his career." As a friend of Leigh Hunt's he became intimate with Hunt's associates, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Lamb. He tried to be a surgeon, and, revolted, by the horrors of the hospital of those days, when anæsthetics were unknown, he turned to his imagination for relief; and his imagination was Greek. From earliest boyhood, though he never studied Greek, he had fed on classic mythology and the tales of Homer, and when he began to write he fled for inspiration to ancient Greece.

His "Endymion" appeared in 1818, when Keats was only twenty-three years old. *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* attacked him with such brutality that when he died not long after, it was commonly supposed that the Reviewers had killed him. Byron says of him with cruel levity, that "he had let himself be snuffed out with an article." This is not correct. Keats went on his way with manly composure, and, for answer, straightway published another volume of verse.

What ailed him was a frail body, a too heroic soul, too burning genius, and a hopeless love affair. He was engaged to be married to Miss Fanny Brawne, whom he loved with a poet's frenzy, and yet did not quite trust her love. There was nothing ahead of him but poverty and struggle. There was consumption in his family; distressing pulmonary symptoms declared themselves, and his physicians ordered him south. With his friend Severn he sailed for Rome, lingered painfully for a few months, and died there in February, 1821, aged twenty-five years.

England found in spite of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* that she had lost something precious and unrivalled. Keats wrote but little: "Endymion," "St. Agnes' Eve," "Isabella," the fragment "Hyperion," "Ode to a Nightingale," "On a Grecian Vase," "Chapman's Homer," and a few others; including his last pitiful lines on shipboard, when watching, "Nature's Patient Sleepless Eremite," as he sailed away from all he loved. Some of his lines have a matchless grace, an immortal charm. His sad, short life, his melancholy death, his imperishable verse have endeared him to all lovers of the beautiful and true.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,
  Thou foster-child of science and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
  A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
  Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
  What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
  What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
  Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
  Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
  Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
  Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
  Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
  Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
  Forever piping songs forever new:
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
  Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
Forever panting, and forever young;
  All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
  A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
  To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Leadest thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
  And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea shore,
  Or mountain built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
  And, little town, thy streets forever more
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
  Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
  Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
  Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!
  When old age shall this generation waste,

Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt was born in Southgate, England, in 1784. His father, a clergyman, was the son of an English clergyman on the Island of Barbadoes, and was sent to the University of Pennsylvania to be educated. His mother was a Philadelphia woman. Leigh Hunt was brought up at the celebrated Christ Hospital, known as "Blue-coat School," and made famous by Lamb and Coleridge. Hunt was a Liberal in politics, and in 1808 he and his brother John assumed the editorship of a paper called *The Examiner*, which became noted for its political and literary independence. In 1813 it published a trivial satire on the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The gist of the offence seems to have been that the prince was called in it, "An Adonis of fifty, a dandy grown fat." For this impudence the two brothers were sentenced to two years' imprisonment in separate jails.

Leigh Hunt bore his confinement with cheerfulness and gayety; he turned his cell into a bower of loveliness and drew around him a group of admiring and influential friends—Byron, Moore, Brougham and others. Afterwards he became acquainted with many rising young men of the time, of liberal sympathies, among whom were Lamb, Shelley and Keats.

From first to last Leigh Hunt was a careless, wasteful man with a large family and an unthrifty wife. The key-note of his life was impecuniosity. He borrowed from every one he knew with the generous recklessness of one who would gladly give as much, if he had it to give. Shelley tried to pull him out of the slough with a present of £2000, but in vain. The crabbed Carlyle helped him constantly, after his own success was assured. Dickens caricatured him, as Harold Skimpole, in "Bleak House." Late in life he received an annuity from Mrs. Shelley and her son, and a pension from the government. The two sums combined gave him a comfortable old age. He died in 1859.

In 1816 Leigh Hunt published his longest poem, called "A Story of Rimini." In this he imitated the sprightly Italian style, forsook Pope's stilted epigrammatic couplets, and returned to the fresh versification of Chaucer. The poem, though tragic in character, is animated and delightful in spirit. One of his most striking poems is "Jaffar." The well known "Abou Ben Adhem" is meant as a description of Dickens. A graceful stanza dedicated to Mrs. Carlyle begins, "Jennie Kissed Me When We Met." The poet wrote an abundance of miscellaneous essays and criticisms: "A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla," "Men, Women and Books," and other prose; and an interesting "Autobiography," which gives criticisms and portraits of many of his contemporaries.

Leigh Hunt was a kindly, lovable man, full of vanity and weakness, and his books display his personal qualities. He wrote in a conversational style, and delighted to take his readers into his confidence.

FUNERAL OF THE LOVERS.

(From "A Story of Rimini.")

THE days were then at close of autumn still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;

There was a fitful moaning air abroad;
And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who from reverence kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour on hour went by, and naught was heard
But some chance horseman, or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper hour; and then 'twas said
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

DEATH.

DEATH is a road our dearest friends have gone:
Why, with such leaders, fear to say, "Lead on?"

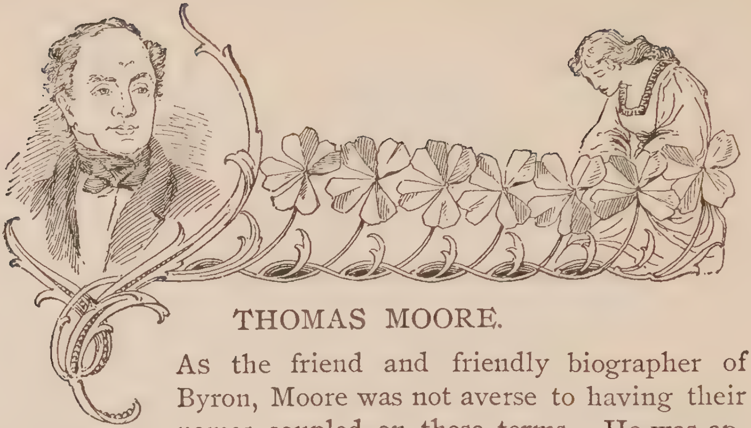
Its gate repels lest it too soon be tried,
But turns in balm on the immortal side.
Mothers have passed it; fathers, children, men
Whose like we look not to behold again;
Women that smiled away their loving breath;
Soft is the traveling on the road of Death!
But guilt has passed it!—men not fit to die!
Oh, hush—for He that made us all is by!
Human were all—all men, all born of mothers;
All our own selves in the worn-out shape of others.
Our *used*, and oh, be sure, not to be *ill*-used brothers.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace;
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

RONDEAU.

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in:
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kissed me.



THOMAS MOORE.

As the friend and friendly biographer of Byron, Moore was not averse to having their names coupled on these terms. He was apparently content with his flattering popularity as the associate with and the lively entertainer of eminent people and aristocratic persons. But he was a genuine song-writer and a poet, though not of the highest class. He was born in Dublin in 1779, distinguished himself in its University and published his *Anacreontics* in 1800, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. This social success in translations led to the publication of a book of original erotic verse entitled, "Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little," of which, when found out and convicted, he frankly said he was ashamed. His popularity gained him appointment to an office in the Bermudas, which enabled him to visit America, the result being a volume of "Odes and Epistles" in 1806. His "Irish Melodies" were and always will be extraordinarily popular in the best sense. To the ancient melodies, arranged by Sir John Stevenson, Moore wrote his charming verses. He afterwards did the same with the airs of other nations, but with less success.

In 1817 appeared "Lalla Rookh" (Tulip-cheeked), his principal poem. Though Moore had no personal knowledge of the East he managed by careful study to infuse the true oriental spirit into this romantic tale of the love pilgrimage of Emperor Aurungzebe's beautiful daughter. The entire poem is oppressively rich in gorgeous scenes and dazzling imagery, but has many passages of true poetical beauty, simple and striking. After this Moore visited Paris, and in his "Fudge Family in Paris" he satirized in pungent style the boorish manners of the English abroad. He did constant service in various departments of journalism, and published a number of clever books in prose and verse, which were collected into a uniform edition in 1842. His vivacious and well-stored mind gave way some years before his death in 1852.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH ! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingéd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE VALE OF CASHMERE.

(From "Lalla Rookh.")

WHO has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,
  With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear
  As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?
Oh! to see it at sunset—when warm o'er the Lake
  Its splendor at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride, full of blushes, when ling'ring to take
  A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,
  Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells
  Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.
Or to see it by moonlight—when mellowly shines
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;
When the water-falls gleam; like a quick fall of stars,
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet—
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,
From his Haram of night-flowers stealing away;
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,
  And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,
  Sublime, from that Valley of Bliss to the world!

THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

(From "The Epicurean.")

ALCIPHRON, a young Athenian, being chosen chief of the Epicureans, in 257 A.D., went to Egypt to learn wisdom from the priests. By some strange adventures he became acquainted with Alethe, who though brought up as a priestess of Isis, was really a Christian, imperfectly taught.

The rising of the Moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honors that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had she risen upon a scene more beautiful. Memphis—still grand, though no longer the unrivaled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through so many centuries,—now softened by the moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like a dream of glory that was soon to pass away. Ruin, even now, was but too visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert gained upon her like a sea; and, among solitary columns and sphinxes, she was already half sunk from sight. Time seemed to stand waiting, till all, that now flourished around, should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

On the waters all was life and gaiety. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen, studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of all kinds, —from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts to the large yacht that glides to the sound of flutes,—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the scene.

As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble shone out from the dark sycamores around them, in a short time reached the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated color of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted,—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

Their long graceful drapery was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the rounded bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandlet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with little silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile,—that flower being accounted as welcome to the moon, as the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some by the shrill ring of the sistrum,—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my attention. I knew not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features—a charm in the very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty, —which took me more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was my fancy by this coy mys-

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EDWIN LONG, PINX

ALETHE, THE PRIESTESS OF ISIS

tery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of—her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided round the altar, gently and aerially, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard;—the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were borne together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then,—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and, as suddenly, let fall their lids again,—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so far. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being;—and had that vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, stood motionless as an image, expanded his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed,—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it;—but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain I tried to follow;—the aisles were already filled.

and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the Temple prevented all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the object of my search. But it was all in vain ;—in every direction, files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I see her, whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time,—bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me,—till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore and flung myself into the boat.

CHARLES LAMB.

In the history of English literature there is no more gentle or lovable spirit than Charles Lamb. His life was a tragedy relieved only by his own genial humor. His style was born of a quaint and original character, and he stamped upon all that he wrote the vivid impression of his own rare individuality. He was the son of a lawyer's clerk in the Inner Temple, and was born in London in 1775. He was educated as a blue-coat charity boy in the famous school of Christ Hospital, where he had Coleridge as a companion. In 1792, he obtained a position in the accountant's office of the East India Company, with whom he remained in a clerical position for thirty-five years, when he was retired upon a pension ample for his simple needs. While his public life was uneventful his private life was altered and saddened by a frightful calamity. His well-loved sister Mary stabbed her own mother to death during an outbreak of insanity. This occurred in 1796. For a time Mary was confined to an asylum, but the fit passing off, she was released on her brother giving a solemn promise to watch over her during life. How faithfully he kept this promise has become a matter of literary history. For the sake of his sister, Lamb gave up the brighter prospects of life, and abandoned, it is thought, a love which he had conceived for a young lady who is apparently alluded to in his essays under the designation of Alice W.

The history of the long association between brother and sister, broken from time to time by fresh outbreaks of the fatal malady, is one of the most touching things in fact or fiction. She was never allowed to know the dreadful act she had committed. Even after Lamb's death, his friend Talfourd wrote his biography without mentioning the fact, but after her death made the necessary additions and corrections.

Lamb began his literary career in 1797 as a poet in conjunction with his friends, Coleridge and Lloyd, their three names appearing conjointly on a volume of poems. His poems are rather evidences of a fine poetic sensibility than achievements of poetic power. His reputation must always rest upon his immortal "Essays of Elia." These originally appeared in the *London Magazine*, and were reprinted in 1823. They are marvels of terseness of treatment and nicety of expression. They combine acuteness of observation with a quaintness derived from old English writers. His other works are "Rosamond Grey," a tale, "John Woodvill," a tragedy; "Tales from Shakespeare," and "The Adventures of Ulysses." In the preparation of the two latter books, which were intended for children, he was assisted by his sister Mary. Readers of the English dramatists are indebted to him for rescuing from neglect dramatic writers of the Shakespearean age in his admirable work, "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare, with Notes, &c."

Lamb died in 1834; his sister survived until 1847. The special characteristic of his mind was humor, and his distinguishing taste was for the old and quaint in places, books and men. His puns were confined to his talk and his letters.

SCOTCHMEN.

(From "Imperfect Sympathies," in the "Essays of Elia.")

I HAVE been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and, in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight.

There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely.

The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. "A healthy book?" said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to "John Buncle,"—"did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book."

Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr.——. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" (so he was pleased to say), "but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions." The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him. Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love for truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way) that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that "that was impossible, because he was dead." An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive.

The tediousness of these people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another? In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your "imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses;" and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him. Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven, for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis. Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with *his* continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

MRS. BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST.

"A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She sate bold upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that hearts was her favorite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards over a book.

Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavor.
A month or more she hath been dead,

Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
  And her together.
A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
  That flushed her spirit.
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
  She did inherit.
Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
  Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
  Ye could not Hester.
My sprightly neighbor! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
  Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
  A sweet fore-warning?

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
  All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
  All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
  All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
  Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

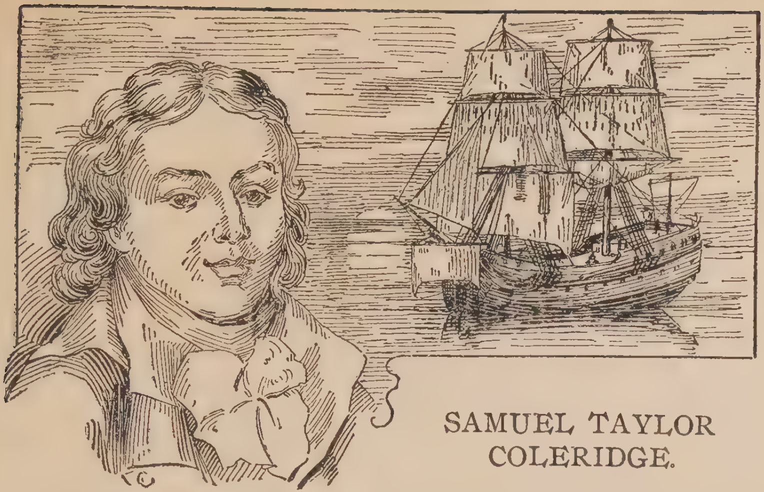
Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
  Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
  So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
  All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

The Family Name.

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch illusions of his fellow-swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorred
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took His meek title, in whose zeal he burned.
Whate'er the font whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Eminent above most as poet, literary expounder, philosopher, and converser, Coleridge is greatest as an influence. It welled from everything he produced, and how potent and widespread that influence has been can only be understood after a thoughtful survey of the higher literature and oral teaching since his day. Born in 1772, he was a schoolmate of Charles Lamb in the Charterhouse, thence he went to Cambridge, to study everything, from the political pamphlets of Burke to the Greek classics. His adoption of Unitarian doctrine and sundry pecuniary worries led to college troubles which he solved by suddenly enlisting in the army. Bought out by some friends, he returned to the university, but left without graduating in 1794. Then it was that his friend Southey espoused his fantastic "pantisocracy" scheme, which was to found an earthly paradise on the banks of the Susquehanna, which was selected in blank ignorance of everything except the melodious charm of its name. When in a few months the fairy bubble burst, the pair of poet-souls married sisters, Southey keeping it secret until he returned from foreign travel, Coleridge settling down to domestic life near Bristol. He lectured, with scant success, published "Addresses to the People," on political topics, strongly radical in sentiment, and had hard work to earn a living. A chance meeting with Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy proved the beginning of a life-long friendship. Together they issued the famous volume of "Lyrical Ballads," 1798, from which their own fame dates. Coleridge's sole, but sufficient contribution to this book was "The Ancient Mariner."

Coleridge had meantime become a Unitarian preacher, unappreciated by congregations, had issued "Juvenile Poems," and started a paper, *The Watchman*, which died in two months. The success of the "Ballads" and the annuity conferred on him by admiring friends enabled him to spend a year in Germany. On his return he published his translation of Schiller's "Wallenstein" and took up his abode in the house of Southey. His revolutionary sentiments were exchanged for ardent loyalty, and his Unitarianism for the orthodox faith. Twenty-seven numbers of his new periodical, *The Friend*, were brought out at this time, and his lectures on Shakespeare and other subjects made a deep impression.

But Coleridge had succumbed to the charm of opium, and its terrible traces are seen in the "Ode to Dejection" and other poems and essays. Physically its influence was deplorable. Painful domestic troubles and alienations of friendship followed the rest of his life. Southey generously housed his family, from whom he was finally estranged. From 1816, till his death in 1834, he lived as the guest of Dr. Gillman at Highgate, London, where he was the high priest, if not the divinity, of a devoted band who gathered to hear his marvellous conversation. It was monologue rather than talk, as the anecdote indicates. Coleridge asked Lamb, "Have you ever heard me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else!" was Lamb's reply. In his later years Coleridge issued his best prose book, the "Aids to Reflection," with other philosophical writings of exceptional worth. In his lectures on Shakespeare he brought the full force and depth of the poet's genius before the public mind as no other English commentator had done. In short, Coleridge had become a mighty influence upon the most thoughtful of his countrymen.

As a critic of poetry he holds the sceptre by common consent, having fixed canons of appreciation which were not recognized until he codified them. His own work rises in its best examples to the criterion he established. Imagination soars to lofty heights as melodiously as the song flight of the lark "from sullen earth arising" to "sing hymns at heaven's gate." Swinburne, gifted with rare powers of expression, unqualifiedly pronounces "The Ancient Mariner" "the most wonderful of all poems," as Wordsworth, and others in after years, declared Coleridge to be "the most wonderful man," in respect of thoughts conveyed in magical speech, they had ever met. The strange wild melody and uncanny fascination of this poem place it on a pedestal all its own in literature. "Christabel" is another incomparable monument of genius and art, meaningless but enthralling, only an incomplete beginning, yet sublimer for all that it leaves in the vague. The "Ode to France," an apostrophe to liberty, and "Ode to the New Year," rank with the better known odes of Dryden, Collins, and Gray. The unevenness of Coleridge's work and his small poetic output are explained by his long struggle with poverty, and a still sadder malady. Yet, mystic philosopher, though he was, he has contributed to lyric verse one of the purest love songs in the language, "Genevieve."

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THE ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound;

At length did cross an Albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist of cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross.

The sun now rose upon the right;
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, and sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burned green and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse.
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray:
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

GENEVIEVE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
    And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour
When midway on the mount I lay,
    Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
    My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
    Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
    The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
    That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With down-cast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
    But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined, and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace,
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

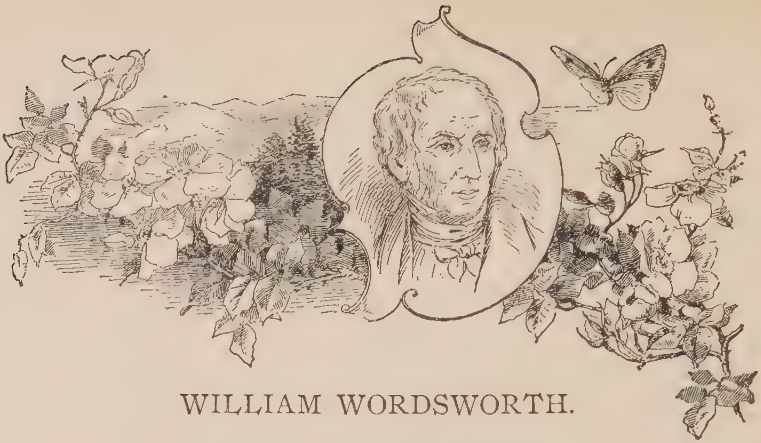
I calmed her fears; and she was calm;
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a breeze mid blossoms straying
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying

With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah woeful *when!*
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er airy cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide,—
Naught cared this body for wind or weather,
When youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
Oh the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woeful *ere!*
Which tells me Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone;
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd,
And thou wert aye a masquer bold;
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought; so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

In his outward placid life of eighty years Wordsworth experienced all the pangs of hope deferred, of cold criticism, and ridicule, that have beforetime soured when they failed to break the hearts of susceptible poets. For many years, he told a friend, his poetry did not bring in enough money to buy shoestrings. His first earnings were £100 for the "Lyrical Ballads," containing also Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." This was in 1800, when he was thirty, and his pen produced nothing for the next thirty-five years, when his copyrights were bought for £1,000. His literary success was little more cheering than the commercial. Even to-day, half a century after his death, his place among the immortals is discussed as an open question. Yet in this is proof of his sure title, for mediocrity never retains the enthusiastic devotion of able minds to the second generation. Wordsworth's evolution as a poet is traceable in three periods or phases: the first produced the "Lyrical Ballads" and other poems in his simpler vein; the second, from 1820 to 1830, his middle period, placed before the public his theory of poetry with examples for their verdict; and the third period, 1830 to 1840, gradually vindicated his stand and brought him honors. To judge particular poems without reference to their date and the phase through which the author's mind was passing, is to miss a rightful appreciation and probably do injustice to the poet.

Wordsworth was born in the Lake country of Northern England in 1770, and was graduated at Cambridge. He shared the boyish enthusiasm of the French Revolution with his friends Coleridge and Southey. With a small patrimony, eked out by a legacy, he and his devoted sister Dorothy lived for eight uneventful years. He married in 1802, and when their family increased the poet was, in 1813, appointed stamp-distributor of his county at a salary of £500. Two years later he published "The White Roe of Rylstone," which he had written eight years before, and a collected edition of his poems. The *Edinburgh Review* poured contempt upon Wordsworth, calling "The White Doe" the worst poem ever written, in which apparently sweeping condemnation may be perceived the admission that a poem it was, for all its faults. He rashly challenged his critics by publishing two poems written in his earlier style and period, "Peter Bell," dating from 1798, and "The Wagoner," written in 1805. When made public in 1819, these received the same fierce ridicule as that which assailed his share of the "Lyrical Ballads." These trivialities were followed by several poems conceived in loftier spirit and penned to nobler measures. The "Laodamia," the "Vernal Ode," the "Intimations of Immortality," the lines on "Tintern Abbey," and the rest, have long taken a place of honor among the permanent triumphs of poetry. When the deaths of Scott and Byron freed the public from the spell they had bound it with, second thoughts asserted their right of revision, and Wordsworth's exalted and serene genius began to be perceived. Coleridge had cleared the air, not always to the advantage of his friend's crudities, but certainly to the gain of the reflective poems and their reflective readers. So sure, though slow, was the growth of his fame that when Southey died, the laureateship was conferred on Wordsworth, in 1844. He wrote but one official ode, three years before his death in 1850.

As the devotee and esoteric interpreter of nature, intent on uttering its inspirations in a language appropriately simple, Wordsworth brought to his task a profound sympathy and ample imagination. He deliberately set himself to defy the artificial poetic diction and affected style of eighteenth century verse. In his ardor for a return to the natural, he overdid his purpose, as seen in the badly prosaical ballads and some of the poems. This rigid attitude is abandoned, as if in proud triumph over critics who doubted his powers, in the splendid cluster of the poems by which his fame will be borne. He wrote too much for his good; but even in the dreariest pieces, of which there are not a few, there are unexpected pearls of thought and memorable couplets. Among the sonnets which he composed too easily are some of the noblest in literature, and they embody the noblest thoughts. As a meditative poet Wordsworth has no superior in his calm vein, and from his descriptive passages can be culled examples of the greatest power and beauty. When admirers and detractors agree in a general estimate, which rises at its highest to Milton, and falls no lower than Cowper, the shade of Wordsworth may enjoy tranquil content.

A PORTRAIT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.
I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler 'twixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,

Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

LAODAMIA.

IN response to the prayers of Laodamia, the spirit of her husband Protesilaus was permitted to visit her. He was the first of the Achaians slain at the siege of Troy.

"PEACE!" he said.
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love: such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strifes to heal—
The Past unsighed for, and the Future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. "Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

"And while my youthful peers before my sight
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports; or, seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained—

"The wished-for wind was given. I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That of a thousand vessels mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife:
On thee too fondly would my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we had trod; these fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry—
'Behold, they tremble! haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die!'—
In soul I swept the indignity away.
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

"And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below,
The Invisible World with thee hath sympathized:
Be thy affections raised and solemnized.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend,
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That Self might be annulled; her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love!"

Aloud she shrieked; for Hermes re-appears,
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis vain!
he hours are passed—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain.
Swift towards the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way;
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes.
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art!
A wedding or a festival,

A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage,
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hopes still fluttering in his breast:—
    Not for these I raise
    The song of thanks and praise;
    But for those obstinate questionings
    Of sense and outward things,
    Fallings from us, vanishings;
    Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
    But for those first affections
    Those shadowy recollections,
    Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake
      To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
      Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
    Hence in a season of calm weather
    Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
    Which brought us hither,
    Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound:
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;

The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow, a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairyland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet: whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

The World is Too Much with Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

London.

(Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802.)

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep,
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SOUTHEY was one of the Poets Laureate, but his title to remembrance is rather to be found in the rambling prose work which he never acknowledged publicly—"The Doctor." He was born in 1774. Though destined to be a book-man, he made but sorry progress in his college career at Oxford. The influence of Coleridge on his romantic temperament at the critical age of twenty-one, and his secret marriage at that time, were not calculated to steady his mind to practical aims. Their wild "pantisocracy" for establishing a second Eden on the banks of the Susquehanna river, served to bring the two apostles daily bread during their tour of lecturing. Then Southey settled down to domestic life, in 1803, in the house famed as Greta Hall, headquarters of the English Lake School of poets and poetry.

Southey's literary industry was unflagging and versatile; he tried every sort of writing, made a high average in prose, and a low one—measured by later poetic standards—in verse. It was his fatal facility with his pen which blinded him to the necessity of cultivating his art. His early epics and other poems ("Wat Tyler" was published in his twentieth year) have no properly constructed plot or form. His training and bias crystallized his new-fledged unreasoning Toryism which, while it prejudiced his work, brought him substantial profit, as he was made poet laureate in 1813. The remaining thirty years of his life were spent in his Keswick home, in which vicissitude and sorrow never ceased to lodge. With literary success came many literary woes, political quarrels, and trials of friendship. His first wife lost her reason, his children died. He lived the life of a solitary, with his much-loved books, of which he had gathered fourteen thousand, a vast library for those days. In 1839 he married the poetess Caroline Bowles, but that same year saw the beginning of his own mental decay, which ended with his death in 1844.

His epics, "Joan of Arc," "Madoc," and "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," are now unread. Even the "Curse of Kehama," and "Thalaba, the Destroyer," hardly survive by virtue of occasional gleams of poetic fire in flights of brilliant fancy. These poems abound, as do his prose writings, in wealth of old-world lore and weird glimpses into the supernatural, but they lack the human interest, without which poetry is little else than mechanical form. His duties as laureate weighed heavily on Southey, exaggerating his faith in the divine right into something like deification of his sovereign master, George III. Allowance may, perhaps, be made for the incessant strain of domestic trouble upon weakening mental powers. Few prose authors, and no poet, before or since, have printed so many prose works as the industrious and inexhaustible Southey. His "Common-Place Book" has furnished learning, quaint fancies, and outlandish facts for an army of ambitious authors, who shine in borrowed plumage. The same may be said of his "Book of the Church," and that whimsical mine of true ore, "The Doctor." His "Life of Nelson" deserves its eminence as a model narrative, instinct with the spirit of patriotism. His biographies of John Wesley and William Cowper exhibit the same sterling qualities, though the subjects appeal to smaller audiences than find excitement in the adventures of the great sailor-warrior. Among Southey's biographies those of Bunyan and Cromwell have interest as studies from an unsympathetic point of view. His own unique character is best appreciated by a glance at his "Letters," posthumously published.

My Books.

My days among the dead are past:
  Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
  The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
  And seek relief in woe;
And, while I understand and feel
  How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
  I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
  Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
  My place with them will be;
And I with them shall travel on
  Through all futurity,
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
    The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
    Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen,
    Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
    Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

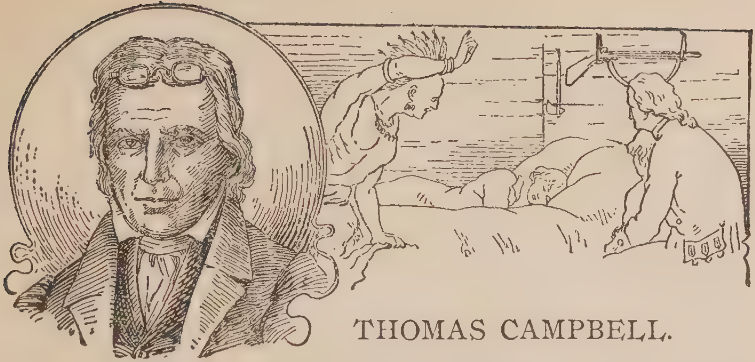
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
    And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
    Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,—
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,—
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude,—
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth (as youth is apt, I know)
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly-leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,—
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?—

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem, among the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ONLY by his shorter poems is Campbell now remembered, though his "Pleasures of Hope" lingered long in general esteem. Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow in 1777, and was educated in the Universities of his native city and of Edinburgh. His "Pleasures of Hope" was published when he was but twenty-one years of age, and had an immediate success. In 1801 the poet visited Germany and witnessed the effects of the war then raging in Bavaria. One result was his best known poem, "Hohenlinden," which was composed immediately after the battle it depicts. In 1803 Campbell settled in London, devoting himself entirely to literature. Among his best poems are "The Battle of the Baltic," "Lochiel's Warning," "The Soldier's Dream," "The Exile of Erin," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter." His longer and more sustained efforts such as "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Theodoric," and "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," are now seldom read. The force and fire of his lyrics are lost in the tedious narratives of his later years.

Campbell was for years editor of Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, and besides his poems he published "Specimens of the English Poets," and some biographical and critical works. He was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University in 1827. He died in 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!

Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As you sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene,
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.—
"Hearts of oak," our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom;—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light:
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou,
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE "Song of the Shirt" strikes the sympathetic chord the instant it is named. Its pathos fitted the poet himself as closely as the seamstress. Hood's short life was a stitching of literary fabrics "from wearisome morn till night," from his delicate youth to the deathbed on which he slaved for bread to the very last. Born in 1798 and trained for business, he took to literature for his living before his twenty-fifth year. His bent for drawing was not cultivated beyond what sufficed to make his illustrations of his text more comical by their badness in art. He came on the scene too early to reap the fortunes now showered on humorists, poets, and illustrators with one-tenth his genius. His health was worse than precarious, his whole life an unbroken struggle with poverty and suffering. Few literary toilers produced so much that was so uniquely good and so various. Among his least ambitious pieces are scattered many gems of poetic beauty, fairy fancies, and superabundant puns. As a poet Hood must always rank with the sweet singers whose tones kindle responsive strains of sympathy. He possessed art, and of no inferior kind, but his greatness was of the heart. Suffering as he was with consumptive coughs, yet compelled to keep grinding out the ludicrous "Whims and Oddities" that kept the outer public on the laugh, his true voice, where it got rare chances to speak in poetry, was always full of good cheer for fellow-sufferers. His daughter records that while all England was enjoying the wit and comicality of his "Annual," the pale wife and wistful children dreaded to look at the printed pages until the lapse of years had softened the sad recollections of their misery while he was producing these seemingly merry spontaneities. His versatility has not been duly appreciated. He is a poet of the good, the true, and the beautiful, a genuine sentimentalist, a tragic poet, a gentle humorist, an effective wit, and a punster of absolute genius. Too much of his work was ephemeral, and part trivial, yet enough remains of solid artistic and moral worth to give him lasting fame. He died in 1845 of bodily but not mental exhaustion.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence:
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,

With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:

Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast.

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THE DEATH-BED.

WE watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—

We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work!—work!—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags,—
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand

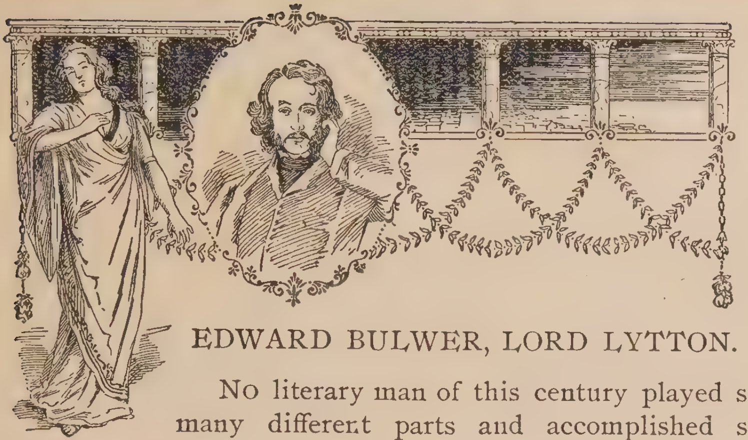
"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one sweet hour
To feel as I used to feel,

Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But, in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt."



EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

No literary man of this century played so many different parts and accomplished so much with such general success as he who is still popularly known as Bulwer, though fortune since changed his name to Bulwer-Lytton, and afterwards gave him the title Baron Lytton. He belonged to a distinguished family, being the son of General Bulwer, and was born in 1805. But he was carefully trained by his mother, whose name Lytton he assumed in 1843. He lisped in numbers, writing ballads at the age of seven, and publishing a volume of poems at fifteen. In his fifty years of mature life he emulated many great writers of fiction and invented styles of his own. He first attracted attention (in "Pelham") as a brilliant depicter of the gayeties and dissipations of English society, then (in "Paul Clifford") as a melodramatic chronicler of a highwayman's career, anon (in "Rienzi," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Calderon," "Harold," "The Last of the Barons") as a remarkably accurate presenter of historical romance, ancient and modern, then (in "Ernest Maltravers") as an analyst of social problems, again (in "The Caxtons," "My Novel," etc.), as a skillful adapter of Sterne's method to the circumstances of a later period, later (in "The Coming Race") as the author of a fantastic predictive view of the tendencies of modern civilization, and finally (in "The Parisians" and "Kenelm Chillingly)" as an exhibitor of the effect of French and English institutions on their respective people. In the early stages of his career he was ridiculed and satirized for his pompous style and aristocratic affectations, yet by perseverance and generous ambition he won the esteem and friendship of Thackeray and Tennyson and other hostile critics.

Bulwer wrote some fine poems and made excellent poetic translations from Schiller and Horace. In the difficult and uncertain field of the drama his success was beyond dispute, and his three best plays yet keep the stage. He failed, however, where he had felt most sure of triumph, in his romantic epic, "King Arthur." Throughout his life he wrote much on the theory of art, poetry and fiction, and exemplified his deductions and principles in various works. His unwearied powers were also seen in historical disquisitions, the discussions of public questions, and in literary essays. But this prolific student and writer was also a man of fashion, an active politician, an industrious member of parliament, and holder of public office. In spite of these distractions, he constantly returned to his favorite occupation as a novelist and had the gratification to find that his latest works, when published anonymously, excited sensation and obtained popular favor.

The great misfortune of his private life was his quarrel with his wife, a clever, high-tempered Irish woman. She insisted on making the disagreement as public as possible, attacking him with tongue and pen, and making speeches against him at the polling-booths when he was a candidate. Manfully he bore all in silence, and retained the regard of those who knew him best. He died in January, 1873.

While Lytton's lifelong success in literature is astonishing, it has not proved so permanent as might have been expected. His novels are, after all, perhaps too much modified by his theories of what they should teach, and his prodigious invention is reduced to furnishing examples of supposed rules. Throughout them all, instead of allowing the characters to reveal themselves in action and speech, he describes their feelings and thoughts. His style is somewhat affected, rhetorical to excess and lent itself to imitation and burlesque. In spite of his remarkable inventiveness he did not give his work that individuality which marks the productions of the greatest writers. Yet his works even to the last abounded in original ideas, exhibited brilliant invention, and noble sentiment, with considerable variety of portraiture.

GLAUCUS SENDS NYDIA TO IONE.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

GLAUCUS was interrupted by the entrance of Nydia. She came with her light, though cautious step, along the marble tablinum. She passed the portico, and paused at the flowers which bordered the garden. She had her water-vase in her hand, and she sprinkled the thirsting plants, which seemed to brighten at her approach. She bent to inhale their odor. She touched them timidly and caressingly. She felt along their stems, if any withered leaf or creeping insect marred their beauty. And as she hovered from flower to flower, with her earnest and youthful countenance and graceful motions, you could not have imagined a fitter handmaid for the goddess of the garden.

"Nydia, my child!" said Glaucus.

At the sound of his voice she paused at once—listening, blushing, breathless; with her lips parted, her face upturned to catch the direction of the sound, she laid down the vase—she hastened to him; and wonderful it was to see how unerringly she threaded her dark way through the flowers, and came by the shortest path to the side of her new lord.

"Nydia," said Glaucus, tenderly stroking back her long and beautiful hair, "it is now three days since thou hast been under the protection of my household gods. Have they smiled on thee? Art thou happy?"

"Ah! so happy," sighed the slave.

"And now," continued Glaucus, "that thou hast recovered somewhat from the hateful recollections of thy former state—and now that they have fitted thee (touching her broidered tunic) with garments more meet for thy delicate shape—and now, sweet child, that thou hast accustomed thyself to a happiness, which may the gods grant thee ever! I am about to pray at thy hands a boon."

"Oh! what can I do for thee?" said Nydia, clasping her hands.

"Listen," said Glaucus, "and young as thou art, thou shalt be my confidant. Hast thou ever heard the name of Ione?"

The blind girl gasped for breath, and turning pale as one of the statues which shone upon them from the peristyle, she answered with an effort, and after a moment's pause:

"Yes! I have heard that she is of Neapolis, and beautiful."

"Beautiful! her beauty is a thing to dazzle the day. Neapolis! nay, she is Greek by origin; Greece only could furnish forth such shapes. Nydia, I love her!"

"I thought so," replied Nydia, calmly.

"I love, and thou shalt tell her so. I am about to send thee to her. Happy Nydia, thou wilt be in her chamber—thou wilt drink the music of her voice—thou wilt bask in the sunny air of her presence."

"What! what! wilt thou send me from thee?"

"Thou wilt go to Ione," answered Glaucus in a tone that said, "What more canst thou desire?"

Nydia burst into tears.

Glaucus, raising himself, drew her toward him with the soothing caresses of a brother.

"My child, my Nydia, thou weepest in ignorance of the happiness I bestow on thee. She is gentle, and kind, and soft as the breeze of spring. She will be a sister to thy youth—she will appreciate thy winning talents—she will love thy simple graces as none other could, for they are like her own. Weepest thou still, fond fool? I will not force thee, sweet. Wilt thou not do for me this kindness?"

"Well, if I can serve thee, command. See, I weep no longer—I am calm."

"That is my own Nydia," continued Glaucus, kissing her hand. "Go, then, to her: if thou art disappointed in her kindness, if I have deceived thee, return when thou wilt. I do not *give* thee to another; I but lend. My home shall ever be thy refuge, sweet one. Ah! would it could shelter all the friendless and distressed! But if my heart whispers truly, I shall claim thee again soon, my child. My home and Ione's will become the same, and thou shalt dwell with both."

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A. SAVINI, PINX

THE BLIND NYDIA WEAVES A WREATH FOR GLAUCUS

A shiver passed through the slight frame of the blind girl, but she wept no more—she was resigned.

"Go, then, my Nydia, to Ione's house—they shall show thee the way. Take her the fairest flowers thou canst pluck; the vase which contains them I will give thee; thou must excuse its unworthiness. Thou shalt take, too, with thee the lute that I gave thee yesterday, and from which thou knowest so well to awaken the charming spirit. Thou shalt give her also this letter, in which, after a hundred efforts, I have embodied something of my thoughts. Let thy ear catch every accent—every modulation of her voice—and tell me, when we meet again, if its music should flatter me or discourage. It is now, Nydia, some days since I have been admitted to Ione; there is something mysterious in this exclusion. I am distracted with doubts and fears; learn—for thou art quick, and thy care for me will sharpen tenfold thy acuteness—learn the cause of this unkindness; speak of me as often as thou canst; let my name come ever to thy lips; *insinuate* how I love rather than *proclaim* it; watch if she sighs whilst thou speakest, if she answers thee; or, if she approves, in what accents she approves. Be my friend, plead for me; and oh! how vastly wilt thou overpay the little I have done for thee! Thou comprehendest, Nydia; thou art yet a child—have I said more than thou canst understand?"

"No."

"And thou wilt serve me?"

"Yes."

"Come to me when thou hast gathered the flowers, and I will give thee the vase I speak of; seek me in the chamber of Leda. Pretty one, thou dost not grieve now?"

"Glaucus, I am a slave; what business have I with grief or joy?"

"Sayest thou so? No, Nydia, be free. I give thee freedom; enjoy it as thou wilt, and pardon me that I reckoned on thy desire to serve me."

"You are offended. Oh! I would not, for that which no freedom can give, offend you, Glaucus. My guardian, my saviour, my protector, forgive the poor blind girl! She does not grieve even in leaving thee, if she can aid thy happiness."

"May the gods bless this grateful heart!" said Glaucus, greatly moved; and, unconscious of the fires he excited, he repeatedly kissed her forehead.

"Thou forgivest me," said she, "and thou wilt talk no more of freedom; my happiness is to be thy slave; thou hast promised thou wilt not give me to another——"

"I have promised."

"And now, then, I will gather the flowers."

Silently Nydia took from the hand of Glaucus the costly and jeweled vase, in which the flowers vied with each other in hue and fragrance; tearlessly she received his parting admonition. She paused for a moment when his voice ceased—she did not trust herself to reply—she sought his hand—she raised it to her lips, dropped her veil over her face, and passed at once from his presence. She paused again as she reached the threshold; she stretched her hands toward it and murmured:

"Three happy days—days of unspeakable delight, have I known since I passed thee, blessed threshold! may peace dwell ever with thee when I am gone! And now, my heart tears itself from thee, and the only sound it utters bids me—die!"

A slave entered the chamber of Ione. A messenger from Glaucus desired to be admitted.

Ione hesitated an instant.

"She is blind, that messenger," said the slave; "she will do her commission to none but thee."

Base is that heart which does not respect affliction! The moment she heard the messenger was blind, Ione felt the impossibility of returning a chilling reply. Glaucus had chosen a herald that was indeed sacred—a herald that could not be denied.

"What can he want with me? what message can he send?" and the heart of Ione beat quick. The curtain across the door was withdrawn; a soft and echoless step fell upon the marble, and Nydia, led by one of the attendants, entered with her precious gift.

She stood still a moment, as if listening for some sound that might direct her.

"Will the noble Ione," said she, in a soft and low voice, "deign to speak, that I may know whither to steer these benighted steps, and that I may lay my offerings at her feet?"

"Fair child," said Ione, touched and soothingly, "give not thyself the pain to cross these slippery floors; my attendant will bring to me what thou hast to present," and she motioned to the handmaid to take the vase.

"I may give these flowers to none but thee," answered Nydia, and, guided by her ear, she walked slowly to the place where Ione sat, and kneeling when she came before her proffered the vase.

Ione took it from her hand and placed it on the table at her side. She then raised her gently and would have seated her on the couch, but the girl modestly resisted.

"I have not yet discharged my office," said she, and she drew the letter of Glaucus from her vest. "This will, perhaps, explain why he who sent me chose so unworthy a messenger to Ione."

"The Neapolitan took the letter with a hand, the trembling of which Nydia at once felt and sighed to feel. With folded arms and downcast looks she stood before the proud and stately form of Ione—no less proud, perhaps, in her attitude of submission. Ione waved her hand and the attendants withdrew; she gazed again upon the form of the young slave in surprise and beautiful compassion; then, retiring a little from her, she opened and read the letter. . . . .

It seemed to Ione, as she read the letter, as if a mist had fallen from her eyes. What had been the supposed offence of Glaucus—that he had not really loved! And now, plainly, and in no dubious terms, he confessed that love. From that moment his power was fully restored. At every tender word in that letter, so full of romantic and trustful passion, her heart smote her. And had she doubted his faith, and had she believed another? and had she not, at least, allowed to him the culprit's right to know his crime, to plead in his defense?—the tears rolled down her cheeks—she kissed the letter—she placed it in her bosom; and, turning to Nydia, who stood in the same place and in the same posture:

"Wilt thou sit, my child," said she, "while I write an answer to this letter?"

"You will answer it, then!" said Nydia, coldly. "Well, the slave that accompanied me will take back your answer!"

"For you," said Ione, "stay with me—trust me; your service shall be light."

Nydia bowed her head.

"What is your name, fair girl?"

"They call me Nydia."

"Your country?"

"The land of Olympus—Thessaly."

"Thou shalt be to me a friend," said Ione, caressingly, "as thou art already a countrywoman. Meanwhile, I beseech thee, stand not on these cold and glassy marbles. There! now that thou art seated, I can leave thee for an instant.

> "Ione to Glaucus—greeting. Come to me, Glaucus," wrote Ione—"come to me to-morrow. I may have been unjust to thee; but I will tell thee, at least, the fault that has been imputed to thy charge. Fear not, henceforth, the Egyptian—fear none. Thou sayest thou hast expressed too much—alas! in these hasty words I have already done so. Farewell!"

As Ione reappeared with the letter, which she did not dare to read after she had written (Ah! common rashness, common timidity of love), Nydia started from her seat.

"You have written to Glaucus?"

"I have."

"And will he thank the messenger who gives him thy letter?"

Ione forgot that her companion was blind; she blushed from the brow to the neck, and remained silent.

"I mean this," added Nydia, in a calmer tone; "the lightest word of coldness from thee will sadden him—the lightest kindness will rejoice. If it be the first, let the slave take back thine answer; if it be the last, let me—I will return this evening."

"And why, Nydia," asked Ione, evasively, "wouldst thou be the bearer of my letter?"

"It is so, then!" said Nydia. "Ah! how could it be otherwise; who could be unkind to Glaucus?"

"My child," said Ione, a little more reservedly than before, "thou speakest warmly—Glaucus, then, is amiable in thine eyes?"

"Noble Ione! Glaucus has been that to me which neither fortune nor the gods have been—*a friend!*"

The sadness mingled with dignity with which Nydia uttered these simple words, affected the beautiful Ione; she bent down and kissed her. "Thou art grateful, and deservedly so; why should I blush to say that Glaucus is worthy of thy gratitude? Go, my Nydia—take to him thyself this letter—but return again. If I am from home when thou returnest—as this evening, perhaps, I shall be—thy chamber shall be prepared next my own. Nydia, I have no sister—wilt thou be one to me?"

The Thessalian kissed the hand of Ione, and then said with some embarrassment:

"One favor, fair Ione—may I dare to ask it?"

"Thou canst not ask what I will not grant," replied the Neapolitan.

"They tell me," said Nydia, "that thou art beautiful beyond the loveliness of earth. Alas! I cannot see that which gladdens the world! Wilt thou suffer me, then, to pass my hand over thy face?—that is my sole criterion of beauty, and I usually guess aright."

She did not wait for the answer of Ione, but, as she spoke, gently and slowly passed her hand over the bending and half-averted features of the Greek—features which but one image in the world can yet depicture and recall—that image is the mutilated, but all-wondrous, statue in her native city—her own Neapolis; that Parian face, before which all the beauty of the Florentine Venus is poor and earthly—that aspect so full of harmony—of youth—of genius—of the soul—which modern critics have supposed the representation of Psyche.

Her touch lingered over the braided hair and polished brow—over the downy and damask cheek—over the dimpled lip—the swan-like and whitest neck. "I know now that thou art beautiful," she said; "and I can picture thee to my darkness henceforth, and forever!"

When Nydia left her, Ione sank into a deep but delicious reverie. Glaucus then loved her; he owned it—yes, he loved her.

KENELM'S FIGHT WITH TOM BOWLES.

(From "Kenelm Chillingly.")

KENELM and Jessie both walked on in silence, and had now reached the centre of the village street when Jessie, looking up, uttered an abrupt exclamation, gave an affrighted start, and then came to a dead stop.

Kenelm's eye followed the direction of hers, and saw, a few yards distant, at the other side of the way, a small red brick house, with thatched sheds adjoining it, the whole standing in a wide yard, over the gate of which leaned a man smoking a small cutty-pipe. "It is Tom Bowles," whispered Jessie; and instinctively she twined her arm into Kenelm's—then, as if on second thoughts, withdrew it, and said, still in a whisper, "Go back now, sir—do."

"Not I. It is Tom Bowles whom I want to know. Hush!"

For here Tom Bowles had thrown down his pipe, and was coming slowly across the road toward them.

Kenelm eyed him with attention. A singularly powerful man, not so tall as Kenelm by some inches, but still above the middle height, herculean shoulders and chest, the lower limbs not in equal proportion—a sort of slouching, shambling gait. As he advanced, the moonlight fell on his face—it was a handsome one. He wore no hat, and his hair, of a light brown, curled close. His face was fresh-colored, with aquiline features; his age apparently about six or seven and twenty. Coming nearer and nearer, whatever favorable impression the first glance at his physiognomy might have made on Kenelm was dispelled, for the expression of his face changed, and became fierce and lowering.

Kenelm was still walking on, Jessie by his side, when Bowles rudely thrust himself between them, and seizing the girl's arm with one hand, he turned his face full on Kenelm, with a menacing wave of the other hand, and said, in a deep burly voice,

"Who be you?"

"Let go that young woman before I tell you."

"If you weren't a stranger," answered Bowles, seeming as if he tried to suppress a rising fit of wrath, "you'd be in the kennel for those words. But I s'pose you don't know that I'm Tom Bowles, and I don't choose the girl as I'm after to keep company with any other man. So you be off."

"And I don't choose any other man to lay violent hands on any girl walking by my side without telling him that he's a brute; and that I only wait till he has both his hands at liberty to let him know that he has not a cripple to deal with."

Tom Bowles could scarcely believe his ears. Amaze swallowed up for the moment every other sentiment. Mechanically he loosened his hold of Jessie, who fled off like a bird released. But evidently she thought of her new friend's danger more than her own escape; for instead of sheltering herself in her father's cottage, she ran toward a group of laborers, who, near at hand, had stopped loitering before the public-house, and returned with those allies toward the spot in which she had left the two men. She was very popular with the villagers, who, strong in the sense of numbers, overcame their awe of Tom Bowles, and arrived at the place half running, half striding, in time, they hoped, to interpose between his terrible arm and the bones of the unoffending stranger.

Meanwhile Bowles, having recovered his first astonishment, and scarcely noticing Jessie's escape, still left his right arm extended toward the place she had vacated, and with a quick backstroke of the left leveled at Kenelm's face, growled contemptuously, "Thou'lt find one hand enough for thee."

But quick as was his aim, Kenelm caught the lifted arm just above the elbow, causing the blow to waste itself on air, and with a simultaneous advance of his right knee and foot dexterously tripped up his bulky antagonist, and laid him sprawling on his back. The movement was so sudden, and the stun it occasioned so utter, morally as well as physically, that a minute or more elapsed before Tom Bowles picked himself up. And he then stood another minute glowering at his antagonist, with a vague sentiment of awe almost like a superstitious panic. But as fighting Tom gradually recovered to the consciousness of his own strength, and the recollection that it had been only foiled by the skillful trick of a wrestler, not the hand-to-hand might of a pugilist, the panic vanished, and Tom Bowles was himself again. "Oh, that's your sort, is it?" said he. "We don't fight with our heels hereabouts, like Cornishers and donkeys; we fight with our fists, youngster; and since you *will* have a bout at that, why you must."

"Providence," answered Kenelm, solemnly, "sent me to this village for the express purpose of licking Tom Bowles. It is a signal mercy vouchsafed to yourself, as you will one day acknowledge."

Again a thrill of awe, something like that which the demagogue Aristophanes might have felt when braved by the sausage-maker, shot through the valiant heart of Tom Bowles. He did not like those ominous words, and still less the lugubrious tone of voice in which they were uttered. But resolved, at least, to proceed to battle with more preparation than he had at first designed, he now deliberately disencumbered himself of his heavy fustian jacket and vest, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and then slowly advanced toward the foe.

Kenelm had also, with still greater deliberation, taken off his coat—which he folded up with care, as being both a new and an only one, and deposited by the hedge-side—and bared arms, lean indeed, and almost slight, as compared with the vast muscle of his adversary, but firm in sinew as the hind-leg of a stag.

By this time the laborers, led by Jessie, had arrived at the spot, and were about to crowd in between the combatants, when Kenelm waved them back, and said, in a calm and impressive voice,

"Stand round, my good friends, make a ring, and see that it is fair play on my side. I am sure it will be fair on Mr. Bowles's. He's big enough to scorn what is little. And now, Mr. Bowles, just a word with you in the presence of your neighbors. I am not going to say any thing uncivil. If you are rather rough and hasty, a man is not always master of himself—at least so I am told—when he thinks more than he ought to do about a pretty girl. But I can't look at your face even by this moonlight, and though its expression at this moment is rather cross, without being sure that you are a fine fellow at bottom; and that if you give a promise as man to man you will keep it. Is that so?"

One or two of the by-standers murmured assent; the others pressed round in silent wonder.

"What's all that soft-sawder about?" said Tom Bowles, somewhat falteringly.

"Simply this: if in the fight between us I beat you I ask you to promise before your neighbors that you will not by word or deed molest or interfere again with Miss Jessie Wiles."

"Eh!" roared Tom. "Is it that *you* are after her?"

"Suppose I am, if that pleases you; and, on my side, I promise that, if you beat me, I quit this place as soon as you leave me well enough to do so, and will never visit it again. What! do you hesitate to promise? Are you really afraid I shall lick you?"

"You! I'd smash a dozen of you to powder."

"In that case, you are safe to promise. Come, 'tis a fair bargain. Isn't it, neighbors?"

Won over by Kenelm's easy show of good temper, and by the sense of justice, the by-standers joined in a common exclamation of assent.

"Come, Tom," said an old fellow, "the gentleman can't speak fairer; and we shall all think you be afraid if you hold back."

Tom's face worked; but at last he growled, "Well, I promise—that is, if he beats me."

"All right," said Kenelm. "You hear, neighbors; and Tom Bowles could not show that handsome face of his among you if he broke his word. Shake hands on it."

Fighting Tom sulkily shook hands.

"Well, now, that's what I call English," said Kenelm; "all pluck and no malice. Fall back, friends, and leave a clear space for us."

The men all receded; and as Kenelm took his ground, there was a supple ease in his posture which at once brought out into clearer evidence the nervous strength of his build, and, contrasted with Tom's bulk of chest, made the latter look clumsy and top-heavy.

The two men faced each other a minute, the eyes of both vigilant and steadfast. Tom's blood began to fire up as he gazed—nor, with all his outward calm, was Kenelm insensible of that proud beat of the heart which is aroused by the fierce joy of combat. Tom struck out first, and a blow was parried, but not returned; another and another blow—still parried—still unreturned. Kenelm, acting evidently on the defensive, took all the advantages for that strategy which he derived from superior length of arm and lighter agility of frame. Perhaps he wished to ascertain the extent of his adversary's skill, or to try the endurance of his wind, before he ventured on the hazards of attack. Tom, galled to the quick that blows which might have felled an ox were thus warded off from their mark, and dimly aware that he was encountering some mysterious skill which turned his brute strength into waste force, and might overmaster him in the long run, came to a rapid conclusion that the sooner he brought that brute strength to bear, the better it would be for him. Accordingly, after three rounds, in which, without once breaking the guard of his antagonist, he had received a few playful taps on the nose and mouth, he drew back, and made a bull-like rush at his foe—bull-like, for it butted full at him with the powerful down-bent head, and the two fists doing duty as horns. The rush spent, he found himself in the position of a man *milled.* A "mill," periphrastically, means this: your adversary, in the noble encounter between fist and fist, has so plunged his head that it gets caught, as in a vise, between the side and doubled left arm of the adversary, exposing that head, unprotected and helpless, to be pounded out of recognizable shape by the right fist of the opponent. It is a situation in which raw superiority of force sometimes finds itself, and is seldom spared by disciplined superiority of skill. Kenelm, his right fist raised, paused for a moment, then, loosening the left arm, releasing the prisoner, and giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder, he turned round to the spectators, and said apologetically, "He has a handsome face—it would be a shame to spoil it."

Tom's position of peril was so obvious to all, and that good-humored abnegation of the advantage which the position gave to the adversary seemed so generous, that the laborers actually hurrahed. Tom himself felt as if treated like a child; and alas, and alas for him! in wheeling round, and regathering himself up, his eye rested on Jessie's face. Her lips were apart with breathless terror; he fancied they were apart with a smile of contempt. And now he became formidable. He fought as fights the bull in presence of the heifer, who, as he knows too well, will go with the conqueror.

If Tom had never yet fought with a man taught by a prize-fighter, so never yet had Kenelm encountered a strength which, but for the lack of that teaching, would have conquered his own. He could act no longer on the defensive; he could no longer play, like a dexterous fencer, with the sledge-hammers of those mighty arms. They broke through his guard—they sounded on his chest as on an anvil. He felt that did they alight on his head he was a lost man. He felt also that the blows spent on the chest of his adversary were idle as the stroke of a cane on the hide of a rhinoceros. But now his nostrils dilated, his eyes flashed fire—Kenelm Chillingly had ceased to be a philosopher. Crash came his blow—how unlike the swinging roundabout hits of Tom Bowles!—straight to its aim as the rifle-ball of a Tyrolese, or a British marksman at Aldershot—all the strength of nerve, sinew, purpose, and mind concentrated in its vigor—crash just at that part of the front where the eyes meet, and followed up with the rapidity of lightning, flash upon flash, by a more restrained but more disabling blow with the left hand just where the left ear meets throat and jaw-bone.

At the first blow Tom Bowles had reeled and staggered; at the second he threw up his hands, made a jump in the air as if shot through the heart, and then heavily fell forward, an inert mass.

The spectators pressed round him in terror. They thought he was dead. Kenelm knelt, passed quickly his hand over Tom's lips, pulse and heart, and then rising, said, humbly and with an air of apology:

"If he had been a less magnificent creature, I assure you on my honor that I should never have ventured that second blow. The first would have done for any man less splendidly endowed by nature. Lift him gently; take him home. Tell his mother, with my kind regards, that I'll call and see her and him to-morrow. And, stop, does he ever drink too much beer?"

"Well," said one of the villagers, "Tom *can* drink."

"I thought so. Too much flesh for that muscle. Go for the nearest doctor. You, my lad?—good—off with you—quick! No danger, but perhaps it may be a case for the lancet."

Tom Bowles was lifted tenderly by four of the stoutest men present and borne into his home, evincing no sign of consciousness; but his face, where not clouted with blood, very pale, very calm, with a slight froth at the lips.

Kenelm pulled down his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, and turned to Jessie:

"Now, my young friend, show me Will's cottage."

The girl came to him white and trembling. She did not dare to speak. The stranger had become a new man in her eyes. Perhaps he frightened her as much as Tom Bowles had done. But she quickened her pace, leaving the public-house behind, till she came to the farther end of the village. Kenelm walked beside her, muttering to himself; and though Jessie caught his words, happily she did not understand, for they repeated one of those bitter reproaches on her sex as the main cause of all strife, bloodshed and mischief in general, with which the classic authors abound. His spleen, soothed by that recourse to the lessons of the ancients, Kenelm turned at last to his silent companion, and said, kindly but gravely:

"Mr. Bowles has given me this promise, and it is fair that I should now ask a promise from you. It is this—just consider how easily a girl so pretty as you can be the cause of a man's death. Had Bowles struck me where I struck him, I should have been past the help of a surgeon."

"Oh!" groaned Jessie, shuddering, and covering her face with both hands.

"And, putting aside that danger, consider that a man may be hit mortally on the heart as well as on the head, and that a woman has much to answer for who, no matter what her excuse, forgets what misery and what guilt can be inflicted by a word from her lips and a glance from her eye. Consider this, and promise that, whether you marry Will Somers or not, you will never again give a man fair cause to think you can like him unless your own heart tells you that you can. Will you promise that?"

"I will, indeed—indeed." Poor Jessie's voice died in sobs.

SYDNEY SMITH.

WHAT the *Edinburgh Review* was among the more or less literary publications of the early years of the century, Sydney Smith was, and almost is still, among the controversial writers and wits. He originated that brilliant and powerful organ, was its first editor, and for twenty-five years its most effective contributor. Although most of his writings were upon subjects of the day, they are still unsurpassed models of virile English, strong common sense, admirable humor and pointed wit. That he took the wrong side on some questions is undeniable, but his literary work is our present concern. He was the son of an eccentric spendthrift squire, born in 1771, and entered the Church. During five years' residence in Edinburgh, teaching and preaching, he and his Whig associates founded the *Edinburgh Review* on his suggestion, to ventilate their pent-up genius on political and literary matters. Smith edited the first number, which appeared in 1802. Within two years he was famous as a lecturer, in London, on moral philosophy, and as a preacher; but being a Whig, preferment was long delayed and worth little when it came. He was given a country living distant from London, in which city he was the most popular society man. His principal separate publication, the "Peter Plymley Letters," was the fruit of this seclusion. It ridiculed the fears and hostility of the Tory clergy toward the Catholic Emancipation movement so successfully that his fame compelled official as well as popular recognition. He was made a canon of Bristol, and afterwards of St. Paul's, London; but the bishopric which he, as Dean Swift before him, had coveted as a well-earned prize, was withheld, and for similar political reasons. Throughout his writings, which cover a very wide field, his sturdy, fearless advocacy of freedom and justice to all is as conspicuous as the exceptional breadth and soundness of his arguments, and the pungency of his well-directed wit. Canon Sydney Smith effected a greater amount of public good, and contributed more to intellectual gayety, than any of his contemporaries in the pulpit or press. He died in 1845.

THE FOUNDING OF THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

WHEN first I went into the church, I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar: before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put in to Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island.

One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh-place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review.* The motto I proposed for the *Review* was,

"*Tenui musam meditamur avena.*"
"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success. I contributed from England many articles, which I have been foolish enough to collect and publish with some other tracts written by me.

To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*, the state of England at the period when that journal begun should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game Laws were horribly oppressive—Steel Traps and Spring Guns were set all over the country—Prisoners tried for their Lives could have no Counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of Political Economy were little understood—the Law of Debt and of Conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the Slave Trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good and able men have since lessened or removed;

and these effects have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*.

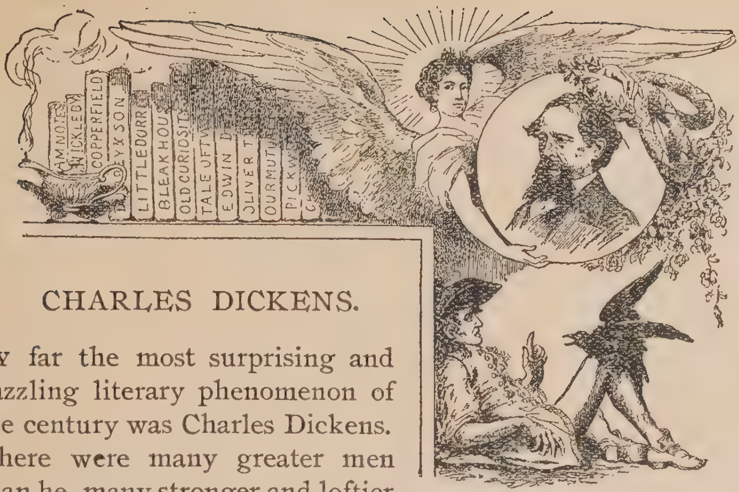
I see very little in my views to alter or repent of: I always endeavored to fight against evil; and what I thought evil then, I think evil now. I am heartily glad that all our disqualifying laws for religious opinions are abolished, and I see nothing in such measures but unmixed good and real increase of strength to our Establishment.

Mrs. Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle; but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Dr. Parr's Sermon.

Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig, must have observed, that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *mega thauma* [the "great wonder"] of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig, the Doctor has constructed his sermon, giving us a discourse of no common length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man since the beginning of the world.



CHARLES DICKENS.

By far the most surprising and dazzling literary phenomenon of the century was Charles Dickens. There were many greater men than he, many stronger and loftier characters; but when we remember all that he lacked in the way of equipment and backing at the outset, and then note the overwhelming conquest of fame and fortune that he, by his unaided force and genius, made, we must acknowledge that no other man so gifted, who used his gifts with such energy and faithfulness, has been seen in this age. No other author in his own lifetime, and except Shakespeare no other author at any time, has been so familiar a word in all men's mouths, or has received the tribute of such widespread personal affection, as did this low-born son of a Cockney clerk. Among his personal friends were many of the foremost men of Europe and America; and such was the contagion of his companionship, that for the moment his associates seemed to become, in their measure, like himself: to emulate his activity and to share his point of view. It would be difficult to exaggerate his influence upon his time; and though he has been vulgarized by innumerable would-be imitators and burlesquers, his books still amuse thousands of readers, and some of their qualities command the admiration of the severest critics. His sudden death could hardly be realized: it could scarcely be believed that so intense a life, so abounding a vitality, had been extinguished; and there have been few men whose loss was so unaffectedly regretted. We see his foibles and limitations now; but our only wonder should be that they are so few and so amiable.

Charles Dickens was the son of John Dickens, a poor English clerk in the navy pay-office, and was born about eight months later than his great contemporary, Thackeray, on February 7, 1812. But he outlived the author of "Vanity Fair" some seven years, dying on the 9th of June, 1870. He began his "Sketches by Boz" in 1833, when he was twenty-one years old, and was continually productive during thirty-seven years, dying, like Thackeray, in the act of working on an unfinished story, "Edwin Drood." From an obscure and penniless hack-writer, he had made himself the most popular author in the world, and had amassed a handsome fortune by his pen, and by public readings from his own works in England, Ireland and America. His literary reputation does not stand so high now as it did thirty years since; but his extraordinary and dazzling genius is incontestable. His contemporary success was due to his enormous humor, to his exaggerated but effective sentiment, to his vivid and dramatic scenic accessories to the intense light which he cast upon phases of life in the lower and middle classes which had hitherto been unportrayed, to the unfailing and often excessive animation of his narrative, and to the fascination of his personality, which was brought into prominence by his readings. His career, aside from his books, was uneventful: he married, he disagreed with his wife, he twice visited America, he edited a magazine which commanded the largest circulation, at that time, in the world. But his life was full of movement; the story of it affects the reader like a breathless ride in an express train. It was a relentless straining of the nerves, a whirl of excitement, to the last pitch and beyond. Dickens never rested until he died; in his ears was ever the roar of public commendation; ever driving him onward was the necessity to make his triumphs continuous; his thirst for approbation became a mania; his abnormally stimulated emotional nature distorted his sense of proportion and his intellectual judgment; the public which he addressed never knew and never saw Charles Dickens the man, but only the part which he all his life enacted—the part of Charles Dickens the novelist. For Dickens was in truth a great actor with a marvelous gift of literary expression superadded. All that he wrote and did was tinged with the exaggeration, the lime-light extravagance, the caricature of the stage. Very seldom was the simple modesty of nature reproduced in his works. His powers of observation were unequalled, and what he observed he described; but he observed something different from actual existence. He was the subject of a perennial, overwrought hallucination. But the glamour of genius which irradiated his work, his fun, his color, his eye for characteristic features, his intolerance of wrong and his enthusiasm for humanity, overwhelmed criticism, and deceived a generation into sharing his own belief that his delineations were true. And it is only now, after nearly thirty years, that we are able to see him as he really was, and to estimate his work dispassionately by the unchangeable standards of literary art.

The quality of his production does not vary greatly from the beginning to the end of his career; but upon the whole his earlier books are the best. "Pickwick," his first great success, was pure comedy, and as comedy he never surpassed it. "Oliver Twist," with its humor, its strong characterizations, its strange episodes, its tragic passages and its scathing exposure of abuses, was the type and in some respects the model of all his subsequent work in that line. He had just awakened to a realization of his power, and was exercising it with full enjoyment. Thenceforward there was never an intermission and scarcely a diminution in the tide of his success. In 1836 he married Catherine Hogarth, who survived him; in 1849 he established *Household Words*, the sales of which were immediately enormous. By this time his reputation was fully confirmed. His first visit to America was in 1842, and the fruits of that journey, "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," aroused much personal feeling against him in this country, though they did not diminish the number of his readers here. In 1859, owing to domestic troubles complicated with a quarrel with his publishers, *Household Words* became *All the Year Round*, but underwent no other alteration, either in its form or popularity. "David Copperfield," a novel partly autobiographical, and by some preferred to his other works, appeared in 1850. "A Tale of Two

Cities," written under the influence of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and admired at the time, though now considered melodramatic, was published in 1859. During the latter years of his life he began the famous series of "Readings" from his books which so greatly increased his personal fame and fortune, but the nervous strain brought him also death before he was sixty. His friends, his physicians, and nature herself warned him, but he kept on, and paid the penalty. He persuaded himself that his only object was to leave a large estate to his family, and protested that the work itself was distasteful to him; yet at the same time he was involuntarily confessing the delight it afforded him to exhibit himself on the platform, to witness his personal success, and to count up his unprecedented gains. His American Readings were fully as successful as those in England, and they also availed to remove the hostility which his "American Notes" twenty-five years before had created. The actor-instinct in the man, not satisfied with the spectacular features which marked his whole career, and with the frequent amateur performances in aid of charities and on other special pretexts which interlarded his other activities, demanded this final gratification; and this, like all else that he craved, was granted him. Dickens was the spoiled darling of fortune and of his public, which included all English-speaking persons, and many others whom he reached through translations. It is greatly to his credit that he always tried to do his very best, never sparing himself in the effort; nor, if we except certain passages in his private life, did he ever commit a dishonorable or unwarrantable act.

Dickens was a man of fine appearance, a trifle above the middle height, with dark curling hair and large, brilliant, expressive eyes. He was of athletic habit, given to long and frequent walks, often at night; for he slept ill, and had a theory that mental labor could be counteracted in its effects by physical exertion—a theory which no doubt hastened his end. His voice on the platform was flexible, eloquent, and finely modulated; his dramatic power remarkable. He rests in Westminster Abbey; and not many of his fellows there have better deserved the honor.

PICKWICK RETURNS THANKS.

(From "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.")

A CASUAL observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head, and circular spectacles, which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other, in the inmost recesses of an earthern jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become, when, starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his enthusiastic followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded! What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation:

his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters, which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them—if we may use the expression—inspired involuntary awe and respect; surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the peril of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries. On his right hand sat Mr. Tracy Tupman; the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy, in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black silk waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch-chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat, but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion. On the left of his great leader sat the poetic Snodgrass, and near him again the sporting Winkle, the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs.

Mr. Pickwick's oration upon this occasion, together with the debate thereon, is entered on the Transactions of the Club. Both bear a strong affinity to the discussions of other celebrated bodies; and, as it is always interesting to trace a resemblance between the proceedings of great men, we transfer the entry to these pages.

"Mr. Pickwick observed (says the Secretary) that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poetic fame was dear to the heart of his friend Snodgrass, the fame of conquest was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame, in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) would not deny that he was influenced by human passions, and human feelings (cheers,)—possibly by human weaknesses—(loud cries of "No"); but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his swing; philanthropy was his insurance office. (Vehement cheering.) He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely; and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Tittlebatian Theory to the world; it might be celebrated, or it might not. (A cry of 'It is,' and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production, would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him, on this, the proudest moment of his existence. (Cheers.) He was an humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor and of some danger. Traveling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage-coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice 'No.') No! (Cheers.) Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried 'No' so loudly, come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried 'No?' (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of—"

"Mr. BLOTTON (of Aldgate), rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' &c.)

"Mr. PICKWICK would not put up to be put down by clamor. He *had* alluded to the honorable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. BLOTTON would only say then, that he repelled the hon. gent.'s false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'chair,' and 'order.')

"Mr. A. SNODGRASS rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know, whether this disgraceful contest between two members of the club, should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

"The CHAIRMAN was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. BLOTTON, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The CHAIRMAN felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him, in a common sense.

"Mr. BLOTTON had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge, that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. PICKWICK felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)"

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

(From "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.")

SAM WELLER sat himself down and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer, and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—Tony Veller, Esq. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities, arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family, and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly modified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely ——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl; who with quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

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J. L G FERRIS, PINX

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE

"'Lovely creetur'," repeated Sam.

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows.

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed'"—

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't dammed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—.' I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot; here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder

Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You ought jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-hearted, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'r'haps you may have heerd on, Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same genteel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, House-maid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayors, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

MARK TAPLEY'S VENTURE.

(From "The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.")

Martin Chuzzlewit, being about to leave London to go to America; unexpectedly receives a note for £20.

THE final upshot of the business at that time was, that he resolved to treat himself to a comfortable but frugal meal in his own chamber; and having ordered a fire to be kindled, went out to purchase it forthwith.

He bought some cold beef, and ham, and French bread, and butter, and came back with his pockets pretty heavily laden. It was somewhat of a damping circumstance to find the room full of smoke, which was attributable to two causes: firstly, to the flue being naturally vicious and a smoker; and secondly, to their having forgotten in lighting the fire, an odd sack or two and some other trifles, which had been put up the chimney to keep the rain out. They had already remedied this oversight, however; and propped up the window-sash with a bundle of firewood to keep it open; so that, except in being rather inflammatory to the eyes and choking to the lungs, the apartment was quite comfortable.

Martin was in no vein to quarrel with it, if it had been in less tolerable order, especially when a gleaming pint of porter was set upon the table, and the servant-girl withdrew, bearing with her particular instructions relative to the production of something hot, when he should ring the bell. The cold meat being wrapped in a play-bill, Martin laid the cloth by spreading that document on the little round table with the print downwards; and arranging the collation upon it. The foot of the bed, which was very close to the fire, answered for a sideboard; and when he had completed these preparations, he squeezed an old arm-chair into the warmest corner, and sat down to enjoy himself.

He had begun to eat with a great appetite, glancing round the room meanwhile with a triumphant anticipation of quitting it forever on the morrow, when his attention was arrested by a stealthy footstep on the stairs, and presently by a knock at his chamber door, which although it was a gentle enough knock, communicated such a start to the bundle of firewood that it instantly leaped out of the window, and plunged into the street.

"More coals, I suppose," said Martin. "Come in!"

"It an't a liberty, sir, though it seems so," rejoined a man's voice. "Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir."

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway; perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

"Tapley, sir," said his visitor. "Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jollity, sir."

"To be sure!" cried Martin. "Why, how did you come here?"

"Right through the passage and up the stairs, sir," said Mark.

"How did you find me out, I mean?" asked Martin.

"Why, sir," said Mark, "I've passed you once or twice in the street if I'm not mistaken; and when I was a looking in at the beef-and-ham shop just now, along with a hungry sweep, as was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir—I see you a buying that."

Martin reddened as he pointed to the table, and said, somewhat hastily:

"Well! what then?"

"Why then, sir," said Mark, "I made bold to foller; and as I told 'em down stairs that you expected me, I was let up."

"Are you charged with any message, that you told them you were expected?" inquired Martin.

"No, sir, I a'n't," said Mark. "That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was."

Martin cast an angry look at him; but there was something in the fellow's merry face, and in his manner—which with all its cheerfulness was far from being obtrusive or familiar—that quite disarmed him. He had lived a solitary life too, for many weeks, and the voice was pleasant in his ear.

"Tapley," he said, "I'll deal openly with you. From all that I can judge, and from all I have heard of you through Pinch, you are not a likely kind of fellow to have been brought here by impertinent curiosity or any other offensive motive. Sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"Thankee, sir," said Mark. "I'd as lieve stand."

"If you don't sit down," retorted Martin, "I'll not talk to you."

"Very good, sir," observed Mark. "Your will's a law, sir. Down it is;" and he sat down accordingly upon the bedstead.

"Help yourself," said Martin, handing him the only knife.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Mark. "After you've done."

"If you don't take it now, you'll not have any," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," rejoined Mark. "That being your desire—now it is." With which reply he gravely helped himself, and went on eating. Martin having done the like for a short time in silence, said, abruptly,

"What are you doing in London?"

"Nothing at all, sir," rejoined Mark.

"How's that?" asked Martin.

"I want a place," said Mark.

"I am sorry for you," said Martin.

"—To attend upon a single gentleman," resumed Mark. "If from the country, the more desirable. Make-shifts would be preferred. Wages no object."

He said this so pointedly, that Martin stopped in his eating, and said, "If you mean me—"

"Yes, I do, sir," interposed Mark.

"Then you may judge from my style of living here, of my means of keeping a man-servant. Besides, I am going to America immediately."

"Well, sir," returned Mark, quite unmoved by this intelligence, "from all that ever I heard about it, I should say America's a very likely sort of a place for me to be jolly in!"

Again Martin looked at him angrily, and again his anger melted away in spite of himself.

"Lord bless you, sir, said Mark, "what is the use of us going round and round, and hiding behind the corner, and dodging up and down, when we can come straight to the point in six words! I've had my eye upon you any time this fortnight. I see well enough that there's a screw loose in your affairs. I know'd well enough the first time I see you down at the Dragon that it must be so, sooner or later. Now, sir, here I am without a sitiwation; without any want of wages for a year to come; for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon—here am I with a liking for what's wentersome and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down; and will you take me, or will you leave me?"

"How can I take you?" cried Martin.

"When I say take," rejoined Mark, "I mean will you let me go; and when I say will you let me go, I mean will you let me go along with you; for go I will, somehow or another. Now that you've said America, I see clear at once that that's the place for me to be jolly in. Therefore, if I don't pay my own passage in the ship you go in, sir, I'll pay my own passage in another. And mark my words: if I go alone, it shall be, to carry out the principle, in the rottenest, craziest, leakingest tub of a vessel that a place can be got in for love or money. So, if I'm lost upon the way, sir, there'll be a drowned man at your door, and always a knocking double knocks at it, too, or never trust me!"

"This is mere folly," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," returned Mark. "I'm glad to hear it, because if you don't mean to let me go, you'll be more comfortable, perhaps, on account of thinking so. Therefore, I contradict no gentleman. But, all I say is, that if I don't emigrate to America, in that case, in the beastliest old cockle-shell as goes out of port, I'm—"

"You don't mean what you say, I'm sure!" said Martin.

"Yes, I do," cried Mark.

"I tell you I know better," rejoined Martin.

"Very good, sir," said Mark, with the same air of perfect satisfaction. "Let it stand that way at present, sir, and wait to see how it turns out. Why, love my heart alive! the only doubt I have is, whether there's any credit in going with a gentleman like you, that's as certain to make his way there as a gimlet is to go through soft deal."

This was touching Martin on his weak point, and having him at a great advantage. He could not help thinking, either, what a brisk fellow this Mark was, and how great a change he had wrought in the atmosphere of the dismal little room already.

"Why, certainly, Mark," he said, "I have hopes of doing well there, or I shouldn't go. I may have the qualifications for doing well, perhaps."

"Of course you have, sir," returned Mark Tapley. "Everybody knows that."

"You see," said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the fire, "ornamental architecture applied to domestic purposes can hardly fail to be in great request in that country; for men are constantly changing their residences there, and moving further off; and it's clear they must have houses to live in."

"I should say, sir," observed Mark, "that that's a state of things as opens one of the jolliest look-outs for domestic architecture that ever I heerd tell on."

Martin glanced at him hastily, not feeling quite free from a suspicion that this remark applied a doubt of the successful issue of his plans. But Mr. Tapley was eating the boiled beef and bread with such entire good faith and singleness of purpose expressed in his visage, that he could not but be satisfied. Another doubt arose in his mind, however, as this one disappeared. He produced the blank cover in which the [£20] note had been enclosed, and fixing his eyes on Mark as he put it in his hand, said,

"Now tell me the truth. Do you know anything about that?"

Mark turned it over and over; held it near his eyes; held it away from him at arm's length; held it with the superscription upwards, and with the superscription downwards; and shook his head with such a genuine expression of astonishment at being asked the question, that Martin said, as he took it from him again,

"No, I see you don't. How should you? Though, indeed, your knowing about it would not be more extraordinary than its being here. Come, Tapley," he added, after a moment's thought, "I'll trust you with my history, such as it is, and then you'll see, more clearly, what sort of fortunes you would link yourself to, if you followed me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mark; "but afore you enter upon it, will you take me if I choose to go? Will you turn off me—Mark Tapley—formerly of the Blue Dragon, as can be well recommended by Mr. Pinch, and as wants a gentleman of your strength of mind to look up to; or will you, in climbing the ladder as you're certain to get to the top of, take me along with you at a respectful distance? Now, sir," said Mark, "it's of very little importance to you, I know—there's the difficulty; but it's of very great importance to me; and will you be so good as to consider of it?"

If this were meant as a second appeal to Martin's weak side, founded on his observation of the effect of the first, Mr. Tapley was a skillful and shrewd observer. Whether an intentional or an accidental shot, it hit the mark full; for Martin, relenting more and more, said, with a condescension which was inexpressibly delicious to him, after his recent humiliation:

"We'll see about it, Tapley. You shall tell me in what disposition you find yourself to-morrow."

"Then, sir," said Mark, rubbing his hands, "the job's done. Go on, sir, if you please. I'm all attention."

Throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and looking at the fire, with now and then a glance at Mark, who at such times nodded his head sagely, to express his profound interest and attention, Martin ran over the chief points in his history.

LITTLE NELL AND HER GRANDFATHER.

(From "Master Humphrey's Clock.")

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as grandfather and told him the little story of our companionship.

"Why bless thee, child," said the old man, patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way—what if I had lost thee, Nell?"

"I would have found my way back to *you*, grandfather," said the child boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her, and then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire, "how can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice, "more care of Nelly! why, who ever loved a child as I love Nell?"

He said this with such evident surprise that I was perplexed what answer to make, and the more so because coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxïous thought, which convinced me that he could not be, as I had at first been inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage and imbecility.

"I don't think you consider"—I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me, "I don't consider her! ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

It would be impossible for any man, I care not what his form of speech might be, to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did, in these four words. I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand and shaking his head twice or thrice fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus in silence, the door of the closet opened, and the child returned, her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper, and while she was thus engaged I remarked that the old man took an opportunity of observing me more closely than he had done yet. I was surprised to see that all this time everything was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown-up persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"It always grieves me," I observed, roused by what I took to be his selfishness, "it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity—two of the best qualities that Heaven gives them—and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

"It will never check hers," said the old man, looking steadily at me, "the springs are too deep. Besides, the children of the poor know but few pleasures. Even the cheap delights of childhood must be bought and paid for."

"But—forgive me for saying this—you are surely not so very poor"—said I.

"She is not my child, sir," returned the old man. "Her mother was, and she was poor. I save nothing—not a penny—though I live as you see, but"—he laid his hand upon my arm and leaned forward to whisper, "She shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help. She gives it cheerfully, as you see, and it would break her heart if she knew that I suffered anybody else to do for me what her little hands could undertake. I don't consider!" he cried with sudden querulousness, "why, God knows that this one child is the thought and object of my life, and yet He never prospers me—no, never."

At this juncture the subject of our conversation again returned, and the old man motioning to me to approach the table broke off, and said no more.

We had scarcely begun our repast when there was a knock at the door by which I had entered, and Nell, bursting into a hearty laugh, which I was rejoiced to hear, for it was child-like and full of hilarity, said it was no doubt dear old Kit come back at last.

"Foolish Nell!" said the old man fondling with her hair. "She always laughs at poor Kit."

The child laughed again, more heartily than before, and I could not help smiling from pure sympathy. The little old man took up a candle and went to open the door. When he came back Kit was at his heels.

Kit was a shock-headed, shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and certainly the most comical expression of face I ever saw. He stopped short at the door on seeing a stranger, twirled in his hand a perfectly round old hat without any vestige of a brim, and resting himself now on one leg and now on the other, and changing them constantly, stood in the door-way, looking into the parlor with the most extraordinary leer I ever beheld.

"A long way, wasn't it, Kit?" said the little old man.

"Why then, it was a goodish stretch, master," returned Kit.

"Did you find the house easily?"

"Why then, not over and above easy, master," said Kit.

"Of course you have come back hungry?"

"Why then, I do consider myself rather so, master," was the answer.

The lad had a remarkable way of standing sideways as he spoke, and thrusting his head forward over his shoulder, as if he could not get at his voice without that accompanying action. I think he would have amused one anywhere, but the child's exquisite enjoyment of his oddity, and the relief it was to find that there was something she associated with merriment in a place that appeared so unsuited to her, were quite irresistible. After several efforts to preserve his gravity, Kit burst into a loud roar, and so stood with his mouth wide open and his eyes nearly shut, laughing violently.

The old man had again relapsed into his former abstraction and took no notice of what passed, but I remarked that when her laugh was over, the child's bright eyes were dimmed with tears, called forth by the fulness of heart with which she welcomed her uncouth favorite after the little anxiety of the night. As for Kit himself (whose laugh had been all the time one of that sort which very little would change into a cry) he carried a large slice of bread and meat and a mug of beer into a corner, and applied himself to disposing of them with great voracity.

"Ah!" said the old man, turning to me with a sigh, as if I had spoken to him but that moment, "you don't know what you say when you tell me that I don't consider her."

"You must not attach too great weight to a remark founded on first appearances, my friend," said I.

"No," returned the old man thoughtfully, "no. Come hither, Nell."

The little girl hastened from her seat, and put her arm about his neck.

"Do I love thee, Nell?" said he. "Say—do I love thee, Nell, or no?"

The child only answered by her caresses, and laid her head upon his breast.

"Why dost thou sob?" said the grandfather, pressing her closer to him and glancing towards me. "Is it because thou know'st I love thee and dost not like that I should seem to doubt it by my question? Well, well—then let us say I love thee dearly."

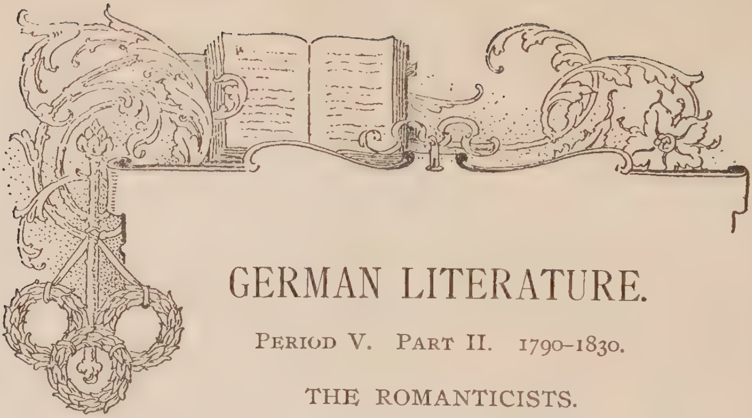
"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child with great earnestness, "Kit knows you do."

Kit, who in despatching his bread and meat had been swallowing two-thirds of his knife at every mouthful with the coolness of a juggler, stopped short in his operations on thus being appealed to, and bawled, "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't," after which he incapacitated himself for further conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite.

"She is poor now"—said the old man, patting the child's cheek, "but I say again that the time is coming when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing but waste and riot. When *will* it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "thou dost not know—how should'st thou?" Then he muttered again between his teeth, "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late!"



GERMAN LITERATURE.

PERIOD V. PART II. 1790–1830.

THE ROMANTICISTS.

THE Romantic School of Germany descended lineally from Jean Paul Richter, who said: "The French hold the empire of the land, the English of the sea, the Germans of—the air." Richter had himself been influenced by Fichte's transcendental philosophy. Fichte and Schelling became the seers of the Romanticists. In his "Wissenschaftslehre," Fichte had depicted the visible world as only the projected creation of self (*ego*), which shall "always hover entire over the scattered fragments of forms." The pantheism and mysticism of Schelling deepened this influence of Fichte, whom Emerson has crowned King of the Dreamland of Philosophy. Then came a deepening of the spiritual insight, a widening of the imagination, a quickening of the emotions, a renascence of mediævalism and mediæval art in a sort of Preraphaelite sense, but modified by the German instinct for the weird and supernatural. Nŏvalis found a mysticism, based on popular tradition, in the Catholic Church, as revealed in his essay, "Christianity, or Europe," and in his "Hymns to the Night." His religiosity was deepened by the death of his betrothed.

As Fichte and Schelling held sway at Jena in philosophy, so the brothers Schlegel ruled there in a court of literary æsthetics. In a sense, these brothers continued Herder's work of glorifying folk-song and folk-lore, and national epics. August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767–1845) also enlarged the poetic sensibilities of his romantic disciples by translating sixteen of Shakespeare's plays, a work completed under Tieck's name. Friedrich von Schlegel devoted some attention to Orientalism, and wrote a romance, "Lucinde," which, with Tieck's "William Lovell," and Novalis's "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," embodies the romantic ideal of individual caprice sovereign over all else. But, in the revival of the old folk-song and lore, these brothers were aided by Brentano and Von Arnim ("Des Knaben Wunderhorn"), and Tieck's "Minstrelsy of the Swabian Era." And those two tender-hearted, child-loving brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm, who founded the study of Teutonic and Norse mythology and grammar, patient, pious-minded scholars both, retold the "Kinder- und Haus-märchen" (The Nursery and Fireside Tales) of Germany in such a delightfully naïve style as appeals to all children throughout the world. They opened up the German fairyland, and put "Hänsel und Gretel," and the "Schneewittchen" beside Siegfried and Kriemhild. No better appreciation of their tales could be given than Wilhelm Grimm's introduction. Tieck became the poetic expositor of the old folk-tale.

But, unfortunately, the Romanticists did not stop with this work of spiritualizing the old lore and song. There was an imp of fantasy in their blood. Tieck's title of "Phantasus" might apply to the entire school. Tieck himself added to the ancient Märchen his own extravagant inventions. The romantic formula was at last crystallized into the definition: to put sentimental material into fantastic form. Richter had never failed to contrast the ideal with the real, finding a theme for his peculiar humor in the prosaic reality; but the Romanticists yielded themselves up almost entirely to dreams. We get, however, a touch of Jean Paul in Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," and in portions of Tieck. And from Fichte the Romanticists had inherited "a romantic irony that plays with truth." It is this sceptical spirit, which seems to mock its own creation, that adds a piquancy to the works of the half-satiric Tieck.

The most mystical and the gentlest of the Romanticists was Novalis, whose real name was Friedrich von Hardenberg (1772–1801). This young poet's career may be seen in that of the hero of his own prose idyl, "Heinrich von Ofterdingen." Novalis possessed, as has been remarked, "the heightened sensitiveness of a clairvoyant united to the freshness of a child." He longed for an inner transfiguration, and described actual life as "a disease of the spirit." He thus poetized the miraculous and the spiritual, and reviled the Reformation.

The ideal of Christian knighthood hovers ever around the fancies of Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué (1777–1843). As Carlyle remarks, there is ever in the background of Fouqué's works the tilt-yard and the chapel. Under the guidance of the Schlegels he had imbibed the lore of mediæval, Moor-embattled Spain, with its romances of the Cid and its Roncesvalles. Turning to his own Teutonic sources Fouqué sang the exploits of Sigurd, and of "The Hero of the North," the hero of the Nibelungenlied. For his romantic, chivalrous spirit reflected in this poem Jean Paul styled the poet himself as "Der Tapfere" (The Valiant). How artificial is the world of Fouqué's chivalry may be seen in his romantic tale, "Aslauga's Knight," as translated by Carlyle. In graceful, lightly pathetic style he wove his romantic fiction, seeking to embody the ideals of heroic virtue, but failing really to wed the old with the new order of things. His masterpiece is the charming "Undine," a story of a water-spirit, who almost won for herself a human soul.

What Fouqué accomplished for the romance, Ludwig Tieck (1773–1853) achieved for the Märchen. His half-satiric temper made him utilize many of the simple old nursery and familiar fairy tales for the purpose of satire. Thus, in a dramatic version of "Puss-in-Boots" he held Kotzebue and Iffland up to scorn, and he used Bluebeard also for a satire. The son of a Berlin rope-maker, Tieck never quite outgrew the paternal influence, and deserted Romanticism in the end. It is only necessary here to speak in particular of his popular tales, "Peter Leberrechts Volksmärchen," and his "Phantasus." There is a mystic fairy charm to all these eccentric works. Among his best-known tales are "The Old Book and the Scarecrow," "The Witches' Sabbath," "The Goblet," "The Elves," and "The Philtre." His novelette of "The Pictures" contains a strong figure in the graceless old painter

Eulenböck, who persists in forging old masters despite an original genius of his own. In "Franz Sternbald's Wanderings" he sought to depict a spiritual antitype to Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Tieck also told the Tannhäuser legend in his "Eckart."

The wildest, perhaps, of the Romanticists (if we except Heinrich von Kleist, who committed suicide) was Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann (1776–1822), a strangely versatile prodigy, who could draw caricatures, compose operas (one to a libretto by Kotzebue), and write tales reveling in supernatural horrors. Meanwhile he spent his days as a jurist and his nights in drunken sprees. The demoniac element is conspicuous throughout his tales. He won his fame as a Romanticist by his "Fantasies in Callot's Style." Other notable works are his "Elixir of the Devil," his "Night Fantasies," and his "Sarapion Brothers." Among his best stories are "The Golden Pot" and "Master Martin and his Comrades" —this latter being regarded as his master-piece. It is a story of ancient Nuremberg. His ghosts and doubles often border on the grotesque, however, and Carlyle has styled his treatment of his themes as "false, brawling, and tawdry."

Here may be dismissed with a passing word Frederick Ludwig Zacharias Werner and his monstrous "Fate-Tragedy;" Ludwig Achim von Arnim, with his novel of the Reformation, "The Guardians of the Rhine;" Clemens Brentano, who told the naïve "Tale of Kasperl and Pretty Annerl," and Joseph von Eichendorff, whose celebrated prose story, full of nature worship, is "The Life of a Good-for-Nothing." Brentano's "Bacharach on the Rhine" was adapted by Heine in his famous "Lorelei."

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

GERMANY'S greatest humorist is Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825), called by his admirers Jean Paul the Unique. Heine acknowledged an inestimable debt to his influence, and Thomas Carlyle describes him, in characteristic fashion, as "that vast World-Mælstrom of Humor." In one of his incomparable essays on this strange German genius, Carlyle says: "In the whole circle of literature, we look in vain for his parallel. Unite the sportfulness of Rabelais, and the best sensibility of Sterne, with the earnestness, and, even in slight portions, the sublimity of Milton; and let the mosaic brain of old Burton give forth the workings of this strange union, with the pen of Jeremy Bentham!"

Readers of Carlyle's two essays on Richter, with their sympathetic insight into the odd twistings and solecistic peculiarities of the German's style, will see what an affinity exists between subject and rhapsodist. Even in diction the two are brothers; the Germans themselves read Richter by the aid of a special dictionary! Indeed, without so much license as is usually the case in literary comparison, we may style Richter the German Carlyle; or, from a strict chronological standpoint, pronounce Carlyle the British Richter. Carlyle himself confesses of Richter what many of Carlyle's readers have found true of "Sartor Resartus"—that "without great patience and some considerable catholicity of disposition, no reader is likely to prosper much with them." Richter's quips and conceits move along in an anarchy of art-form like "parti-colored mob-masses." He is a humorist, moreover, heartily and throughout; not only in the low provinces of thought, but in the loftiest provinces. His fantastic dreamings sport even with the transcendental. A contemporary of Goethe and Schiller, he could not "fall in with those two," and they regarded him with curious wonder. To Schiller he seemed "foreign, like a man fallen from the moon." That poet declared: "If Richter had made as good use of his riches as other men made of their poverty, he would have been worthy of the highest meed of genius." And, in spite of his extravagant and lawless style, modeled upon his favorite Sterne, his wild tissue of metaphors and similes, and his capricious conceits, no reader of Richter can fail to get a glimpse of a splendor of disordered genius, of a fertile imagination. He is one of the great nature-painters of the world. He has given us fascinating pictures of childhood, youth, friendship and love.

Himself the son of a poor country pastor, and long the slave of pinching poverty, he wrote in "Siebenkaes:" "All sins arise from poverty, but there are joys and virtues in every class. Therefore, fiction should paint joy in poverty." And in the pages of his voluminous novels—in such figures as Wuz, as Quintus Fixlein, as Siebenkaes and his friend Liebgeber, as Dr. Katzenberger and others, we truly behold the German life, domestic and civil, of a hundred years ago, with all its charms and all its foibles, its innocence and absurdity, its pedantry and its freedom, its sordid limitations not preventing generous development or sport. What an idyllic picture is that of the wedding of Fixlein and his beloved Thiennette.

"A huge, irregular man, both in mind and person, full of fire, strength, and impetuosity," Carlyle describes him, yet admiringly adds: "His thoughts, his feelings, the creations of his spirit, walk before us embodied under wondrous shapes, in motley and ever-fluctuating groups; but his essential character, however he disguise it, is that of a philosopher and moral poet, whose study has been human nature, whose delight and best endeavor are with all that is beautiful and tender, and mysteriously sublime, in the fate or history of man." The critic continues: "In him philosophy and poetry are not only reconciled, but blended together into a purer essence, into religion." To appreciate the full significance of this verdict, one has only to read the wonderful dream (Richter is full of famous dreams) of a Godless Universe, found in the first chapter or "flower-piece" of his "Siebenkaes."

His "lawless, untutored half-savage face," which always gave forth everything (philosophical treatises, and even his Autobiography) encased in some quaint fantastic framing, was the victim of an irregular education, due to poverty. Born in the mountain district of Fichtelgebirge, four years after Schiller, the son of a debt-burdened pastor, he was obliged to endure all manner of poverty's stings. He had only water sometimes, and not even prisoners' bread; and had finally to flee from Leipzig to escape a debtor's prison. Ten years he toiled, sustained by his widowed mother's brave trust in him, until with "The Invisible Lodge" (1793) and "Hesperus" (1795) he attained fame. Later he shone at Weimar, apart from Goethe and Schiller, and enjoyed a pension during his last years in Baireuth, Bavaria.

His early satires, written in the bitterness of an empty purse and stomach, were "Lawsuits in Greenland," "Selections from the Papers of the Devil," and "Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess." Odd titles, truly, and odder style.

His quaint novels followed: "The Invisible Lodge," "The Years of Wild Oats," "Life of Fixlein," "Parson in Jubilee," "Schmelzle's Journey to the Bath," "Life of Fibel," "Hesperus," and "Titan." The three greatest of these (deemed by Richter as his masterpieces) are "Wild Oats," "Hesperus," and "Titan," evidently inspired as a reply to the too earthly realism of Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. Richter tried in these novels to portray an equally roundly developed manhood, possessed, however, of a higher spirituality.

The stupendous sentimentality of Richter is seen in "Hesperus," wherein Viktor exclaims, "Give me two days, or one night, and I will fall in love with whomever you choose." "Wild Oats" is the story of twin brothers, Walt and Vult, who represent Love and Knowledge, or the contrast between the dreamy and practical—"Opposite Magnets," says Richter. "Titan" represents force struggling with the divine harmony, and proving that idealism must be mingled with realism.

"Quintus Fixlein" is an idyl of family life, containing a scene of a bridal couple's visit to the graves of the loves that have gone before. Equally whimsical is his genre work, "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces, or Marriage, Death and Wedding of Lawyer Siebenkaes." Another idyl of lowly life is that of "The Happy Little Schoolmaster, Maria Wrez." His genius is at its wildest in "The Comet," the tale of Nicolaus Marggraf, who has a great chemical idea.

Of his æsthetic and educational works there is no need to speak here, and we will only mention his patriotic anti-Napoleonic "Twilight Thoughts for Germany," and "Fast Sermons during Germany's Martyr-Week."

QUINTUS FIXLEIN'S WEDDING.

(From "The Life of Quintus Fixlein.")

RISE, fair Ascension and Marriage day, and gladden readers also! Adorn thyself with the fairest jewel, with the bride, whose soul is as pure and glittering as its vesture; like pearl and pearl-mussel, the one as the other, lustrous and ornamental! And so over the espalier, whose fruit-hedge has hitherto divided our darling from his Eden, every reader now presses after him!

On the 9th of May, 1793, about three in the morning, there came a sharp peal of trumpets, like a light-beam, through the dim-red May-dawn: two twisted horns with a straight trumpet between them, like a note of admiration between interrogation-points, were clanging from a house in which only a parishioner (not the Parson) dwelt and blew; for this parishioner had last night been celebrating the same ceremony which the pastor had this day before him. The joyful tallyho raised our parson from his broad bed (and the Shock from beneath it, who some weeks ago had been exiled from the white sleek coverlid), and this so early, that in the portraying tester, where on every former morning he had observed his ruddy visage, and his white bedclothes, all was at present dim and crayoned.

I confess, the new-painted room, and a gleam of dawn on the wall, made it so light, that he could see his knee-buckles glancing on the chair. He then softly awakened his mother (the other guests were to lie for hours in the sheets), and she had the city cook-maid to awaken, who, like several other articles of wedding-furniture, had been borrowed for a day or two from Flachsenfingen. At two doors he knocked in vain, and without answer; for all were already down at the hearth, cooking, blowing, and arranging.

How softly does the Spring day gradually fold back its nun-veil, and the Earth grow bright, as if it were the morning of a Resurrection!—The quicksilver-pillar of the barometer, the guiding Fire-pillar of the weather-prophet, rests firmly on Fixlein's Ark of the Covenant. The Sun raises himself, pure and cool, into the morning-blue, instead of into the morning-red. Swallows, instead of clouds, shoot skimming through the melodious air. . . . Oh, the good Genius of Fair Weather, who deserves many temples and festivals (because without him no festival could be held), lifted an ethereal azure Day, as it were, from the well-clear atmosphere of the moon, and sent it down on blue butterfly-wings—as if it were a *blue* Monday—glittering below the Sun, in the zigzag of joyful quivering descent, upon the narrow spot of Earth, which our heated fancies are now viewing. . . . And on this balmy, vernal spot, stand amid flowers, over which the trees are shaking blossoms instead of leaves, a bride and a bridegroom. . . . . Happy Fixlein! how shall I paint thee without deepening the sighs of longing in the fairest souls?

But soft! we will not drink the magic cup of Fancy to the bottom, at six in the morning; but keep sober till towards night!

At the sound of the morning prayer-bell, the bridegroom —for the din of preparation was disturbing his quiet orison —went out into the church-yard, which (as in many other places) together with the church, lay round his mansion like a court. Here, on the moist green, over whose closed flowers the church-yard wall was still spreading broad shadows, did his spirit cool itself from the warm dreams of Earth: here his mood grew softer and more solemn; and he now lifted up by heart his morning prayer, which usually he read; and entreated God to bless him in his office, and to spare his mother's life, and to look with favor and acceptance on the purpose of to-day.—Then, over the graves, he walked into his fenceless little angular flower-garden; and here, composed and confident in the divine keeping, he pressed the stalks of his tulips deeper into the mellow earth.

But on returning to the house, he was met on all hands by the bell-ringing and the Janizary-music of wedding-gladness;—the marriage-guests had all thrown off their night-caps, and were drinking diligently;—there was a clattering, a cooking, a frizzling;—tea-services, coffee-services, and warm-beer-services, were advancing in succession; and plates full of bride-cakes were going round like potters' frames or cistern-wheels.—The Schoolmaster, with three young lads, was heard rehearsing from his own house an *Arioso*, with which, so soon as they were perfect, he purposed to surprise his clerical superior.—But now rushed all the arms of the foaming joy-streams into one, when the sky-queen besprinkled with blossoms, the bride, descended on Earth in her timid joy, full of quivering, humble love;—when the bells began; —when the procession-column set forth with the whole village round and before it;—when the organ, the congregation, the officiating priest, and the sparrows on the trees of the church-window, struck louder and louder their rolling peals on the drum of the jubilee-festival. . . . The heart of the singing bridegroom was like to leap from its place for joy, "that on his bridal-day, it was all so respectable and grand."—Not till the marriage benediction could he pray a little.

Still worse and louder grew the business during dinner, when pastry-work and marchpane devices were brought forward,—when glasses, and slain fishes (laid under the napkins to frighten the guests) went round;—and when the guests rose, and themselves went round, and at length danced round; for they had instrumental music from the city there.

One minute handed over to the other the sugar-bowl and bottle-case of joy; the guests heard and saw less and less, and the villagers began to see and hear more and more, and towards night they penetrated like a wedge into the open door,—nay, two youths ventured even in the middle of the parsonage court, to mount a plank over a beam and commence seesawing.—Out of doors, the gleaming vapor of the departed Sun was encircling the Earth, the evening star was glittering over parsonage and church yard; no one heeded it.

However, about nine o'clock, when the marriage guests had well nigh forgotten the marriage-pair, and were drinking or dancing along for their own behoof; when poor mortals, in this sunshine of Fate, like fishes in the sunshine of the sky, were leaping up from their wet cold element; and when the bridegroom, under the star of happiness and love, casting like a comet its long train of radiance over all his heaven, had in secret pressed to his joy-filled breast his bride and his mother,—then did he lock a slice of wedding-bread privily into a press, in the old superstitious belief, that this residue secured continuance of bread for the whole marriage. As he returned, with greater love for the sole partner of his life, she herself met him with his mother, to deliver him in private the bridal nightgown and bridal shirt, as is the ancient usage. Many a countenance grows pale in violent emotions, even of joy: Thiennette's wax-face was bleaching still whiter under the sunbeams of Happiness. Oh, never fall, thou lily of Heaven, and may four springs instead of four seasons open and shut thy flower-bells to the sun!—All the arms of his soul as he floated on the sea of joy were quivering to clasp the soft warm heart of his beloved, to encircle it gently and fast, and draw it to his own.

He led her from the crowded dancing-room into the cool evening. Why does the evening, does the night put warmer love in our hearts? Is it the nightly pressure of helplessness? or is it the exalting separation from the turmoil of life; that veiling of the world, in which for the soul nothing more remains but souls?—is it therefore, that the letters in which the loved name stands written on our spirit appear, like phosphorus-writing, by night, *in fire*, while by day in their *cloudy* traces they but smoke?

He walked with his bride into the Castle garden; she hastened quickly through the Castle, and past its servants' hall, where the fair flowers of her young life had been crushed broad and dry, under a long dreary pressure ; and her soul expanded, and breathed in the free open garden, on whose flowery soil destiny had cast forth the first seeds of the blossoms which to-day were gladdening her existence. Still Eden! Green flower-chequered *chiaroscuro!*—The moon is sleeping under ground like a dead one ; but beyond the garden the sun's red evening-clouds have fallen down like rose-leaves ; and the evening-star, the brideman of the sun, hovers, like a glancing butterfly, above the rosy red, and, modest as a bride, deprives no single starlet of its light.

The wandering pair arrived at the old gardener's hut ; now standing locked and dumb, with dark windows in the light garden, like a fragment of the Past surviving in the Present. Bared twigs of trees were folding, with clammy half-formed leaves, over the thick intertwisted tangles of the bushes.—The Spring was standing, like a conqueror, with Winter at his feet.—In the blue pond, now bloodless, a dusky evening sky lay hollowed out, and the gushing waters were moistening the flower-beds.—The silver sparks of stars were rising on the altar of the East, and falling down extinguished in the red sea of the West.

The wind whirred, like a night-bird, louder through the trees, and gave tone to the acacia grove ; and the tones called to the pair who had first become happy within it : "Enter, new mortal pair, and think of what is past, and of my withering and your own ; and be holy as Eternity, and weep not only for joy, but for gratitude also!"—And the wet-eyed bridegroom led his wet-eyed bride under the blossoms, and laid his soul, like a flower, on her heart, and said : "Best Thiennette, I am unspeakably happy, and would say much, and cannot.—Ah, thou Dearest, we will live like angels, like children together! Surely I will do all that is good to thee ; two years ago I had nothing, no, nothing ; ah, it is through thee, best love, that I am happy. I call thee Thou, now, thou dear good soul!" She drew him closer to her, and said, though without kissing him : "Call me Thou always, Dearest!"

NOVALIS.

NOVALIS was the assumed name of Friedrich von Hardenberg, born in Saxony in 1772. His parents belonged to the Moravian Brethren, and he was thoroughly permeated with their mystical spirit, yet eventually he passed into the Roman Catholic communion. He was educated at the University of Jena, where he studied law, though his later studies were with reference to the salt-works with which his father was connected. The tall and graceful, but shy, meditative youth attracted the favor of Schiller, whom he warmly admired. The early death of his betrothed greatly affected him, yet after some years, he was again engaged, and was preparing for marriage when a hemorrhage gave warning of his end. He died at the age of twenty-nine. His writings, mostly fragmentary, were collected and edited by Tieck and Schlegel. The most complete is his romance, "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," in which his love of the Middle Ages, his idealist philosophy and his passion for spiritual beauty, are most fully shown. Heinrich was one of the minstrels said to have taken part in the Battle of the Bards at Wartburg. Novalis converts him into a dreamy idealist, or rather spiritualist, seeking the mystic Blue Flower, by which the spirit of ideal poesy is symbolized. In his quest Heinrich reaches a stage where "men, beasts, plants, stones, stars, elements, sounds, colors, commune with each other like one race," and he is himself transformed successively into a rock, a singing tree, and a golden wether. Such fantastic pantheism as this really dwells also at the bottom of Novalis's otherwise beautiful mystic "Hymns to the Night." His Orphic utterances belong to the borderland between religion and poetry.

THE POET'S DAUGHTER.

(From "Heinrich von Ofterdingen.")

THE journey was now ended. It was toward evening when our travelers arrived, safe and in good spirits, in the world-renowned city of Augsburg, and rode through the lofty streets to the house of old Schwaning. . . . They found the house illuminated, and a merry music reached their ears. "What will you wager," said the merchants, "that your grandfather is giving a merry entertainment? We come as if called. How surprised he will be at the uninvited guests! Little does he dream that the true festival is now to begin." . . .

Among the guests, Heinrich had noticed a man who appeared to be the person that he had seen often at his side, in that book. His noble aspect distinguished him before all the rest. A cheerful earnestness was the spirit of his countenance. An open, beautifully arched brow; great, black, piercing and firm eyes; a roguish trait about the merry mouth, and altogether clear and manly proportions made it significant and attractive. He was strongly built, his movements were easy and full of expression, and where he stood, it seemed as if he would stand forever. Heinrich asked his grandfather about him. "I am glad," said the old man, "that you have remarked him at once. It is my excellent friend Klingsohr, the poet. Of his acquaintance and friendship you may be prouder than of the emperor's. But how stands it with your heart? He has a beautiful daughter; perhaps she will supplant the father in your regards. I shall be surprised if you have not observed her." Heinrich blushed. "I was absent, dear grandfather. The company was numerous, and I noticed only your friend." "It is very easy to see," replied Schwaning, "that you are from the North. We will soon find means to thaw you here. You shall soon learn to look out for pretty eyes."

The old Schwaning led Heinrich to Klingsohr, and told him how Heinrich had observed him at once, and felt a very lively desire to be acquainted with him. Heinrich was diffident. Klingsohr spoke to him in a very friendly manner of his country and his journey. There was something so confidential in his voice, that Heinrich soon took heart and conversed with him freely. After some time Schwaning returned, and brought with him the beautiful Mathilde. "Have compassion on my shy grandson, and pardon him for seeing your father before he did you. Your gleaming eyes will awaken his slumbering youth. In his country the spring is late."

Heinrich and Mathilde colored. They looked at each other with wondering eyes. She asked him with gentle, scarce audible words: "Did he like to dance?" Just as he was affirming this question a merry dancing-music struck up. Silently he offered her his hand, she gave hers, and they mingled in the ranks of the waltzing pairs. Schwaning and Klingsohr looked on. The mother and the merchant rejoiced in Heinrich's activity, and in his beautiful partner. . . . Heinrich wished the dance never to end. With intense satisfaction his eye rested on the roses of his partner. Her innocent eye shunned him not. She seemed the spirit of her father in the loveliest disguise. Out of her large, calm eyes, spoke eternal youth. On a light, heaven-blue ground reposed the mild glory of the dusky stars. Around them brow and nose sloped gracefully. A lily inclined toward the rising sun was her face; and from the slender white neck, blue veins meandered in tempting curves around the delicate cheeks. Her voice was like a far-away echo, and the small brown curly head seemed to hover over the light form.

The music banished reserve and roused every inclination to cheerful sport. Baskets of flowers in full splendor breathed forth odors on the table, and the wine crept about among the dishes and the flowers, shook his golden wings, and wove curtains of bright tapestry between the guests and the world. Heinrich now, for the first time, understood what a feast was. A thousand gay spirits seemed to him to dance about the table, and in still sympathy with gay men, to live by their joys and to intoxicate themselves with their delights. The joy of life stood like a sounding tree full of golden fruits before him. Evil did not show itself, and it seemed to him impossible that ever human inclination should have turned from this tree to the dangerous fruit of knowledge, to the tree of conflict. He now understood wine and food. He found their savor surpassingly delicious. They were seasoned for him by a heavenly oil, and sparkled from the cup the glory of earthly life. . . .

It was deep in the night when the company separated. The first and only feast of my life, said Heinrich to himself when he was alone.

He went to the window. The choir of the stars stood in the dark sky, and in the east a white sheen announced the coming day. With full transport Heinrich exclaimed: "You, ye everlasting stars, ye silent pilgrims, you I invoke as witnesses of my sacred oath! For Mathilde I will live, and eternal truth shall bind my heart to hers. For me too the morn of an everlasting day is breaking. The night is past. I kindle myself, a never-dying sacrifice to the rising sun!

Heinrich was heated, and it was late, toward morning, when he fell asleep. The thoughts of his soul ran together into wondrous dreams. A deep blue river shimmered from the green plain. On the smooth surface swam a boat. Mathilde sat and rowed. She was decked with garlands, sang a simple song, and looked toward him with a sweet sorrow. His bosom was oppressed, he knew not why. The sky was bright, and peaceful the flood. Her heavenly countenance mirrored itself in the waves. Suddenly the boat began to spin round. He called to her, alarmed. She smiled, and laid the oar in the boat, which continued incessantly to whirl. An overwhelming anxiety seized him. He plunged into the stream, but could make no progress, the water bore him. She beckoned, she appeared desirous to say something. Already the boat shipped water, but she smiled with an ineffable inwardness, and looked cheerfully into the whirlpool. All at once it drew her down. A gentle breath streaked across the waves, which flowed on as calm and as shining as before. The terrific agony deprived him of consciousness. His heart beat no more. He did not come to himself until he found himself on dry ground. He might have swam far, it was a strange country. He knew not what had befallen him; his mind was gone;—thoughtless he wandered farther into the land. He felt himself dreadfully exhausted. A little fountain trickled from a hill, it sounded like clear bells. With his hand he scooped a few drops, and wetted his parched lips. Like an anxious dream the terrible event lay behind him. He walked on and on; flowers and trees spoke to him. He felt himself so well, so at home. Then he heard again that simple song. He pursued the sound. Suddenly some one held him back by his garment. "Dear Heinrich!" called a well-known voice. He looked round, and Mathilde clasped him in her arms. "Why didst thou run from me, dear heart?" said she, drawing a long breath, "I could scarce overtake thee." Heinrich wept. He pressed her to his bosom.—"Where is the river?" he exclaimed with tears. "Seest thou not its blue waves above us?" He looked up, and the blue river was flowing gently above their heads. "Where are we, dear Mathilde?" "With our parents." "Shall we remain together?" "Forever," she replied, while she pressed her lips to his, and so clasped him that she could not be separated from him again. She whispered a strange mysterious word into his mouth, which vibrated through his whole being. He wished to repeat it, when his grandfather called and he awoke. He would have given his life to remember that word.

FRAGMENTS.

WHERE no gods are, ghosts rule.

The greatest of miracles is a virtuous act.

Where children are, there is the golden age.

All faith is miraculous, and worketh miracles.

The more sinful man feels himself the more Christian he is.

Prayer is to religion what thinking is to philosophy. To pray is to make religion.

The history of Christ is as surely poetry as it is history. And, in general, only that history is history which might also be fable.

Sin is indeed the real evil in the world. All calamity proceeds from that. He who understands sin, understands virtue and Christianity, himself and the world.

The Bible begins gloriously with Paradise, the symbol of youth, and ends with the everlasting kingdom, with the holy city. The history of every man should be a Bible.

A time will come, and that soon, when all men will be convinced, that there can be no king without a republic, and no republic without a king; that both are as inseparable as body and soul. The true king will be a republic, the true republic a king.

LUDWIG TIECK.

AMONG the German Romanticists, Ludwig Tieck is the most prominent figure. He was born at Berlin in 1773, and studied at the University of Halle. He early became an admirer of Shakespeare, a student of fairy tales, and a lover of mediæval art. After making adaptations of children's stories, such as "Blue Beard," he achieved success in his dreamy, tragical "Fair Eckbert." His love of the stage led him to translate some plays from Spanish and English, and to produce the romantic drama, "Genoveva," and the more powerful "Emperor Octavian." He changed his residence several times, and in 1805 went to Italy for the sake of his health. His new environment had the effect of drawing him from mysticism to direct criticism of life. With his descriptions and narrative comment, often ironical, was ingeniously blended. One of his striking characters is the talented painter Eulenböck, who is driven by his dissipated habits to become a forger of old masters. Shakespeare is the hero of "A Poet's Life," and the story of Camoëns is rehearsed in "A Poet's Death." In "Vittoria Accorambona" Tieck makes a notable approach to the later French style. In 1819 Tieck settled at Dresden and took charge of the royal theatre. The German translation of Shakespeare, left incomplete by Schlegel, was assigned to Tieck, but the part which bears his name was actually done by his daughter and others. He did, however, translate the plays of other Elizabethan dramatists. At the age of seventy he was called to Berlin to conduct dramatic and musical representations, but soon retired from active life. He died in 1853.

The peculiar genius of Tieck is said to have combined his father's matter-of-fact and sarcasm with his mother's pious mysticism. Though he produced the most striking work of the romantic school, he was self-distrustful, and was drawn by the suggestions of others to spend time on work apart from his natural bent.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

IN that part of the city where the trades predominated, where merchants, mechanics and citizens diffused a busy life, there was a street which led from the Kölln district to the castle, that a considerable time before saw the erection of the common booths, which were adorned with every kind of brilliant knick-knack as the proper gift for the Christmas feast. Fourteen days before the feast the erection of these booths began. On New-Year's day the fair was closed; and the week before Christmas Eve was properly the time in which the city pressed itself into this narrow space with the liveliest spirit and the crowd was at its greatest. Even rain and snow, bad and disagreeable weather, with the most biting cold, did not suffice to banish altogether the old any more than the young. But if at this time the winter days were fresh and pleasant, at all hours the rendezvous was gladdened by people of all ages, who desired only to be gay and to enjoy things; for nowhere else in Germany or in Italy have I seen anything so bright and hearty as was at that time the celebration of the Christmas festival in Berlin.

Most beautiful was it when snow had shortly before fallen, with moderate frost, and clear weather had for a time prevailed. Then through the ceaseless steps of innumerable wanderers the common plaster of the streets and places had been transformed into a marble pavement. About the midday hours the better classes came out and walked up and down, examining and buying, followed by their servants, who were burdened with the gifts that had been bought; or they came together in groups, as though in a hall, to converse with each other and interchange their news.

But the place was at its brightest in the evening hours, when, at both sides, the broad street was illuminated by the many thousands of lanterns on the booths that spread around a light as clear as daylight, which only here and there, owing to the dense crowd of people, seemed darkened, and played in deep shadows. All classes then mingled gayly, and with with loud talk,—in a word, surged through each other.

Here an aged burgher carried his child on his arm, and showed and explained all the wonders to his loud-jubilating son. A mother lifted up her little daughter that the child might be near enough to see the waxen hands and faces of the brilliant dolls, which, in their red and white, came so closely after nature. A courtier drew along his gayly-dressed lady; the man of business was compelled to admit himself deafened by the din and confusion, and to leave his accounts and to join in it; yea, even the beggars, old and young, openly and publicly rejoiced in the masquerade accessible to everybody. And they saw without envy the treasures of the season, and sympathized with the joy and pleasure of the children, sharing the lively hope that for each little one something would be borne from this great treasure-chamber into the little play-room. So the thousands moved about, joking over their plans to buy, counting up their money, laughing and crying after the sweet-scented manifold-moulded confections, in some of which were fruits in graceful imitations, figures of all kinds, beasts and men, all shining in clear colors, smiling with lustre. Here, truly, is a bewildering exhibition of fruits,—apricots, peaches, cherries, pears, and apples,—all most artistically formed out of wax. There, in a great booth, are thousands of playthings formed in all shapes out of wood,—men and women, laborers and priests, kings and beggars, sledges and coaches, maidens, ladies, nuns, horses with bells and shining harness, whole suits of furniture, or hunters with hart and hounds; whatever thought could suggest for play is here represented; and the children, servants and parents were all excited about choosing and buying. Yonder glances a stall overflowing with bright tin (for then it was still customary to make plates and dishes of this metal), but next to it, polished and shining implements glanced and shone in red and green, and gold and blue, an innumerable multitude regularly ranged, and representing soldiers, Englishmen, Prussians and Croats, Pandours and Turks, prettily-clothed Pachas on richly-caparisoned chargers, also harnessed knights, and peasants, and forests in spring glory, huntsmen, stags, and bears, and hounds in the wild.

If one was not already absolutely deafened and bewildered with all this confusion of playthings, the lights, and the manifold surging multitude, augmented by the loud shrill cries of the itinerant venders of wares, who would not attach themselves to one particular spot, then one might have squeezed through the thickest press, with its screaming, shouting, laughing and whistling, into a part a little more open, where the pressure was of a less oppressive kind, if still the gold could easily be spent. Here are young students, who, incapable of fatigue, ceaselessly swing about a big polygon of pasteboard, which is fastened to a staff with horsehair, a strange loud humming being produced, and at which the rogues loudly shout and cry. Now comes slowly forward a great coach with many servants. It contains the young princes and princesses of the royal house, who also will take part in the children's joy of the people. Now the citizens rejoice with a double pleasure at being so near to their sovereigns; the children are overflowing, and all draw, with new eagerness, round the now motionless carriage.

J. H. D. ZSCHOKKE.

ZSCHOKKE, though born in Prussia in 1771, spent most of his mature life in Switzerland, and devoted his labors to the interests of his adopted country. His earliest literary attempts were extravagant plays, but his later works were chiefly historical and philosophical, in which the modern views of politics and religion were supported. Yet his reputation rests rather on his lighter writings, "Pictures of the Swiss," and his romantic tales, "The Creole," "Meister Jordan."

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THE following extract is taken from "The Journal of a Poor Vicar in Wiltshire." The story, though told in the form of a diary, has a close resemblance to Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." The translation is by the Rev. W. H. Furness, D.D.

New Year's Day, 1765, A.M.—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words: "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and wishing me "A happy new year," as well as "Good morning," added laughing, "You will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me, that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity. For hitherto the New Year's presents for the Vicar of C——e had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlor, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribands. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was wrapt up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh and cried: "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre." Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the tip of her finger, and in a tone full of pity, said: "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor, forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said: "Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God tries our faith—no, He does not try it, He knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not indeed know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile, we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New Year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day. Eve.—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your Reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know everything that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried: "There's the bishop's mitre!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich had we suddenly become! We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

J. AND W. GRIMM.

Investigation of the early language, poetry and laws of Germany led the brothers Grimm not only to the compilation of the scientific Grammar and ponderous Dictionary which astonished the learned world, but also to the collection and rehearsing of "Household Tales" which have since delighted the children of many lands. In spite of Continental wars and commotions, they spent most of their lives as librarians, usually in the same place. The elder, Jacob L. C. (1785–1863), enjoyed robust health and lived for some years in Paris. The younger, Wilhelm C. (1786–1859), was weakened by illness in youth, and never recovered his full strength. When he married, his bachelor brother shared his house. To Wilhelm, chiefly, is due the writing of their "Household Tales," which first appeared in 1812, and was frequently enlarged.

The Sleeping Beauty.

In times past there lived a king and queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once that when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her,—

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt bring a daughter into the world."

And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and he ordained a great feast. Not only did he bid to it his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only provided twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out. However, the feast was celebrated with all splendor; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for. And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and, without greeting or showing respect, she cried with a loud voice,—"In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead."

Without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying, when the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it; so she said,—"The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years."

Now, the king, being desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind and clever, that no one who saw could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair which led to a little door, with a rusty key sticking out of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good-day, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that that twirls round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and, taking the spindle into her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held them fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

Many a long year after there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorn-hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns and had died a miserable death. Then said the young man, "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen to his words.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed to a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came in-doors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and the queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awakened, and opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

GERMAN FOLK-TALES.

IN these tales . . . all nature is alive; sun, moon, and stars are accessible, bestow gifts, or may, perhaps, even be woven in garments; in the mountains, dwarfs are digging for precious metals; in the sea there sleep the water sprites; birds, plants and stones talk and express their sympathy; even blood calls and speaks out. This innocent familiarity of the greatest and the smallest has an inexpressible sweetness, and we, for our part, would rather listen to the conversation between the stars and a poor child lost in the forest than to the music of the spheres. All that is beautiful, is golden and strewn with pearls; even golden people are to be found; the evil, on the other hand, is a dark power, a monstrous, man-eating giant. And yet it is overcome, for a good woman comes forward who knows how to avert the danger—and thus this epic always ends by opening up an endless joy.

BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

OF French descent, yet a thorough German in spirit was Baron Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, the author of "Undine." His grandfather, originally a French Huguenot ensign, rose to be one of the favorite generals of Frederick the Great. Fouqué, born in 1777, became a cuirassier and fought in the disastrous Rhine campaign. He was wounded at Culm. Then he retired to the country and devoted himself to study and literary pursuits until the campaign of 1813 called forth all Prussia. He served as captain, and at the close of the campaign for his bravery he was made a major. Like Körner he devoted both "the lyre and the sword" to his country. His later life was spent alternately in Paris and on his estate at Neunhausen, and after 1830 at Halle. He died in 1843.

Fouqué first entered the literary world as a dramatist in 1801, under the pseudonym "Pellegrin." But he was attracted by the early Scandinavian legends, and in 1808 he issued "Sigurd" with his real name attached. Then came "The Magic Ring," "Theodulf the Icelander" and "Aslauga's Knight." He mingled with his romantic narratives praises of feudalism and antique life. He also strained after fantastic conceits, as in "Sintram and His Companions" and "The Two Captains." But his masterpiece is the charmingly-fanciful "Undine," the gentle water-nymph who could have won an immortal soul had she been able to win the love of a human being. She lives with two old fisher-folk as a beautiful maiden, and a knight comes to woo her. But a rival poisons Huldbrand's mind, he distrusts Undine, and the tender-hearted water-spirit vanishes again in the waves of the Danube.

UNDINE AND HULDBRAND.

THE Knight Huldbrand had taken refuge from a storm in a cottage where dwelt an old couple with their adopted child Undine, who was really a water-sprite.

The old people saw with pleasure the familiarity of Undine and Huldbrand; they looked upon them as betrothed, or even as married, and living with them in their old age on their island, now torn off from the mainland. The loneliness of his situation strongly impressed also the young Huldbrand with the feeling that he was already Undine's bridegroom. It seemed to him as if, beyond those encompassing floods, there were no other world in existence, or at any rate as if he could never cross them, and again associate with the world of other men; and when at times his grazing steed raised his head and neighed to him, seemingly inquiring after his knightly achievements and reminding him of them, or when his coat-of-arms sternly shone upon him from the embroidery of his saddle and the caparisons of his horse, or when his sword happened to fall from the nail on which it was hanging in the cottage, and flashed on his eye as it slipped from the scabbard in its fall, he quieted the doubts of his mind by saying to himself, "Undine cannot be a fisherman's daughter. She is, in all probability, a native of some remote region, and a member of some illustrious family."

There was one thing, indeed, to which he had a strong aversion: this was to hear the old dame reproving Undine. The wild girl, it is true, commonly laughed at the reproof, making no attempt to conceal the extravagance of her mirth; but it appeared to him like touching his own honor; and still he found it impossible to blame the aged wife of the fisherman, since Undine always deserved at least ten times as many reproofs as she received; so he continued to feel in his heart an affectionate tenderness for the ancient mistress of the house, and his whole life flowed on in the calm stream of contentment.

There came, however, an interruption at last. The fisherman and the knight had been accustomed at dinner, and also in the evening when the wind roared without, as it rarely failed to do towards night, to enjoy together a flask of wine. But now their whole stock, which the fisherman had from time to time brought with him from the city, was at last exhausted, and they were both quite out of humor at the circumstance. That day Undine laughed at them excessively, but they were not disposed to join in her jests with the same gaiety as usual. Toward evening she went out of the cottage, to escape, as she said, the sight of two such long and tiresome faces.

While it was yet twilight, some appearances of a tempest seemed to be again mustering in the sky, and the waves already heaved and roared around them: the knight and the fisherman sprang to the door in terror, to bring home the maiden, remembering the anguish of that night when Huldbrand had first entered the cottage. But Undine met them at the same moment, clapping her little hands in high glee.

"What will you give me," she cried, "to provide you with wine? or rather, you need not give me anything," she continued; "for I am already satisfied, if you look more cheerful, and are in better spirits, than throughout this last most wearisome day. Only come with me; the forest stream has driven ashore a cask; and I will be condemned to sleep through a whole week, if it is not a wine-cask."

The men followed her, and actually found, in a bushy cove of the shore, a cask, which inspired them with as much joy as if they were sure it contained the generous old wine for which they were thirsting. They first of all, and with as much expedition as possible, rolled it toward the cottage; for heavy clouds were again rising in the west, and they could discern the waves of the lake in the fading light lifting their white foaming heads, as if looking out for the rain, which threatened every instant to pour upon them. Undine helped the men as much as she was able; and as the shower, with a roar of wind, came suddenly sweeping on in rapid pursuit, she raised her finger with a merry menace toward the dark mass of clouds, and cried:

"You cloud, you cloud, have a care! beware how you wet us; we are some way from shelter yet."

The old man reproved her for this sally, as a sinful presumption; but she laughed to herself softly, and no mischief came from her wild behavior. Nay more, what was beyond their expectation, they reached their comfortable hearth unwet, with their prize secured; but the cask had hardly been broached, and proved to contain wine of a remarkably fine flavor, when the rain first poured down unrestrained from the black cloud, the tempest raved through the tops of the trees, and swept far over the billows of the deep.

Having immediately filled several bottles from the cask, which promised them a supply for a long time, they drew round the glowing hearth; and, comfortably secured from the tempest, they sat tasting the flavor of their wine and bandying jests.

But the old fisherman suddenly became extremely grave, and said: "Ah, great God! here we sit, rejoicing over this rich gift, while he to whom it first belonged, and from whom it was wrested by the fury of the stream, must there also, it is more than probable, have lost his life."

"No such thing," said Undine, smiling, as she filled the knight's cup to the brim.

But he exclaimed: "By my unsullied honor, old father, if I knew where to find and rescue him, no fear of exposure to the night, nor any peril, should deter me from making the attempt. At least, I can promise you that if I again reach an inhabited country, I will find out the owner of this wine or his heirs, and make double and triple reimbursement."

The old man was gratified with this assurance; he gave the knight a nod of approbation, and now drained his cup with an easier conscience and more relish.

Undine, however, said to Huldbrand: "As to the repayment and your gold, you may do whatever you like. But what you said about your venturing out, and searching, and exposing yourself to danger, appears to me far from wise. I should cry my very eyes out, should you perish in such a wild attempt; and is it not true that you would prefer staying here with me and the good wine?"

"Most assuredly," answered Huldbrand, smiling.

"Then, you see," replied Undine, "you spoke unwisely.

For charity begins at home; and why need we trouble ourselves about our neighbors?"

The mistress of the house turned away from her, sighing and shaking her head; while the fisherman forgot his wonted indulgence toward the graceful maiden, and thus rebuked her:

"That sounds exactly as if you had been brought up by heathens and Turks;" and he finished his reproof by adding, "May God forgive both me and you—unfeeling child!"

"Well, say what you will, that is what *I* think and feel." replied Undine, "whoever brought me up; and all your talking cannot help it."

"Silence!" exclaimed the fisherman, in a voice of stern rebuke; and she, who with all her wild spirit was extremely alive to fear, shrank from him, moved close up to Huldbrand, trembling, and said very softly:

"Are you also angry, dear friend?"

The knight pressed her soft hand, and tenderly stroked her locks. He was unable to utter a word, for his vexation, arising from the old man's severity toward Undine, closed his lips; and thus the two couple sat opposite to each other, at once heated with anger and in embarrassed silence.

In the midst of this stillness a low knocking at the door startled them all; for there are times when a slight circumstance, coming unexpectedly upon us, startles us like something supernatural. But there was the further source of alarm, that the enchanted forest lay so near them, and that their place of abode seemed at present inaccessible to any human being. While they were looking upon one another in doubt, the knocking was again heard, accompanied with a deep groan. The knight sprang to seize his sword. But the old man said, in a low whisper:

"If it be what I fear it is, no weapon of yours can protect us."

Undine in the meanwhile went to the door, and cried with the firm voice of fearless displeasure: "Spirits of the earth! if mischief be your aim, Kühleborn shall teach you better manners."

The terror of the rest was increased by this wild speech;

they looked fearfully upon the girl, and Huldbrand was just recovering presence of mind enough to ask what she meant, when a voice reached them from without:

"I am no spirit of the earth, though a spirit still in its earthly body. You that are within the cottage there, if you fear God and would afford me assistance, open your door to me."

By the time these words were spoken, Undine had already opened it; and the lamp throwing a strong light upon the stormy night, they perceived an aged priest without, who stepped back in terror, when his eye fell on the unexpected sight of a little damsel of such exquisite beauty. Well might he think there must be magic in the wind and witchcraft at work when a form of such surpassing loveliness appeared at the door of so humble a dwelling. So he lifted up his voice in prayer:

"Let all good spirits praise the Lord God!"

"I am no spectre," said Undine, with a smile. "Do I look so very frightful? And you see that I do not shrink from holy words. I too have knowledge of God, and understand the duty of praising Him; every one, to be sure, has his own way of doing this, for so He has created us. Come in, father; you will find none but worthy people here."

The holy man came bowing in, and cast round a glance of scrutiny, wearing at the same time a very placid and venerable air. But water was dropping from every fold of his dark garments, from his long white beard and the white locks of his hair. The fisherman and the knight took him to another apartment, and furnished him with a change of raiment, while they gave his own clothes to the woman to dry. The aged stranger thanked them in a manner the most humble and courteous; but on the knight's offering him his splendid cloak to wrap round him, he could not be persuaded to take it, but chose instead an old grey coat that belonged to the fisherman.

They then returned to the common apartment. The mistress of the house immediately offered her great chair to the priest, and continued urging it upon him till she saw him fairly in possession of it. "You are old and exhausted," said she, "and are, moreover, a man of God."

Undine shoved under the stranger's feet her little stool, on which at all other times she used to sit near to Huldbrand, and showed herself most gentle and amiable towards the old man. Huldbrand whispered some raillery in her ear, but she replied, gravely:

"He is a minister of that Being who created us all; and holy things are not to be treated with lightness."

The knight and the fisherman now refreshed the priest with food and wine; and when he had somewhat recovered his strength and spirits, he began to relate how he had the day before set out from his cloister, which was situated far off beyond the great lake, in order to visit the bishop, and acquaint him with the distress into which the cloister and its tributary villages had fallen, owing to the extraordinary floods. After a long and wearisome wandering, on account of the rise of the waters, he had been this day compelled toward evening to procure the aid of a couple of boatmen, and cross over an arm of the lake which had burst its usual boundary.

"But hardly," continued he, "had our small ferry-boat touched the waves, when that furious tempest burst forth which is still raging over our heads. It seemed as if the billows had been waiting our approach only to rush on us with a madness the more wild. The oars were wrested from the grasp of my men in an instant; and shivered by the resistless force, they drove farther and farther out before us upon the waves. Unable to direct our course, we yielded to the blind power of nature, and seemed to fly over the surges towards your distant shore, which we already saw looming through the mist and foam of the deep. Then it was at last that our boat turned short from its course, and rocked with a motion that became more and more wild and dizzy: I know not whether it was overset, or the violence of the motion threw me overboard. In my agony and struggle at the thought of a near and terrible death, the waves bore me onward, till I was cast ashore here beneath the trees of your island."

"Yes, an island!" cried the fisherman; "a short time ago it was only a point of land. But now, since the forest-stream and lake have become all but mad, it appears to be entirely changed."

"I observed something of it," replied the priest, "as I stole along the shore in the obscurity; and hearing nothing around me but a sort of wild uproar, I perceived at last that the noise came from a point exactly where a beaten footpath disappeared. I now caught the light in your cottage, and ventured hither, where I cannot sufficiently thank my heavenly Father that, after preserving me from the waters, He has also conducted me to such pious people as you are; and the more so, as it is difficult to say whether I shall ever behold any other persons in this world except you four."

"What mean you by those words?" asked the fisherman.

"Can you tell me, then, how long this commotion of the elements will last?" replied the priest. "I am old; the stream of my life may easily sink into the ground and vanish before the overflowing of that forest stream shall subside. And, indeed, it is not impossible that more and more of the foaming waters may rush in between you and yonder forest, until you are so far removed from the rest of the world that your small fishing canoe may be incapable of passing over, and the inhabitants of the main land entirely forget you in your old age amid the dissipation and diversions of life."

At this melancholy foreboding the old lady shrank back with a feeling of alarm, crossed herself, and cried, "God forbid!"

But the fisherman looked upon her with a smile, and said, "What a strange being is man! Suppose the worst to happen; our state would not be different; at any rate, your own would not, dear wife, from what it is at present. For have you, these many years, been farther from home than the border of the forest? And have you seen a single human being beside Undine and myself? It is now only a short time since the coming of the knight and the priest. They will remain with us, even if we do become a forgotten island; so, after all, you will be a gainer."

"I know not," replied the ancient dame; "it is a dismal thought, when brought fairly home to the mind, that we are for ever separated from mankind, even though in fact we never do know nor see them."

"Then *you* will remain with us—then you will remain with us!" whispered Undine in a voice scarcely audible and half singing, while she nestled closer to Huldbrand's side. But he was immersed in the deep and strange musings of his own mind. The region, on the farther side of the forest-river, seemed, since the last words of the priest, to have been withdrawing farther and farther, in dim perspective, from his view; and the blooming island on which he lived grew green and smiled more freshly in his fancy. His bride glowed like the fairest rose, not of this obscure nook only, but even of the whole wide world; and the priest was now present.

Added to which, the mistress of the family was directing an angry glance at Undine, because, even in the presence of the priest, she leant so fondly on the knight; and it seemed as if she was on the point of breaking out in harsh reproof. Then burst forth from the mouth of Huldbrand, as he turned to the priest, "Father, you here see before you an affianced pair; and if this maiden and these good old people have no objection, you shall unite us this very evening."

The aged couple were both exceedingly surprised. They had often, it is true, thought of this, but as yet they had never mentioned it; and now when the knight spoke, it came upon them like something wholly new and unexpected. Undine became suddenly grave, and looked down thoughtfully, while the priest made inquiries respecting the circumstances of their acquaintance, and asked the old people whether they gave their consent to the union. After a great number of questions and answers, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all; and the mistress of the house went to prepare the bridal apartment for the young couple, and also, with a view to grace the nuptial solemnity, to seek for two consecrated tapers, which she had for a long time kept for this occasion.

The knight in the meanwhile busied himself about his golden chain, for the purpose of disengaging two of its links, that he might make an exchange of rings with his bride. But when she saw his object she started from her trance of musing and exclaimed:

"Not so! my parents by no means sent me into the world so perfectly destitute; on the contrary, they foresaw, even at that early period, that such a night as this would come."

Thus speaking she went out of the room, and a moment after returned with two costly rings, of which she gave one to her bridegroom and kept the other for herself. The old fisherman was beyond measure astonished at this; and his wife, who was just re-entering the room, was even more surprised than he, that neither of them had ever seen these jewels in the child's possession.

"My parents," said Undine, "sewed these trinkets to that beautiful raiment which I wore the very day I came to you. They also charged me on no account whatever to mention them to any one before my wedding evening. At the time of my coming, therefore, I took them off in secret, and have kept them concealed to the present hour."

The priest now cut short all further questioning and wondering, while he lighted the consecrated tapers, placed them on a table, and ordered the bridal pair to stand opposite to him. He then pronounced the few solemn words of the ceremony, and made them one. The elder couple gave the younger their blessing; and the bride, gently trembling and thoughtful, leaned upon the knight.

The priest then spoke out: "You are strange people, after all; for why did you tell me that you were the only inhabitants of the island? so far is this from being true, I have seen, the whole time I was performing the ceremony, a tall, stately man, in a white mantle, standing opposite to me, looking in at the window. He must be still waiting before the door, if peradventure you would invite him to come in."

"God forbid!" cried the old lady, shrinking back; the fisherman shook his head, without opening his lips; and Huldbrand sprang to the window. It seemed to *him* that he could still discern a white streak, which soon disappeared in the gloom. He convinced the priest that he must have been mistaken in his impression; and they all sat down together round a bright and comfortable hearth.

THE SEALED FOUNTAIN.

(From "Undine.")

ONE day, a few moments after Huldbrand had ridden out, Undine called together the domestics of the family, and ordered them to bring a large stone, and carefully to cover with it a magnificent fountain, that was situated in the middle of the castle court. The servants objected that it would oblige them to bring water from the valley below. Undine smiled sadly.

"I am sorry, my friends," replied she, "to increase your labor; I would rather bring up the water-vessels myself; but this fountain must indeed be closed. Believe me when I say that it must be done, and that only by doing it we can avoid a greater evil."

The domestics were all rejoiced to gratify their gentle mistress; and making no further inquiry, they seized the enormous stone. While they were raising it in their hands, and were now on the point of adjusting it over the fountain, Bertalda came running to the place, and cried, with an air of command, that they must stop; that the water she used, so improving to her complexion, was brought from this fountain, and that she would by no means allow it to be closed.

This time, however, Undine, while she showed her usual gentleness, showed more than her usual resolution: she said it belonged to her, as mistress of the house, to direct the household according to her best judgment; and that she was accountable in this to no one but her lord and husband.

"See, O pray see," exclaimed the dissatisfied and indignant Bertalda, "how the beautiful water is curling and curving, winding and waving there, as if disturbed at being shut out from the bright sunshine, and from the cheerful view of the human countenance, for whose mirror it was created."

In truth the water of the fountain was agitated, and foaming, and hissing in a surprising manner; it seemed as if there were something within possessing life and will, that was struggling to free itself from confinement. But Undine only the more earnestly urged the accomplishment of her commands. This earnestness was scarcely required. The servants of the castle were as happy in obeying their gentle lady, as in opposing the haughty spirit of Bertalda; and however the latter might scold and threaten, still the stone was in a few minutes lying firm over the opening of the fountain. Undine leaned thoughtfully over it, and wrote with her beautiful fingers on the flat surface. She must, however, have had something very sharp and corrosive in her hand, for when she retired, and the domestics went up to examine the stone, they discovered various strange characters upon it, which none of them had seen there before.

When the knight returned home, toward evening, Bertalda received him with tears, and complaints of Undine's conduct. He cast a severe glance of reproach at his poor wife, and she looked down in distress; yet she said, very calmly:

"My lord and husband, you never reprove even a bond-slave before you hear his defence; how much less, then, your wedded wife!"

"Speak, what moved you to this singular conduct?" said the knight, with a gloomy countenance.

"I could wish to tell you when we are entirely alone," said Undine, with a sigh.

"You can tell me equally well in the presence of Bertalda," he replied.

"Yes, if you command me," said Undine; "but do not command me—pray, pray do not!"

She looked so humble, affectionate, and obedient, that the heart of the knight was touched and softened, as if it felt the influence of a ray from better times. He kindly took her arm within his, and led her to his apartment, where she spoke as follows:

"You already know something, my beloved lord, of Kühleborn, my evil-disposed uncle, and have often felt displeasure at meeting him in the passages of this castle. Several times has he terrified Bertalda even to swooning. He does this because he possesses no soul, being a mere elemental mirror of the outward world, while of the world within he can give no reflection. Then, too, he sometimes observes that you are displeased with me, that in my childish weakness I weep at this, and that Bertalda, it may be, laughs at the same moment.

Hence it is that he imagines all is wrong with us, and in various ways mixes with our circle unbidden. What do I gain by reproving him, by showing displeasure, and sending him away? He does not believe a word I say. His poor nature has no idea that the joys and sorrows of love have so sweet a resemblance, and are so intimately connected that no power on earth is able to separate them. A smile shines in the midst of tears, and a smile calls forth tears from their dwelling place."

She looked up at Huldbrand, smiling and weeping, and he again felt within his heart all the magic of his former love. She perceived it, and pressed him more tenderly to her, while with tears of joy she went on thus:

"When the disturber of our peace would not be dismissed with words, I was obliged to shut the door upon him; and the only entrance by which he has access to us is that fountain. His connection with the other water-spirits here in this region is cut off by the valleys that border upon us; and his kingdom first commences farther off on the Danube, in whose tributary streams some of his good friends have their abode. For this reason I caused the stone to be placed over the opening of the fountain, and inscribed characters upon it, which baffle all the efforts of my suspicious uncle; so that he now has no power of intruding either upon you, or me, or Bertalda. Human beings, it is true, notwithstanding the characters I have inscribed there, are able to raise the stone without any extraordinary trouble; there is nothing to prevent them. If you choose, therefore, remove it, according to Bertalda's desire; but she assuredly knows not what she asks. The rude Kühleborn looks with peculiar ill-will upon her; and should those things come to pass that he has predicted to me, and which may happen without your meaning any evil, ah! dearest, even you yourself would be exposed to peril."

Huldbrand felt the generosity of his gentle wife in the depths of his heart, since she had been so active in confining her formidable defender, and even at the very moment she was reproached for it by Bertalda. He pressed her in his arms with the tenderest affection and said, with emotion:

"The stone shall remain unmoved; all remains, and ever shall remain, just as you choose to have it, my sweetest Undine?"

At these long-withheld expressions of tenderness, she returned his caresses with lowly delight, and at length said: "My dearest husband, since you are so kind and indulgent to-day, may I venture to ask a favor of you? See now, it is with you as with summer. Even amid its highest splendor, summer puts on the flaming and thundering crown of glorious tempests, in which it strongly resembles a king and god on earth. You, too, are sometimes terrible in your rebukes; your eyes flash lightning, while thunder resounds in your voice; and although this may be quite becoming to you, I in my folly cannot but sometimes weep at it. But never, I entreat you, behave thus toward me on a river, or even when we are near any water. For if you should, my relations would acquire a right over me. They would inexorably tear me from you in their fury, because they would conceive that one of their race was injured; and I should be compelled, as long as I lived, to dwell below in the crystal palaces, and never dare ascend to you again; or should *they send* me up to you! O God! that would be far worse still. No, no, my beloved husband; let it not come to that, if your poor Undine is dear to you."

He solemnly promised to do as she desired, and, inexpressibly happy and full of affection, the married pair returned from the apartment. At this very moment, Bertalda came with some work-people whom she had meanwhile ordered to attend her, and said with a fretful air, which she had assumed of late:

"Well, now the secret consultation is at an end, the stone may be removed. Go out, workmen, and see to it."

The knight, however, highly resenting her impertinence, said, in brief and very decisive terms: "The stone remains where it is!" He reproved Bertalda also for the vehemence that she had shown towards his wife. Whereupon the workmen, smiling with secret satisfaction, withdrew; while Bertalda, pale with rage, hurried away to her room.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

PERIOD VIII. 1820–1870.

FRENCH Literature of the nineteenth century is clearly dominated by the great fame and numerous achievements of Victor Hugo. He is not only one of the greatest lyrical poets, but also one of the greatest prose-writers of France. At the opening of the century the pious Chateaubriand reigned in literature, as the sceptical Voltaire had reigned before him. Hugo in youth aimed to be a second Chateaubriand, and was recognized by that sovereign as "the sublime child." Under the influence of his pious mother, Hugo was then a royalist and Catholic, but on attaining manhood, he followed the course of his father, who had been a Republican general and was devoted to Napoleon. The poet long afterwards pronounced his early royalist "Odes," his "follies before he was born."

The French literary revolution, which closely followed the restoration of the Bourbons, involved emancipation from the classical traditions of Malherbe. The young poets, grouped in the Cénacle, transformed the stilted Alexandrine into a thing of life and beauty, varied its swing, employed irregular rhyme and metre, enlarged the poetic vocabulary and abandoned the artificial paraphrases of conventional poetry for words of force. Beyond this change of form there was a change of spirit, a new atmosphere of freedom. The Romanticists studied Sir Walter Scott as a master and gathered inspiration from Shakespeare, whom Voltaire had pronounced "an inspired savage." They saturated themselves with mediæval lore and art and chivalry. Alongside of kings and queens and warriors, were henceforth to be heroes from the common people, and even brigands and valets. The ugly was to take its place, as the grotesque, side by side with the beautiful and sublime. Hugo announced this theory in the preface to his "Cromwell" (1828), and illustrated it by his creation of Quasimodo and Triboulet.

Victor Hugo did not originate the Romantic revolt in France, but he soon declared his adhesion, and then put himself at its head. He foresaw that the battlefield would be the stage, and for it he composed his strong drama, "Hernani." The classicists petitioned Charles X. to prohibit the play, but the King sensibly replied that where it was a question of poetry his place was in the pit. The first night resolved itself into an uproarious pitched battle between the *grisâtres* (graybeards) or *perruques* (periwigs) and the Romanticists. Gautier, as leader of the latter, had dressed himself for the occasion in velvet coat, scarlet vest, green trousers and wore his hair long, falling down his neck. Hernani, the hero of the play, is a bandit who loves Dona Sol, the affianced of the aged Don Gomez. Being caught in a stolen interview, Hernani falls into the hands of Gomez, but the old nobleman refuses to surrender the bandit to Charles V. Hernani wishes to kill this monarch in revenge, and begs his life of Gomez, yet gives him his horn and promises to drink poison whenever Silva shall call on him to yield his forfeited life whenever a blast is blown on the horn. Charles V., being made Emperor, frustrates his would-be assassin, and forgives Hernani. The latter is about to wed Dona Sol when the unexpected blast of the horn is heard. The lovers take the fatal poison and expire in each other's arms.

The Romanticist group comprised, beside Hugo and Balzac, the great critic Sainte-Beuve, Nodier, De Vigny, De Musset, Merimée, Gautier, Gerard de Nerval, and the elder Dumas. They were victorious, and in the Revolution of July, 1830, their cause became identified with that of political as well as literary liberty. It was but natural that Hugo, having been the acknowledged champion of the latter, should over-estimate himself as the champion of the former. The

Romantic revolt, important as it seemed at the time, was but the chief feature of this period of French literature. The long life of Hugo and the fertility of his age prolonged the effects of the movement. His great romantic novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," appeared in 1831, and thirty years later, during his exile from France, came his still greater work, "Les Miserables," which was followed by others of the same general spirit until "Quatre-vingt-treize" closed the series in 1874. In the greatest of these he poured forth his supreme pity for the poor and suffering, especially for persecuted innocence. In spite of the dreadful pictures of sin and misery which he exhibits, Hugo is an optimist and believes in the redemption of man. This spirit pervades the whole of the Romantic period. But before the close of Hugo's career, the new era of realism and pessimism had begun. In spite of the superficial brilliance of the Second Empire, its stifling despotism drove the thoughtful writers of the time to pessimism.

In France, as in England, the modern novel owes much to the genius of women. The most famous of these novelists disguised herself under the masculine name George Sand, but could not conceal in her swiftly-written stories the instincts and passion of her sex. Her personal life was a succession of romances, not always creditable, but all were turned to profit for her brilliant pictures of actual life. Though yielding to the temptations of a corrupt society, she somehow preserved a love for ideal purity, and achieved masterpieces of idyllic beauty as well as questionable presentation of social problems.

The remarkable wavering between Bonapartism and Republicanism, which has characterized a large part of the French people, was fully exemplified in the song-writer Béranger. Sometimes holding a clerkship under the government, sometimes in prison for his political songs, he was ever a favorite of the people, whose feelings and desires he vigorously expressed. The critics have condemned him as vulgar, but the masses of his countrymen and ordinary readers everywhere applaud his wit, patriotism, cheeriness, and humanity. Probably more even than the historian Thiers, Béranger intensified the French devotion to Napoleon, which became the basis of the Second Empire.

VICTOR HUGO.

While he lived the great genius of Victor Marie Hugo was dazzling and bewildering, but in the years which have elapsed since his death we have learned to discriminate between what in him was truly great, and what was merely fortuitous. When he was born, in 1802, the destinies of France were stormy and ambiguous, and parties were arrayed against one another with extraordinary bitterness. The surging of the muddy waves stirred up by the earthquake of the French Revolution was still terrifying civilization; and Napoleon was at the height of his marvellous career. Society had been shaken to its foundations, and men were in doubt whether anything that had been would endure. Violence and tragedy had become familiar things, and vast schemes of glory and conquest existed side by side with despair, anarchy, atheism and doubt. Not only parties, but families were divided; and the man whose opinions were worshipped to-day, might suffer on the scaffold for them to-morrow. Children born in such an age might well be expected to show in their natures traces of the agitation and inequalities amidst which they were brought forth.

Victor's own father and mother were on opposite sides of the quarrel of the day. The father, a general, was wedded to the liberal interests in politics, while the mother was a staunch royalist. The romance in the child's temperament at first caused him to sympathize with the splendor, the picturesqueness and the pathos of the old regime; he was swayed by his mother, and his immature judgment found nothing but darkness and disorder in the cause of the revolutionists. But later, when he had had time to think independently, he discovered a more spiritual beauty and harmony in the new dispensation than in the old; and, extreme in all things, he plunged with such ardor into the battle against the past, that he became the leader among the enthusiastic young fellows who wanted to tear down the sky of their fathers and build a fresh one in its place. He had the valuable trait of believing profoundly in himself, and of being able to see but one side of a question at a time. Common sense was a quality of which he knew nothing; he was a poet first of all, and he tried in perfect good faith to turn poetry into politics, and to make the facts of daily life rhyme together like the stanzas of an ode. The foundations of old beliefs having been overthrown, people were prepared to believe or disbelieve in anything: never was there a time when original gospels stood a better chance of finding disciples. Hugo was carried along on the crest of a wave which he imagined he himself had created; whereas, in truth, he had no more to do with producing or directing it than has the fly on the wheel. But his quick sympathies enabled him spontaneously to do and say better than the others the things which were in the thoughts and the purposes of the epoch; so he was accepted as the leader which he announced and fancied himself to be. His undoubted gifts rendered the illusion complete; and he really was inspired to achievements which would else have been impossible to him, by the exciting and stimulating atmosphere in which his career was accomplished.

Had he confined himself to literature he would have escaped many mistakes, and have left behind him a far more consistent and reasonable record. He was really the most prominent figure of the romantic school in France; though we now know that others—as, for example, Balzac—were greater than he; his poems, novels and plays had immense vogue, and some of his poetry, at least, is sure to stand the test of time. But he was impelled to make himself his most dramatic and adventurous character; and his utter lack of the sense of humor hurried him into not a few preposterous follies and absurdities. He posed as the unrelenting foe of the Third Napoleon; and when that monarch was overthrown, Hugo no doubt thought that it was his sword that had hewn him down. He fell, in short, into the common error of ardent natures of fancying himself the motive power of events which swept him helplessly whither he knew not.

Eloquence, a royal imagination, versatility, artistic perception, and a rush and fury of conviction almost unparalleled, were the characteristics of his literary productions, the list of which would fill a closely printed page. His power of portraying character was great, his descriptive power enormous, and the magnitude of his conceptions was only equalled by the indomitable energy with which he carried them out. He had the faculty of creating interest in his reader; and though one's judgment and sense of reality is constantly outraged, it is impossible to resist his spell, once we come under its influence. "Les Miserables" and "L'Homme qui Rit" are truly superb romances, and full of lofty and inspiring thought. His poems have an exquisite melody and completeness which we do not readily find in the verse of any other French author. Several of his dramas, such as "Le Roi S'amuse," hold the stage to-day. Yet almost all that he has done needs much sifting; and when the final criticism is made, it will be found that his total permanent contribution to literature is very much smaller than the catalogue would pretend.

Though he had contributed much to the revival of the Napoleonic cult, he was an earnest Republican, and after the *coup d'état* of 1851 he was banished from France. He was for many years a political exile in the Channel Islands, and there a great amount of his best work was done. His domestic life was happy and honorable; his life was prolonged beyond the common span, for he died at eighty-three. His closing years were spent in the Paris which he loved and had done much to honor; and the sensation of his death could be compared with that caused by the demise of Voltaire. His egotism was naïve and amiable, and belonged to his French temperament; he did much good in his day, and his aims were at all times pure, elevated and righteous. But he was less gigantic than he and his contemporaries supposed.

THE DJINNS.

ACCORDING to Mohammedan belief, the Djinns (also called *jinns* or *genii*) are beings like devils, created of fire. Their abode is Mount Oâf, which surrounds the earth. Part only of this ode, which represents, by a metrical device, the approach and departure of the dreaded spirits of fire, is given.

Hark, the rising swell,
With each nearer burst!
Like the toll of bell
Of a convent cursed;
Like the billowy roar
On a storm-lashed shore,—
Now hushed, now once more
Maddening to its worst.

O God! the deadly sound
Of the Djinns' fearful cry!
Quick, 'neath the spiral round
Of the deep staircase fly!
See, see our lamplight fade!
And of the balustrade
Mounts, mounts the circling shade
Up to the ceiling high!

'T is the Djinns' wild streaming swarm
Whistling in their tempest-flight;
Snap the tall yews 'neath the storm,
Like a pine-flame crackling bright.
Swift and heavy, lo, their crowd
Through the heavens rushing loud,
Like a livid thunder-cloud
With its bolt of fiery night!

Ha! they are on us, close without!
Shut tight the shelter where we lie!
With hideous din the monster rout,
Dragon and vampire, fill the sky!
The loosened rafter overhead
Trembles and bends like quivering reed;
Shakes the old door with shuddering dread,
As from its rusty hinge 't would fly!

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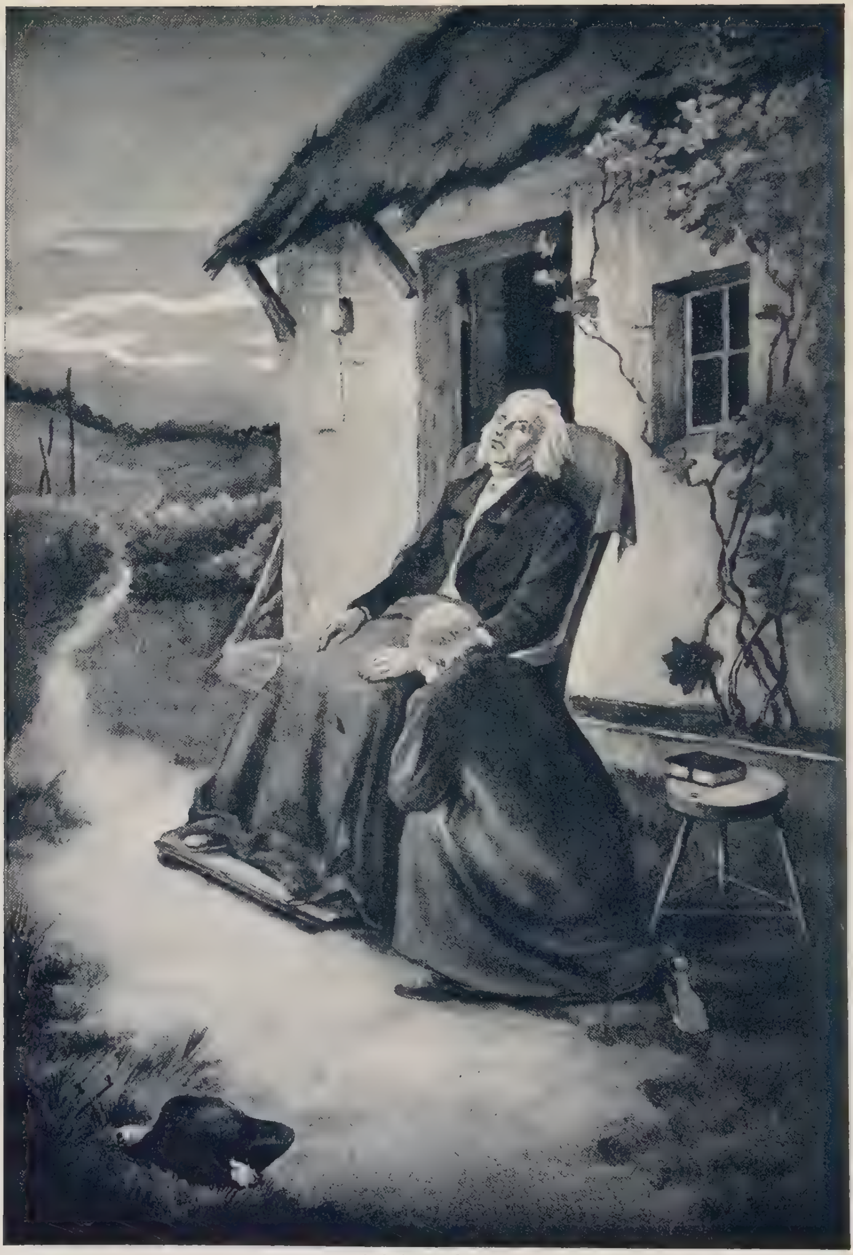

L. A. JAMISON, PINX

BISHOP MYRIEL AND THE CONVENTIONALIST

Wild cries of hell voices that howl and shriek!
The horrid swarm before the tempest tossed—
O Heaven!—descends my lowly roof to seek:
Bends the strong wall beneath the furious host.
Totters the house, as though, like dry leaf shorn
From autumn bough and on the mad blast borne,
Up from its deep foundations it were torn
To join the stormy whirl. Ah! all is lost!

O Prophet! if thy hand but now
Save from these foul and hellish things,
A pilgrim at thy shrine I'll bow,
Laden with pious offerings.
Bid their hot breath its fiery rain
Stream on my faithful door in vain,
Vainly upon my blackened pane
Grate the fierce claws of their dark wings!

They have passed!—and their wild legion
Cease to thunder at my door;
Fleeting through night's rayless region,
Hither they return no more.
Clanking chains and sounds of woe
Fill the forests as they go;
And the tall oaks cower low,
Bent their flaming flight before.

On! on! the storm of wings
Bears far the fiery fear,
Till scarce the breeze now brings
Dim murmurings to the ear;
Like locusts' humming hail,
Or thrash of tiny flail
Plied by the pattering hail
On some old roof-tree near.

BISHOP MYRIEL AND THE CONVENTIONIST.

(From "Les Miserables.")

The good bishop was perplexed; sometimes he walked in that direction, but he returned. At last, one day the news was circulated in the town that the young herdsboy, who served the Conventionist G—— in his retreat, had come for a doctor; that the old wretch was dying; that he was motionless and could not live through the night. "Thank God!" added many.

The bishop took his cane, put on his overcoat, because his cassock was badly worn, and besides the night wind was evidently rising, and set out. The sun was setting, it had nearly touched the horizon when the bishop reached the accursed spot. He felt a certain quickening of the pulse as he drew near the den. He jumped over a ditch, cleared a hedge, made his way through a brush fence, found himself in a dilapidated garden, and after a bold advance across the open ground, suddenly behind some high brushwood he discovered the retreat.

It was a low, poverty-stricken hut, small and clean, with a little vine nailed up in front. Before the door, in an old chair on rollers, there sat a man with white hair, looking with smiling gaze upon the setting sun. The young herdsboy stood near him, handing him a bowl of milk. While the bishop was looking the old man raised his voice.

"Thank you," he said, "I shall need nothing more," and his smile changed from the sun to rest upon the boy.

The bishop stepped forward. At the sound of his footsteps the old man turned his head, and his face expressed as much surprise as one can feel after a long life.

"This is the first time since I have lived here," said he, "that I have had a visitor. Who are you, monsieur?"

"My name is Bienvenu Myriel," the bishop replied.

"Bienvenu Myriel? I have heard that name before. Are you he whom the people call Monseigneur Bienvenu?"

"I am."

The old man continued, half-smiling: "Then you are my bishop?"

"Possibly."

"Come in, monsieur."

The conventionist extended his hand to the bishop, but he did not take it. He only said:

"I am glad to find that I have been misinformed. You do not appear to me very ill."

"Monsieur," replied the old man, "I shall soon be better." He paused and said: "I shall be dead in three hours."

Then he continued: "I am something of a physician: I know the steps by which death approaches; yesterday my feet only were cold; to-day the cold has crept to my knees, now it has reached the waist; when it touches the heart all will be over. The sunset is lovely, is it not? I had myself wheeled out to get a final look at nature. You can speak to me; that will not tire me. You do well to come to see a man who is dying. It is good that these moments should have witnesses. Every one has his fancy; I should like to live until the dawn, but I know I have scarcely life for three hours. It will be night, but what matters it? to finish is a very simple thing. One does not need morning for that. Be it so; I shall die in the starlight."

The old man turned toward the herdsboy;

"Little one, go to bed; thou didst watch last night; thou art weary."

The child went into the hut.

The old man followed him with his eyes, and added, as if speaking to himself: "While he is sleeping I shall die; the two slumbers keep fit company."

The bishop was not as much affected as he might have been; it was not his idea of godly death; we must tell all, for the little inconsistencies of great souls should be mentioned; he who had laughed so heartily at "his highness" was still slightly shocked at not being called Monseigneur, and was almost tempted to answer "citizen." He felt a desire to use the brusque familiarity common enough with doctors and priests, but which was not customary with him.

This conventionist after all, this representative of the people, had been a power on the earth; and perhaps for the first time in his life the bishop felt himself disposed to be severe. The conventionist, however, treated him with a modest consideration and cordiality in which perhaps might have been discerned that humility which is befitting to one so nearly dust unto dust.

The bishop, on his part, although he generally kept himself free from curiosity, which to his idea was almost offensive, could not avoid examining the conventionist with an attention for which, as it had not its source in sympathy, his conscience would have condemned him as to any other man;

but a conventionist he looked upon as an outlaw, even to the law of charity.

G——, with his self-possessed manner, erect figure and vibrating voice, was one of those noble octogenarians who are the marvel of the physiologist. The Revolution produced many of these men equal to the epoch; one felt that here was a tested man. Though so near death, he preserved all the appearance of health. His bright glances, his firm accent and the muscular movements of his shoulders seemed almost sufficient to disconcert death. Azrael, the Mohammedan angel of the sepulchre, would have turned back, thinking he had mistaken the door. G—— appeared to be dying because he wished to die. There was freedom in his agony; his legs only were paralyzed; his feet were cold and dead, but his head lived in full power of life and light. At this solemn moment G—— seemed like the king in the Oriental tale, flesh above and marble below. The bishop seated himself upon a stone near by. The beginning of their conversation was *ex abrupto.*

"I congratulate you," he said, in a tone of reprimand. "At least you did not vote for the execution of the king."

The conventionist did not seem to notice the bitter emphasis placed upon the words "at least." The smiles vanished from his face and he replied:

"Do not congratulate me too much, monsieur; I did vote for the destruction of the tyrant."

And the tone of austerity confronted the tone of severity.

"What do you mean?" asked the bishop.

"I mean that man has a tyrant, ignorance. I voted for the abolition of that tyrant. That tyrant has begotten royalty, which is authority springing from the false, while science is authority springing from the true. Man should be governed by science."

"And conscience," added the bishop.

"The same thing; conscience is innate knowledge that we have.

M. Bienvenu listened with some amazement to this language, novel as it was to him.

The conventionist went on:

"As to Louis XVI., I said No. I do not believe that I have the right to kill a man, but I feel it a duty to exterminate evil. I voted for the downfall of the tyrant; that is to say, for the abolition of prostitution for woman, of slavery for man, of night for the child. In voting for the republic I voted for that; I voted for fraternity, for harmony, for light. I assisted in casting down prejudices and errors; their downfall brings light! We caused the old world to fall! the old world, a vase of misery, reversed, becomes an urn of joy to the human race."

"Joy alloyed," said the bishop.

"You might say joy troubled, and, at present, after this fatal return of the past which we call 1814, joy disappeared. Alas! the work was imperfect, I admit; we demolished the ancient order of things physically, but not entirely in the idea. To destroy abuses is not enough; habits must be changed. The wind-mill has gone, but the wind is there yet."

"You have demolished. To demolish may be useful, but I distrust a demolition effected in anger!"

"Justice has its anger, M. Bishop, and the wrath of justice is an element of progress. Whatever may be said matters not; the French Revolution is the greatest step in advance taken by mankind since the advent of Christ; incomplete it may be, but it is sublime. It loosened all the secret bonds of society, it softened all hearts, it calmed, appeased, enlightened; it made the waves of civilization to flow over the earth. It was good. The French Revolution is the consecration of humanity."

The bishop could not help murmuring: "Yes, '93!"

The conventionist raised himself in his chair with a solemnity well-nigh mournful, and, as well as a dying person could exclaim, he exclaimed:

"Ah! you are there! '93! I was expecting that. A cloud had been forming for 1,500 years; at the end of fifteen centuries it burst. You condemn the thunderbolt."

Without, perhaps, acknowledging it to himself, the bishop felt that he had been touched; however, he made the best of it and replied:

"The judge speaks in the name of justice, the priest in the name of pity, which is only a more exalted justice. A thunderbolt should not be mistaken."

And he added, looking fixedly at the conventionist: "Louis XVII?"

The conventionist stretched out his hand and seized the bishop's arm.

"Louis XVII. Let us see! For whom do you weep?—for the innocent child? It is well; I weep with you. For the royal child? I ask time to reflect. To my view the brother of Cartouche, an innocent child, hung by a rope under his arms in the Place de Grève till he died, for the sole crime of being the brother of Cartouche, is a no less sad sight than the grandson of Louis XV, an innocent child, murdered in the tower of the Temple for the sole crime of being the grandson of Louis XV."

"Monsieur," said the bishop, "I dislike this coupling of names.

"Cartouche, or Louis XV; for which are you concerned?"

There was a moment of silence; the bishop regretted almost that he had come, and yet he felt strangely and inexplicably moved.

The conventionist resumed: "Oh, M. Priest! you do not love the harshness of the truth, but Christ loved it. He took a scourge and purged the temple; his flashing whip was a rude speaker of truths; when he said "*Sinite parvulos*" [Let little children], he made no distinction among the little ones. He was not pained at coupling the dauphin of Barabbas with the dauphin of Herod. Monsieur, innocence is its own crown! Innocence has only to act to be noble! She is as august in rags as in the *fleur de lys*."

"That is true," said the bishop, in a low tone.

"I repeat," continued the old man; "you have mentioned Louis XVII. Let us weep together for all the innocent, for all the martyrs, for all the children, for the low as well as for the high. I am one of them, but then, as I have told you, we must go farther back than '93, and our tears must begin before Louis XVII. I will weep for the children of kings with you, if you will weep with me for the little ones of the people."

"I weep for all," said the bishop.

"Equally," exclaimed G——, "and if the balance inclines, let it be on the side of the people; they have suffered longer."

There was silence again, broken at last by the old man. He raised himself upon one elbow, took a pinch of his cheek between his thumb and his bent forefinger, as one does mechanically in questioning and forming an opinion, and addressed the bishop with a look full of all the energies of agony. It was almost an anathema.

"Yes, monsieur, it is for a long time that the people have been suffering, and then, sir, that is not all; why do you come to question me and to speak of Louis XVII.? I do not know you. Since I have been in this region I have lived within these walls alone, never passing beyond them, seeing none but this child who helps me. Your name has, it is true, reached me confusedly, and I must say not very indistinctly, but that matters not. Adroit men have so many ways of imposing upon this good simple people. For instance, I did not hear the sound of your carriage. You left it, doubtless, behind the thicket, down there at the branching of the road. You have told me that you were the bishop, but that tells me nothing about your moral personality. Now, then, I repeat my question: Who are you? You are a bishop, a prince of the church, one of those men who are covered with gold, with insignia, and with wealth, who have fat livings—the See of D——, 15,000 francs regular, 10,000 francs contingent, total 25,000 francs—who have kitchens, who have retinues, who give good dinners, who eat moor-hens on Friday, who strut about in your gaudy coach like peacocks, with lackeys before and lackeys behind, and who have palaces, and who roll in your carriages in the name of Jesus Christ who went barefooted. You are a prelate; rents, palaces, horses, valets, a good table, all the good things of life, you have these, like all the rest, and you enjoy them, like all the rest; very well, but that says too much or not enough; that does not enlighten me as to your intrinsic worth, that which is peculiar to yourself, you who come probably with the claim of bringing me wisdom. To whom am I speaking? Who are you?"

The bishop bowed his head and replied: "*Vermis sum.*"

"A worm of the earth in a carriage!" grumbled the old man.

It was the turn of the conventionist to be haughty and of the bishop to be humble.

The bishop replied with mildness:

"Monsieur, be it so. But explain to me how my carriage, which is there a few steps behind the trees, how my good table and the moor-fowl that I eat on Friday, how my 25,000 livres of income, how my palace and my lackeys prove that pity is not a virtue, that kindness is not a duty, and that '93 was not inexorable?"

The old man passed his hand across his forehead as if to dispel a cloud.

"Before answering you," said he, "I beg your pardon. I have done wrong, monsieur; you are in my house, you are my guest. I owe you courtesy. You are discussing my ideas; it is fitting that I confine myself to combating your reasoning. Your riches and your enjoyments are advantages that I have over you in the debate, but it is not in good taste to avail myself of them. I promise you to use them no more."

"I thank you," said the bishop.

G—— went on: "Let us get back to the explanation that you ask of me. Where were we? What were you saying to me? That '93 was inexorable?"

"Inexorable, yes," said the bishop. "What do you think of Marat clapping his hands at the guillotine?"

"What do you think of Bossuet chanting the 'Te Deum' over the dragonnades?"

The answer was severe, but it reached its aim with the keenness of a dagger. The bishop was staggered, no reply presented itself; but it shocked him to hear Bossuet spoken of in that manner. The best men have their fetishes, and sometimes they feel almost crushed at the little respect that logic shows them.

The conventionist began to gasp; the agonizing asthma, which mingles with the latest breath, made his voice broken; nevertheless, his soul yet appeared perfectly lucid in his eyes. He continued:

"Let us have a few more words here and there—I would like it. Outside of the Revolution which, taken as a whole, is an immense human affirmation, '93, alas! is a reply. You think it inexorable, but the whole monarchy, monsieur? Carrier is a bandit; but what name do you give to Montrevel? Fouquier-Tinville is a wretch; but what is your opinion of Lamoignon Bâville? Maillard is frightful, but Saulx Tavannes, if you please? Le père Duchêne is ferocious, but what epithet will you furnish me for Le père Letellier? Jourdan-Coupe-Tête is a monster, but less than the Marquis of Louvois. Monsieur, monsieur, I lament Marie Antoinette, archduchess and queen; but I lament also that poor Huguenot woman who, in 1685, under Louis le Grand, monsieur, while nursing her child, was stripped to the waist and tied to a post, while her child was held before her; her breast swelled with milk and her heart with anguish; the little one, weak and famished, seeing the breast, cried with agony; and the executioner said to the woman, to the nursing mother: 'Recant!' giving her the choice between the death of her child and the death of her conscience. What say you to this Tantalus torture adapted to a mother? Monsieur, forget not this; the French Revolution had its reasons. Its wrath will be pardoned by the future; its result is a better world. From its most terrible blows comes a caress for the human race. I must be brief. I must stop. I have too good a cause; and I am dying."

And, ceasing to look at the bishop, the old man completed his idea in these few tranquil words:

"Yes, the brutalities of progress are called revolutions. When they are over this is recognized; that the human race has been harshly treated, but that it has advanced."

The conventionist thought that he had borne down successively one after the other all the interior intrenchments of the bishop. There was one left, however, and from this, the last resource of Mgr. Bienvenu's resistance, came forth these words, nearly all the rudeness of the exordium reappearing:

"Progress ought to believe in God. The good cannot have an impious servitor. An atheist is an evil leader of the human race."

The old representative of the people did not answer. He was trembling. He looked up into the sky and a tear gathered slowly in his eye. When the lid was full the tears rolled down his livid cheek, and he said, almost stammering, low and talking to himself, his eye lost in the depths:

"O Thou! O Ideal! Thou alone dost exist!"

The bishop felt a kind of inexpressible emotion.

After brief silence the old man raised his finger toward heaven and said:

"The infinite exists. It is there. If the infinite had no *me*, the *me* would be its limit; it would not be the infinite; in other words, it would not be. But it is. Then it has a *me*. This *me* of the infinite is God."

The dying man pronounced these last words in a loud voice and with a shudder of ecstasy, as if he saw some one. When he ceased his eyes closed. The effort had exhausted him. It was evident that he had lived through in one minute the few hours that remained to him. What he had said had brought him near to him who is in death. The last moment was at hand.

The bishop perceived it; time was pressing.

He had come as a priest; from extreme coldness he had passed by degrees to extreme emotion; he looked upon those closed eyes, he took that old, wrinkled and icy hand and drew closer to the dying man.

"This hour is the hour of God. Do you not think it would be a source of regret if we should have met in vain?"

The conventionist re-opened his eyes. Calmness was imprinted upon his face, where there had been a cloud.

"M. Bishop," said he, with a deliberation which perhaps came still more from the dignity of his soul than from the ebb of his strength, "I have passed my life in meditation, study and contemplation. I was sixty years old when my country called me and ordered me to take part in her affairs. I obeyed. There were abuses, I fought them; there were tyrannies, I destroyed them; there were rights and principles, I proclaimed and confessed them. The soil was invaded, I defended it; France was threatened, I offered her my breast. I was not rich; I am poor. I was one of the masters of the state, the vaults of the bank were piled with specie, so that we had to strengthen the walls or they would have fallen under the weight of gold and of silver; I dined in the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec at 22 sous for the meal. I succored the oppressed, I solaced the suffering. True, I tore the drapery from the altar; but it was to stanch the wounds of the country. I have always supported the forward march of the human race toward the light, and I have sometimes resisted a progress which was without pity. I have, on occasion, protected my own adversaries, your friends. There is at Peteghem, in Flanders, at the very place where the Merovingian kings had their summer palace, a monastery of Urbanists, the Abbey of Sainte Claire in Beaulieu, which I saved in 1793; I have done my duty according to my strength, and the good that I could. After which I was hunted, hounded, pursued, persecuted, slandered, railed at, spit upon, cursed, proscribed. For many years now, with my white hairs, I have perceived that many people believed they had a right to despise me; to the poor, ignorant crowd I have the face of the damned, and I accept, hating no man myself, the isolation of hatred. Now I am eighty-six years old; I am about to die. What have you come to ask of me?"

"Your blessing," said the bishop. And he fell upon his knees.

When the bishop raised his head the face of the old man had become august. He had expired.

The bishop went home deeply absorbed in thought. He spent the whole night in prayer. The next day some persons, emboldened by curiosity, tried to talk with him of the conventionist, G——; he merely pointed to heaven.

From that moment he redoubled his tenderness and brotherly love for the weak and the suffering.

Every allusion to "that old scoundrel G——" threw him into a strange reverie. No one could say that the passage of that soul before his own, and the reflex of that grand conscience upon his own, had not had its effect upon his approach to perfection.

P. J. BERANGER.

THE supreme chief of French song-writers is Pierre Jean de Béranger (1780–1857). Born the grandson of a poor tailor and son of a grocery clerk—his mother deserted by her husband—Béranger was truly one of the people, and always remained one of them. But from his garret flew forth the songs that were to make him famous, that spoke to the hearts of the people, and glorified Napoleon Bonaparte as the idol of the people. Béranger tells us: "God in His grace bade me sing, sing, poor little one!" And as he once said in a preface to his poems: "My songs are myself." Sir Walter Besant, surveying the world of song, declares not only that "Béranger sums up the poetry of the *ésprit gaulois;* in him is the gayety of the trouvères, the malice of the fabliaux, the bonhommie of La Fontaine, the clearness of Marot, the *bonne manière* of Villon, and the sense of Regnier," but also that "there has been, indeed, no lyrist like him in any language; none with a voice and heart so intensely human, so sympathetic, so strong to move, so quick to feel. . . . He is the one great and unique type of the perfect *chansonnier.*"

It is this very middle-class aspect of Béranger, which caused the classicists and romanticists alike to scorn his Muse as vulgar and pedestrian, that really constitutes his greatness. He reflects the ideas of the masses of his day. Furthermore, there is a notable spice of Gallic mockery even in his songs of patriotism and democracy. He continued, too, the traditions of the eighteenth century chanson, only adding a human tenderness and a patriotic sentiment to the old songs of wine and woman. Thus he glorified the chanson and eclipsed even the prince of light song-writers of France before him—Desaugiers (1772–1827). Although Béranger became a member of the jolly Caveau—the tavern club of wit and song instituted by Piron (1689–1773), "the greatest epigrammatist of France," of which Desaugiers was president, Béranger lifted the *chanson* to a new level and to a grander mission.

As a boy he had seen the Bastile taken and the stirring events of his youth inspired him with a mixed Bonapartism and republicanism that swayed him to the end, through all the vicissitudes of political change. His gratitude was due to the Bonapartes, too, for he was saved from poverty and obscurity by Lucien Bonaparte. In 1804 he sent to Lucien some of his songs. Lucien gave Béranger the fee sent himself from the Institute and secured the needy poet a clerkship under the Empire. Well did he repay the debt, for he more than any one else established the Napoleonic legend. Of that legend his "Remembrances of the People" was, and remains, the best popular expression. A similar Napoleonic worship breathed in "The Lesson," "He is not dead," "Madame Mère," and "The Old Flag." His contempt for the returning "emigré" nobles was demonstrated with withering sarcasm in the "Marquis de Carabas." After the Restoration he was repeatedly fined and imprisoned, but after its overthrow he sang as he pleased, and he was buried with high honors by the Second Empire government. He added the element of pathos to the chanson, as well as discovered the lyric capabilities of the common people, and he had an actual love romance of a lifetime with a poor ouvrière, Judith Frère. But for posterity a special interest attaches to the satirical and sarcastic chansons, such as that on "The Senator," and on the bonhomme king, the "Roi d'Yvetot," a sharp contrast to the ambitious Napoleon.

As Professor Saintsbury has remarked: "Only prejudice against his political, religious and ethical attitude can obscure the lively wit of his best work; its remarkable pathos; its sound common sense; its hearty, if somewhat narrow and mistaken, patriotism; its freedom from self-seeking and personal vanity, spite, or greed; its thorough humanity and wholesome good feeling. Nor can it be fairly said that his range is narrow. 'Le Grenier,' 'Le Roi d'Yvetot,' 'Roger

Bontemps,' 'The Remembrances of the People,' 'The Fools,' 'The Beggars,' cover a considerable variety of tones and subjects, all of which are happily treated." Béranger's Voltairism may be seen in his malicious "Baptism of Voltaire."

THE KING OF YVETOT.

THIS exceedingly celebrated song, written in 1813, takes its title from an old tavern sign in the Norman town of Yvetot.

There was a King of Yvetot,
Who, little famed in story,
Went soon to bed, to rise was slow,
And slumbered without glory.
'Twas Jenny crowned this jolly chap
With nothing but a cotton cap
Mayhap.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

Within his thatchèd palace, he
Consumed his four meals daily;
He rode about his realm to see
Upon a donkey, gaily;
Besides his dog, no guard he had,
He hoped for good when things were bad,—
Ne'er sad.

No costly tastes his soul possessed,
Except a taste for drinking,
And kings who make their subjects blest
Should live well, to my thinking;
At table he his taxes got,
From every cask he took a pot,
I wot.

With ladies, too, of high degree
He was a fav'rite rather,
And of his subjects probably
In every sense a father.
He never levied troops, but when
He raised the target, calling then
His men.

He did not widen his estates
Beyond their proper measure;
A model of all potentates,
His only code was pleasure.
And 'twas not till the day he died
His faithful subjects ever sighed
Or cried.

This wise and worthy monarch's face
Is still in preservation,
And as a sign it serves to grace
An inn of reputation.
On holidays, a joyous rout
Before it push their mugs about
And shout,
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ah! ah! ah! ah!
What a famous king was he, oh, la!

THE WHITE COCKADE.

THIS ironical song was written in 1816, when the Royalists gave a dinner to celebrate the entrance of the Allies into Paris after Waterloo.

Great day of peace and happiness,
By which the vanquished free are made;
Great day that dawned our France to bless
With honor and the white cockade!

The theme for ladies' ears is meet,—
Sing the success of monarchs brave;
How rebel Frenchmen they could beat,
And all the pious Frenchmen save.

Sing how the foreign hordes could pour
Into our land, and how with ease
They opened every yielding door,—
When we had given up the keys.

Had it not been for this blessed day,
What dire misfortunes now might lower!
The tricolor might—who can say?—
Float over London's ancient tower.

Our future history will record
How to the Cossacks of the Don,

Kneeling, we pardon once implored
  For Frenchmen slain and glory gone.

Then to the foreigners drink we,
  At this most national repast,
Who brought back our nobility,
  After so many dangers past.

Another toast, and then we've done,—
  A cup to Henry's name is due,
Who took, by his own arm alone,
  The throne of France and Paris too.

THE REMEMBRANCES OF THE PEOPLE.

  AMID the lowly straw-built shed,
Long will the peasant seek his glory;
  And, when some fifty years have fled
The thatch will hear no other story.
  Around some old and hoary dame
  The village crowd will oft exclaim,—
  "Mother, now, till midnight chimes,
    Tell us tales of other times.
  He wronged us! say it if they will,
  The people love his memory still;—
    Mother, now the day is dim,
    Mother, tell us now of him!"

"My children, in our village here,
I saw him once by kings attended;
  That time has passed this many a year,
For scarce my maiden days were ended.
  On foot he climbed the hill, and nigh
  To where I watched him passing by:
    Small his hat upon that day
  And he wore a coat of gray;
  And when he saw me shake with dread,
 'Good day to you, my dear!' he said."
  "Oh! my mother, is it true?
    Mother, did he speak to you?"

"From this a year had passed away,
Again in Paris' streets I found him:
  To Notre Dame he rode that day,

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Marcus Stone

NAPOLEON IN THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE

With all his gallant court around him.
All eyes admired the show the while,
No face that did not wear a smile:
'See how brightly shine the skies!
'Tis for him!' the people cries:
And then his face was soft with joy
For God had blessed him with a boy."
"Mother, Oh, how glad to see
Days that must so happy be!"

"But when o'er our province ran
The bloody armies of the strangers,
Alone he seemed, that famous man,
To fight against a thousand dangers.
One evening, just like this one here,
I heard a knock that made me fear:
Entered, when I oped the door,
He and guards perhaps a score;
And, seated where I sit, he said,
'To what a war have I been led!'"
"Mother, and was that the chair?
Mother, was he seated *there?*

"'Dame, I am hungry,' then he cried;
I set our bread and wine before him;—
There at the fire his clothes he dried,
And slept while watched his followers o'er him.
When with a start he rose from sleep,
He saw me in my terror weep,
And he said, 'Nay, our France is strong;
Soon I will avenge her wrong.'
This is the dearest thing of mine,—
The glass in which he drank his wine."
"And through change of good and ill,
Mother, you have kept it still."

ROGER HOLIDAY.

(Roger Bontemps.)

A PATTERN meant to be, Which grumblers should not scorn,
In deepest poverty Stout Holiday was born.
"Just lead the life you please," "Ne'er mind what people say,"—
Sound maxims, such as these, Guide Roger Holiday.

On Sunday he goes out, Dressed in his father's hat,
Which he twines round about With roses,—and all that.
A cloak of sorry stuff Then makes up his array;
'Tis surely smart enough For Roger Holiday.

Strange knickknacks has he got,— A portrait he loves still,
A crazy bed, a pot Which Providence may fill,
An empty box, a flute, A pack of cards for play;
These simple treasures suit Stout Roger Holiday.

For children of the town Full many a game has he;
He gains a high renown By stories—rather free;
Of naught he loves to speak But songs and dances gay;
Such themes the learning make Of Roger Holiday.

For want of choicest wine, To drink what he can get;
To value ladies fine Far less than Sue or Bet;
To pass his days in bliss, And love,—as best he may,
This is the wisdom, this, Of Roger Holiday

He prays: "Great Power above, Do not severely tax
My faults, but show Thy love When I am rather lax;
The season of my end Make still a month of May;
This blessing, Father, send To Roger Holiday."

Ye poor, with envy cursed; Ye rich, for more who long,
Ye who, by fortune nursed, At last are going wrong;
Ye who are doomed to find Wealth, honors, pass away,
The pattern bear in mind Of Roger Holiday.

Low-Born.

I find they're taking me to task
For writing "de" before my name:
"Are you of noble line?" they ask.
No!—Heaven be lauded for the same:
No patent signed by royal hand
On stately vellum can I show,
I only love my native land,—
Oh, I am low-born—very low.

No "de" my ancestors could give;
Their story in my blood I trace;
Beneath a tyrant forced to live,
They cursed the despot of their race.

But he for privilege was born,
And soon, alas! he let them know,
He was the millstone,—they the corn:
Oh, I am low-born—very low.

Ne'er did my fathers, I can say,
Live on their peasants' sweat and blood,
Or seek the traveler to waylay,
While toiling through the darksome wood.
Not one his native village spurned,
Or by some wizard at a blow
Was to a royal lackey turned:
Oh, I am low-born—very low.

My brave forefathers never thought
To take a part in civil broils;
And ne'er the English leopard brought
To feed upon their country's spoils;
And when the Church, through base intrigue,
Brought all to ruin, sure though slow,
Not one of them would sign the league:
Oh, I am low-born—very low.

Seek not my humor to control,
I grasp the banner which you spurn;
Ye nobles of the buttonhole,
To rising suns your incense burn.
A common race is dear to me;
Though gay, I feel my neighbors' woe;
I only flatter poverty:
Oh, I am low-born—very low.

My Little Corner.

Oh, nothing in this world I prize,—
I'll seek my little nook once more;
The galley slave his prison flies,
To find a refuge on the shore.
When in my humble resting-place,
As a Bedouin I am free;
So grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
My little corner leave to me!

There tyranny no army brings;
  There rights I balance without fear;
There sentence I can pass on kings,
  And o'er the people shed a tear.
The future then, with smiling face,
  In my prophetic dreams I see;
Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me!

There can I wield a fairy's wand,
  Can further good, can banish ill,
Move palaces at my command,
  And trophies raise where'er I will.
The kings whom on the throne I place,
  Think power combined with love should be;—
Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me!

'Tis there my soul puts on new wings,
  And freely soars above the world,
While proudly I look down on kings,
  And see them to perdition hurled.
One only scion of his race
  Escapes, and I his glory see;—
Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace.
  My little corner leave to me!

Thus patriotic plans I dream,
  By heaven valued, not by earth;
Oh, learn my reveries to esteem,—
  Your world, indeed, is little worth.
The nymphs who high Parnassus grace,
  The guardians of my toils shall be;—
Oh, grant me, friends, this trifling grace.
  My little corner leave to me!

GEORGE SAND.

MADAME DUDEVANT, whose maiden name was Armatine Lucile Aurore Dupin, and who was known to the world as George Sand, stands highest in point of genius among that small group of famous women of this century which includes George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Harriet Martineau, and, perhaps, Caroline Herschell. She was born in 1804 and died in 1876; was educated in a convent, and two years after leaving it, at the age of eighteen, was married to Baron Dudevant, a military personage much older than herself, whose nature and character were in all respects profoundly incompatible with hers. She had in her veins the instincts of liberty and revolt; and in 1831, after nine years of matrimonial endurance, she left her husband and went to Paris with Jules Sandeau, to live a life strangely compounded of passion, intellect and independence. She and Jules were lovers, comrades and collaborators; their first work was done together; but later, at Jules' suggestion, she struck out for herself in literature. She was strongly interested in politics, and, as might have been expected, embraced the republican cause, and advocated it in many publications. She went further, and in the ardor of her youth championed socialism and free love; but age brought wisdom and moderation, though she remained always on the side of freedom. Her life was a story of mental and moral growth; she feared nothing and studied everything; her lovers, like Alfred de Musset and Chopin, were mere elements in her self-education; she was greater than they, and when she had sounded them, she left them. Her genius enabled her to use experience such as few women survive in form of exquisite literary art; she drew from seeming chaos the essence of a deep philosophy; she "beat her music out;" and when she attained her intellectual majority, she gave the world the benefit of it in such masterpieces of serene beauty and wisdom as "Consuelo," "L'Homme de Neige," "Mauprat," "La Petite Fadette." But her earlier books, such as "Indiana," "Valentine" and "Jacques," have also the value which belongs to audacity, insight, and the fire of youthful genius, rendered enchanting by a matchless literary style. The immense vogue which her books enjoyed is due, however, less to their extraordinary literary merit than to the fact that she voiced the unrest and speculations of her age; as Renan well said, she was "the Æolian harp of her time." Like the young Zoroaster, she longed at first to "tear down this tiresome old sky;" but when she had learned its true sublimity, she bent her energies to dispelling the clouds and vapors which obscured its radiance,—to vindicating the immortal truths which error and cowardice had distorted. She is a great figure; and her final influence is beneficent.

CONSUELO'S TRIUMPH.

CONSUELO made haste to the church Mendicanti, whither the crowd were already flocking, to listen to Porpora's admirable music. She went up to the organ-loft in which the choir were already in air, with the professor at his desk. On entering she knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed fervently and devoutly.

"Oh, my God," she cried with the voice of the heart, "thou knowest that I seek not advancement for the humiliation of my rivals. Thou knowest that I have no thought to surrender myself to the world and worldly acts, abandoning thy love, and straying into the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride dwells not in me, and that I implore thee to support me, and to swell my voice, and to expand my thoughts as I sing thy praises, only that I may dwell with him whom my mother permitted me to love."

When the first sounds of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvelous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions, which seek, as it were, to exact applause. There was something about her solemn, mysterious and elevated—at once lovely and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who?—Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes—Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual—nothing more and nothing less—and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birth-place, where he had gained renown as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy towards Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent "*I cieli immensi narrano*" by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani—forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals—forgetting even Anzoleto—she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful!—what conception so elevated!—

I cieli immensi narrano	The boundless heavens declare
Del grandi Iddio la gloria.	The glory of the great God.
Il firmamento lucido	The shining firmament
All universo annunzia	Proclaims to the world
Quanto sieno mirabili	How wonderful are
Della sua destra le opere.	The works of His right hand.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed —"By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecelia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling limbs barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy. It required all the respect due to the church, to prevent the numerous dilettanti in the crowd from bursting into applause, as if they had been in the theatre. The count would not wait until the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the Count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal suffering of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, O my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond to your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid fingers of the dying man.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed energy and resources which completely removed any hesitation Count Zustiniani might have felt respecting her. She led, she animated, she sustained the choir, displaying at each instant prodigious powers, and the varied qualities of her voice rather than the strength of her lungs. For those who know how to sing do not become tired, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others might have in merely breathing. She was heard above all the rest, not because she screamed like those performers, without soul and without breath, but because of the unimaginable purity and sweetness of her tones. Besides, she felt that she was understood in every minute particular. She alone, amidst the vulgar crowd, the shrill voices and imperfect trills of those around her, was a musician and a master. She filled, therefore, instinctively and without ostentation, her powerful part, and as long as the service lasted she took the prominent place which she felt was necessary. After all was over, the choristers imputed it to her as a grievance and a crime; and those very persons who, failing and sinking, had as it were implored her assistance with their looks, claimed for themselves all the eulogiums which are given to the school of Porpora at large.

THE PLOUGHMAN AND HIS CHILD.

(From ‘ The Devil's Pool.")

I WAS walking on the border of a field which some peasants were carefully preparing for the approaching seed-time. The area was vast; the landscape was vast also, and enclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of autumn, that broad field of vigorous brown, where recent rains had left, in some furrows, lines of water which the sun made glitter like fine threads of silver. The day had been clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by the cutting of the ploughshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field, an old man gravely held his plough of antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow skins—real patriarchs of the meadow—large in stature, rather thin, with long turned-down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made "brothers," as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to work with a new companion, and let themselves die of sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well-sustained strength, his furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was ploughing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterwards attracted my attention was really a beautiful spectacle—a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the arable field, a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team: four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short and frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly-yoked steers. The man who governed them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage, and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient.

A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lamb-skin, which made him resemble the little Saint John the Baptist of the painters of the Restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to the plough, and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharpened goad. The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while they gave violent shocks to the plough handles. When a root stopped the ploughshare, the husbandman shouted with a powerful voice, calling each beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite; for the oxen, irritated by this sudden resistance, leaped, dug up the ground with their broad forked feet, and would have cast themselves out of the track, carrying the plough across the field, if, with his voice and goad, the young man had not restrained the four nearest him, while the child governed the other four. He also, shouted, the poor little fellow, with a voice he wished to make terrible, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was all beautiful in strength or in grace, the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite of this powerful struggle in which the earth was overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and deep calm which rested upon all things. When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor, and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of simple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, who turned to smile on him.

Then the manly voice of this young father of a family struck up the melancholy and solemn strain which the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all ploughmen indiscriminately, but to those most consummate in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardor of the oxen at work. This chant, the origin of which was perhaps considered sacred, and to which mysterious influences must formerly have been attributed, is still reputed, at this day, to possess the virtue of keeping up the courage of the animals, of appeasing their dissatisfaction, and of charming the ennui of their long task. It is not enough to know how to drive them well while tracing a perfectly straight furrow, to lighten their labor by raising or depressing the point of the ploughshare opportunely in the soil: no one is a perfect ploughman if he does not know how to sing to the oxen, and this is a science apart, which requires taste and peculiar adaptation. This chant is, to say the truth, only a kind of recitative, interrupted and resumed at will. Its irregular form and its false intonations, speaking according to the rules of musical art, render it untranslatable. But it is none the less a beautiful chant, and so appropriate to the nature of the labor which it accompanies, to the gait of the oxen, to the calmness of those rural scenes, to the simplicity of the men who sing it, that no genius, a stranger to the labors of the soil, could have invented it, and no singer other than a "finished ploughman" of that country could repeat it. At those epochs of the year when there is no other labor and no other movement in the country than that of ploughing, this chant, so simple and so powerful, rises like the voice of a breeze, to which its peculiar toning gives it a kind of resemblance. The final note of each phrase, continued and trilled with an incredible length and power of breath, ascends a quarter of a note with systematic dissonance. This is wild, but the charm of it is invincible, and when you become accustomed to hear it, you cannot conceive how any song could be sung at those hours and in those places without disturbing their harmony.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and the child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong, and my chest, become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines—in one word, the mysterious beauty of things! and especially without my heart ceasing to be in relation with the divine feeling which presided over the immortal and sublime creation!